IN THE

TRACK OF THE GARIBALDIANS

THROUGH

ITALY AND SICILY.

Libertà non tradisce
i volenti
G. Garibaldi

Photographed from Life on the day of Victor Emmanuel's entry into Naples Novr 7th 1860.

Geo Manwaring, 1861.

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THROUGH

ITALY AND SICILY.

BY

ALGERNON SIDNEY BICKNELL.

"La terra molle e lieta e dilettosa
Simili a sè gli abitator produce.
Impeto fan nelle battaglie prime,
Ma di leggier poi langue, e si reprime."

Tasso.

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ARE ye not brave? Yes, yet the Ausonian soil
Hath hearts, and hands, and arms, and hosts to bring
Against Oppression; but how vain the toil,
While still Division sows the seeds of woe
And weakness, till the stranger reaps the spoil.
Oh! my own beauteous land! so long laid low,
So long the grave of thy own children's hopes,
When there is but required a single blow
To break the chain,—yet—yet the Avenger stops,
And Doubt and Discord step 'twixt thine and thee,
And join their strength to that which with thee copes;
What is there wanting then to set thee free,
And show thy beauty in its fullest light?
To make the Alps impassable; and we,
Her sons, may do this with *one* deed—UNITE."

* * * * *

Oh! more than these illustrious far shall be
The being—and even yet he may be born—
The mortal Saviour who shall set thee free,
And see thy diadem, so changed and worn
By fresh Barbarians, on thy brow replaced;
And the sweet sun replenishing thy morn,
Thy moral morn, too long with clouds defaced
And noxious vapours from Avernus risen,
Such as all they must breathe who are debased
By servitude, and have the mind in prison.
Yet through this centuried eclipse of woe
Some voices shall be heard, and earth shall listen.

Prophecy of Dante.

PREFACE.

In presenting the following pages to the public, the author wishes to state that they are simply the original notes of his diary, with such slight corrections and amplifications as were absolutely necessary to make the narrative intelligible; and that he did not go abroad as a professed or intending book-maker.

The volume by no means claims to relate what is termed "a classical tour," for besides the days of such ponderous books of travel having entirely gone by, it would be hopeless to expect to interest the refined and somewhat luxurious reader of 1861 by learned speculations concerning places so near home; and especially when even the most thrilling adventures in Equatorial Africa require to be treated in a manner as popular as fiction.

Neither must the reader expect to find as many

descriptions of revolutionary scenes in Part II. as in the preceding portion of the work, since the author arrived in the island too late to witness more than the effects of the stirring events which happened in the first days of Italian emancipation, and was not in time for the events themselves; and, moreover, it was partly his object in Sicily to make himself acquainted with the ordinary sights which interest a tourist.

The author merely offers a few slight sketches of the Two Sicilies in Revolution, and if they do not throw any particularly new light upon the state of United Italy, or prove as instructive as he could have wished concerning the demerits of the Bourbon government, he hopes they may at least not prove unamusing.

37, ONSLOW SQUARE,

June 26th, 1861.

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IN THE TRACK

OF

THE GARIBALDIANS.

CHAPTER I.

PREFATORY.

"WHO is your undertaker?"

"Oh! I'm a 'Necropolis' man: '12*s.*, delivered; and private waiting-room for afflicted relatives.'"

"Then you're not going alone to Garibaldi's camp in this blessed month of September, 1860."

"Why not?"

"You'll get potted by the Neapolitans, to a certainty; and do the Company by dying out of their jurisdiction."

A friend, who met me accidentally at the London Bridge Station, asked me the above questions, as the Folkestone express was about to start; and having already taken my seat, I answered them through the carriage window.

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"Good-bye, old fellow!" he added cheerfully, when the train began to move. And then, in a sadder tone, wringing my hand, he parted from me saying, "Well, I *hope* you 'll come back safely."

Was it then so very absurd to be going to the scene of war, and should I really get "potted," as he said? I did not think so.

In my pocket I have a ticket for Paris, and there I mean to buy another for Marseilles. My luggage is an old portmanteau, not worth stealing, an umbrella, and a stick.

"No arms?" says gruff naval swell in corner.

"No bag?" says commercial traveller at my side.

"No flask and sandwich case?" says blushing young lady opposite. "Oh! dear, you 'll be so hungry!"

Pity me, reader,—I had none of these necessaries; but I took one thing more, the impress on my mind—not lips—of the last speaker's pretty face. Would you hear more, inquisitive one?—since then I have often dined where I can see it.

CHAPTER II.

THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Paris to Marseilles.—The Irish Brigade.—Departure from Marseilles.—Moonlight on the Mediterranean.—Our passengers.—Disputes at the dinner table.—Purple legs.—Melancholy incident.—Change of plan.—Leave Civita Vecchia.—Bombino's letters.—Off Gaëta.—An interesting party.—A Sicilian Tragedy, The story of Benedetto and Marella.

THE four hours and thirty-five minutes the train employed in running the last eighty miles between Paris and Marseilles distressed our engine sadly, and she certainly must have been led to the company's veterinary institution for iron steeds, immediately she was unharnessed. Nay—more, I own to having lingered in the terminus longer than was necessary, in the expectation of an explosion on the spot.

On arriving at Marseilles, the smoke proved nearly as bad as that of London. Though there was no natural mist in the air, I could not see half the usual prospect from Notre Dame de la Garde; and the charm of the basin of hills around

the city, generally so brilliant with its countless *bastides* in their dark orange-leaf setting, was quite spoilt.

Many of the newspapers I saw in the cafés were filled with descriptions of the heroic deeds of the Irish cut-throats lately in the service of the Pope, now happily extinguished by the Piedmontese;—the most graphic act of bravery recounted being that of a Paddy, who, intoxicated with the glory of having proved himself a coward in battle, committed an assault with an earthenware jar on one of his captors. Alas! that Homer should be dead,—unable to sing of this second Telamonian Ajax!

During the spare time before the steamer left I went to see the batch of these Irishmen which had that morning landed on their way home—let us hope wiser and sadder men. They were quartered in a large barrack in a healthy situation, and provided with every necessary, as well as many a luxury they never saw in Italy; but the French, thinking that after the bottle episode their exuberant valour might seek an occasion for another display, kept guard over them, and would not allow them to pass beyond certain limits. The men were a wretched-looking lot in their then condition; they seemed worn out by fatigue or want of food, and were the veriest scarecrows in point of clothes. Some had rags of the once venerated Papal uniform still hanging about them; others prided

themselves on a Hibernian mufti improvised to meet the solemnity of the moment. All appeared stricken with the shame of defeat, perhaps also with a tinge of repentance for the odious part they had attempted to play for the sake of gain. Most of them were boiling over with threats of vengeance against their officers for having, as they said, betrayed them; and some even went so far as openly to declare that, if they ever got firearms again (which I am sure I trust they won't) they would take good care to shoot down their commanders, the first thing. To every Englishman, loving liberty, truth, and justice, it would have been the painful spectacle it was to me, to see a body of men, capable under other circumstances of sustaining the credit of their country, so degraded as to have sold their arms to help oppressors, and so utterly without the smallest sense of honour in the misfortunes their folly brought.

Shortly before twelve on an autumn night, the ship—by courtesy, the "good" ship—"Vatican," steamed out of Marseilles harbour, bound on what is termed the "direct" voyage to Naples.

The weather was magnificent, and as we passed along the rock-bound coast, illumined by a brilliant moon, and saw the mountains, the islands, and the city, clear as in day, with only here and there a curtain of gauzy vapour drawn across the

valleys, I thought I had never beheld anything more beautiful.

On board we had probably the most extraordinary living freight ever collected in one vessel. There were Hungarians, Poles, Belgians, English, and French, in semi-concealed red shirts, going to fight for Garibaldi; and volunteers of most of the same nations, and of some others, going to fight against him. We had also the following:—Three companies of French infantry, about to join the Roman garrison. The Papal Nuncio at Paris, Monsignor Sacconi, *en route* to the Eternal City, his temporary leave of absence being supposed by many to be the prelude to a perpetual one. A pompous ambassador from his Majesty of Saxony, bearing despatches to the ex-king Francesco at Gaëta, congratulating him heartily on a victory over his rebellious subjects at the Volturno—which never took place. Dr Macloughlan, the priest who convoyed the Irish legion to Rome, and who was so comically described by one of that respectable body in a letter to the "*Times*" a short while ago. The Prince of San Severino, exiled by Bomba, and now returning to Naples to plot afresh. The Prince of Bracciano, Roman enthusiast; I forget whether for or against the Pope. The Duke of ——, late conspirator, at present reformed. Capuchin and Trinitarian monks, the former from no unknown romantic glen — but simply from Peckham. And finally, in addition to

all these brighter stars, there was a plentiful sprinkling of the naval and military services of both hemispheres, and a faint *soupçon* of Turks and Grecks and Persians scattered in gloomy corners. After I had been on board an hour or two, I had a better idea of what Babel must have been than any books ever conveyed to me. Like Lord Byron, when introduced to Cardinal Mezzofanti, I tried every language of which I knew even a single adjuration, but unless I had been a walking polyglot could not have talked to every one.

The greatest fun invariably occurred at dinner, when some malicious *diplomat* was sure to throw down the apple of discord, by roundly asserting something in favour of Garibaldi or Francesco Secondo, the effect of which was as if a magazine had been ignited under our feet,—in an instant the explosion followed, all argument soon became dumb gesticulation, and every moment I feared lest some hot-tempered partizan on either side might set the fashion by launching a decanter at his antagonist. It required all the skill and adroitness of the captain, with no small display of authority as well, to keep the peace till the conclusion of the meal; and even then the argument was by no means ended, for angry knots of disputants on deck kept the matter rife till supper, when the rest joined in again.

The increased roughness of the sea off Corsica produced a comparative lull in the clamour aboard.

Politics could not be done justice to with a racking head-ache and sickness. Monsignore the Nuncio was reported to be very bad, a shade or two worse if anything than the Saxon envoy, — at which the Garibaldians openly rejoiced. The following morning, however, the waves having gone down a little as we got among the islands, his Eminence's purple legs were seen to re-appear on deck, somewhat less stable in their gait than ordinarily, but still defiant enough to provoke plenty of criticism from the adverse party; and from that time the feuds increased so much, that I felt quite relieved when, on getting to Civita Vecchia, the anxieties concerning luggage and landing gave each one something else to mind than the opinions of his neighbour.

A melancholy circumstance occurred as we entered the harbour. A beautiful little boy, about three years old, died in his mother's arms before a doctor could be summoned. The child had been imprudently exposed to the damp night air, and had caught a violent cold, resulting in croup and suffocation. The mother, a Frenchwoman, took it all very coolly, and merely remarked that if the physician had arrived in time she could not have paid him. To those on board, the matter was of some importance; for if the body went on with us to Naples, the authorities would place us all in quarantine immediately. A subscription therefore was raised, and the amount of it presented to the

parents, to induce them to inter the corpse at Civita Vecchia, resuming their voyage by the next boat. But one difficulty remained after they had assented to our proposal, which was, that the Roman *douane* would object as much as that of Naples, to a dead body entering their states; and I do not know how we should have managed if some ingenious passenger had not at this crisis suggested wrapping the child in a shawl and passing it off as asleep. The expedient was tried, and it answered perfectly.

I had had my passport *visé* for Rome, and I landed with my portmanteau, in full intent to go directly to the station and take the first train; "Mais l'homme propose, et Dieu dispose," and on the way I suddenly changed my plans, and resolved to proceed to Naples by the very ship I had just quitted. My principal reasons for doing so were the news received the same morning, that a battle between the Sardinians and the Royalists was imminent, and that Victor Emmanuel was only waiting for the result to make his triumphant entry into Naples. Also because, on consideration, I had come to the conclusion that whilst it was on the one hand a singularly bad time for visiting Rome—deserted by strangers and its collections closed or doubly guarded,—on the other I should find at Naples an unexampled amount of freedom, with hitherto unknown facilities for seeing anything. Certain mental twinges afflicted me every

now and then, as I returned, when visions of lost letters and disappointed friends presented themselves before me; and not only these provoked regret, but still more my having missed a renewal of the delight of roaming amidst the marvels of art and beauty in palace and basilica. Indeed I could not avoid feeling that half the pleasures I had contemplated for months before leaving England were voluntarily abandoned at the moment of their fulfilment, and that therefore hesitation was only a venial crime, even when Naples was the reward held out instead.

When the passengers had gone through the prescribed amount of baking in Civita Vecchia harbour (and who ever went there without desiring "to take off their flesh and sit in their bones?") we once more put out to sea; and then a mysterious rumour began to be whispered about that we were going to the Bourbon Gaëta.* It was reported that a special messenger from Pio IX. had been seen to come on board bearing immense sealed packets for the ex-king, that he had had a long conference with the captain, and had finally departed without the papers, thus clearly demonstrating them to be still in the captain's possession. And, for once

* The fortress was not then besieged, although the King of Naples had retired there; and, exclusive of Capua, his troops only held the country from Gaëta to the river Garigliano; General Cialdini preventing all escape towards the north, and General della Rocca and Garibaldi towards the south.

in a way, scandal turned out synonymous with truth; we *were* going to Gaëta for the purpose specified. This fact established, all the male passengers armed themselves with opera glasses and telescopes, as the time of our arrival approached; and the majority of the ladies hid themselves in the lower regions, convinced that the first battery, within range of which we came, would send an 84 lb. shot through the main cabin, by way of morning salutation. Whether we were expected or not I never heard, but nothing could have been more peaceable than the manner in which we were allowed to anchor not more than a hundred yards from the sea defences. A boat, bearing the royal flag, was rowed along-side, to fetch the despatches and the Saxon ambassador; and we were honoured with no other official notice during the hour we remained waiting for letters from the French ships of war.

I do not think that Gaëta—whose batteries were bristling with guns and lined with troops—would ever prove a particularly strong place if regularly invested by sea and land. The space on which the town stands is so limited, that every shell would tell with dreadful effect; and a short bombardment would reduce the houses to a heap of ruins. The time the garrison could hold out would depend much upon the quantity of provisions they had in stock; but if allowance be made for the want of proper accommodation both for men and stores,

and for the loss consequent on the destruction of all buildings not bomb-proof, the siege under these circumstances could hardly be a very protracted one. For several years past, no stranger has been permitted to set foot in the town. The late King Ferdinand suspected every traveller of wishing to take his life, or at all events a plan of his fortifications; and therefore he closed the gates to all but his own family,—a regulation also enforced by his worthy son.

On quitting Gaëta I found the "Vatican" a much pleasanter place than previously, for the debarkation of the Papal and Bourbon Volunteers had restored quietness on board.

All the "red shirts" of course remained; but these, being compelled to cease quarrelling for want of opponents, only occupied themselves in the harmless employment of making the Garibaldian toilet as formidable as possible by the addition of weapons hitherto kept out of sight. And many, it must be admitted, entirely succeeded in transforming themselves into as ugly-looking pirates as their ci-devant character of peasant or shopkeeper would allow.

Amongst the motley crowd on deck the first day, a group of three persons had particularly attracted my attention; an elderly lady, a girl of twenty, and a youth a year or two older.

I can assign no sufficient reason why I noticed them especially, since flirtations between young

people on a steamer with an ancient duenna playing the respectable to hush society's ill-natured inferences, are no uncommon things. Perhaps it was curiosity to guess their mutual relationship, or perhaps merely the natural sympathy all feel for evident love-affairs; but, whatever it might have been, I could not help stealing a glance very often at the corner where they sat. Chance, that is to say the steward, accidentally placed my chair at dinner next that of the younger lady, and the few small services I rendered her answered for sufficient introduction to commence some conversation. If I was surprised at her face being so much more beautiful when seen closely than it had seemed to me through her veil on deck, I was infinitely more so at the extreme refinement of idea in all she said. Her sentences were uttered in a kind of flowing cadence, half prose half poetry, without the slightest effort; and she displayed such a masculine understanding on every subject, speaking withal in a way so feminine as never to lead one's fancy for a moment to regard her as a man, that I rose from the table dying with curiosity to know her history. In the course of the voyage, I heard it,—for it was well known among the Italian passengers, who paid her the deference of a queen, in consequence,—and my astonishment may perhaps be equalled by that of my reader when he learns the brief particulars as I received them.

Towards the latter end of 1859, Signor L——,

formerly a government *employé*, lived at Palermo, with his wife, only son, and daughter. One morning, just before daylight, a body of the royal *gendarmerie* entered the house, and, after searching it and finding nothing, carried Signor L—— off to prison, on the charge of belonging to a secret society conspiring against the state. For a time, the victim was unheard of; at last, shortly before his trial was to come on, it was given out that he had died in jail; the Gazette said of fever, the people said from the pure effects of torture, applied to make him confess his companions in a plot not proved by a tittle of evidence ever to have existed.

Then the son swore, at the shrine of Sta Rosalia, patroness of Palermo, to avenge his father's innocent blood; and, arming himself, awaited a favourable opportunity to execute his design. But the police, acting on intelligence received from an informer, or from intuitive suspicion of his plans, shortly after arrested him; and, finding arms upon his person, in open defiance of the law, had him shot on the parade ground of the Castel-a-Mare* the same day. Before being led to execution, however, he was allowed to take leave of his friends, and then he bequeathed as his dying legacy to Benedetto, the betrothed of his sister, the vengeance he had himself been unable to snatch:—and Sta Rosalia again heard the fearful oath repeated at her shrine.

* This is the Sicilian mode of spelling the name. In Neapolitan it is Castellammare.

A *festa* of the Saint ere many days arrived, and in the evening, with the usual Sicilian stiletto under his cloak, Benedetto stationed himself, at dusk, behind a buttress of the cathedral to wait till the two spies, whom he knew to be the instigators of his friend's death, should pass in returning from the church to their homes. He had not been there long when his enemies approached. He instantly rushed upon them with uplifted weapon; but his arm was paralysed in the act of descending, by his seeing another dagger, still swifter than his own, plunged by a woman into the very breast he aimed at; and in another moment a second mortal stab, delivered with the rapidity of lightning by the same hand, brought the remaining *sbirro* to the ground. He turned to the figure who had forestalled his vengeance. It was that of his betrothed.

Nothing now remained for Benedetto but to fly. Hurrying from the spot with the desperate girl, who, ignorant of his intention, had anticipated his bloody purpose, and favoured by darkness and the sympathies of the few by-standers, he effected his escape.

The next morning the house of Signor L—— was deserted. Mother, daughter, and Benedetto had disappeared.

The sequel to the history may easily be guessed. After living in England till Garibaldi had overturned the Bourbon despotism, and all risk of anything but an ovation was at an end, they were

returning to Palermo once more, to claim the property the state had confiscated, and to celebrate the marriage Marella had obstinately refused to consummate till her native town was free.

Romance as the above may appear, many more incredible stories have actually come to pass in Sicily of late years.

As I shook hands with this heroine assassin at parting, I could not help glancing downwards with a passing shudder at the small white hand that had sent two human beings to their last account.

CHAPTER III.

NAPLES.

Sleeping out.—The British fleet.—A novelty.—Robinson Crusoe.—Old and New Naples.—Street decorations.—The inhabitants.— The English "Excursionists."—The Piedmontese.—"Domicilio Inglese."—The Café de l'Europe.—Street murders.—"*Nourriture*" and "*logement*."—Garibaldi and the Israelite.—The English residents.—Opinion of the people.

THE deck of a steamer, with nothing but a great-coat to lie upon, for three successive nights, is not the couch of a Sybarite; and the misery reaches its culminating point about 5 a. m. when the sailors begin to wash the deck. Below, there is no asylum; for who can stand the smells of a close cabin where passengers in various stages of convalescence are packed as in a troop ship? and if we try to brave it out above, our insular position we had hoped might be respected is soon destroyed by the full pail of sea-water which that grinning Genoese has just sent over our boots.

Everybody's spirits rose rapidly to boiling point as the hour of our emancipation drew near; and when we were opposite Ischia, and saw the

flag of freedom floating from the battlements of the castle, where Poërio and so many of the noblest and bravest hearts of Italy had been immured, the Garibaldians struck up the Dictator's Hymn, and I believe nearly the whole ship joined in the *refrain*. What prophet would have been listened to who twelve months ago had predicted that the fortresses of Naples, which never from the first hour of their erection had borne any but the banner of oppression, would so soon be surmounted by the arms of a King of united Italy, reigning by the choice and with the approbation of his people?

At Baiæ, we noticed that the governor had thought better of his threat of blowing the place up rather than surrendering it, for the white cross of Savoy was distinguishable on the keep; and presently, on St Elmo itself, above the city of Naples, our glasses revealed the Sardinian standard, and what was still more cheering — that the guns, which used to frown so ominously on the streets below, were dismounted, and that, instead of the detested Swiss, the National Guard were doing duty on the walls.

In the bay, a perfect fleet of men-of-war was anchored. Five ships of the line, commanded by our Admiral Mundy in the "Hannibal;" three French 91's; the squadron of Admiral Persano, just returned from gallant exploits at Ancona; a single American frigate; and a few smaller vessels of other nations. This sight alone would

have told us that something had occurred, because, during the last two reigns, no British ship of war was allowed to remain more than a week in any part of his Majesty's dominions, it not being considered safe to give longer shelter to the agents of so democratic a government; though, by-the-by, it often struck me in those days, that the cruises of our steamers between their visits were suspiciously short, as if they had just paddled round the Isle of Capri and returned for seven days more.

Immediately the "Vatican" had anchored, other novelties presented themselves. Instead of being compelled to wait three hours, or till it pleased the police to let us land, we found ourselves free to go as fast as we could get our luggage into boats; and at the custom-house and passport-office the crowd of sneaking officials, who, to the number of twenty or more, used literally to choke the passage, soliciting bribes, had disappeared. As substitutes, there were some rather grave Sardinians, whose curt politeness was evidently far above any such inducement.

On emerging from the railed enclosure of the Dogana, to call a *carrozzella* to take me to the hotel, I was startled, on looking up, to see Robinson Crusoe riding by on a mule. I had always had an idea that that celebrated personage had died long ago from the effects of writing the second part of his adventures; but if not before

me now, it certainly must have been his ghost. The apparition was dressed in goat-skin trousers, with the hair outside and open at the knees: Calabrian gaiters were barbarously laced with leather thongs over the tops of a pair of heavy boots: a coarse red woollen shirt, stained and torn, was tucked in at the waist, yet so as to hang loosely on each side, giving the arms ample room; and at the throat an aperture, caused by absent buttons, exposed a mulatto skin, except where a many-coloured handkerchief, dangling like a halter from the neck, occasionally intervened.

The monster—for I can call him nothing else—wore a conical hat, so much like an exaggerated copy of those used on the stage by peasants at a village fête, covered with streamers and bows, that I am not quite sure now whether it was not in reality a trophy he had carried off amongst the loot of some Bourbon theatre. But his resemblance to the hero of De Foe was especially due to the armoury he carried about him. Two large pistols, a revolver, a dagger, and a long Catanian knife, slung by a ring fixed in the handle, graced an ornamental belt. By his side hung a sword, of by no means modern construction, and in size a match for that of Goliath; whilst across his saddle-bow rested a lengthy double-barrelled gun, capped, and therefore, I suppose, loaded.

The proprietor of this costume, moreover, was himself ill-calculated to assure one of his lamb-

like disposition; for besides possessing a naturally ferocious countenance, everything that hair could do to make him still more frightful had been scrupulously disregarded. He evidently was not daily besieged, like Garibaldi, by fair ladies ready provided with scissors, who are willing to go if granted but one small snip at beard or locks. If I had not had my luggage encumbering me, I should have been tempted to have tried to arrange a bargain on the spot for this Robinson Crusoe to have exhibited himself at the Egyptian Hall for our joint benefit; but, as it was, I could only give him a longing stare and let him pass on. In order not to deceive my reader, I must, however, own I found out afterwards that I had wasted much unnecessary admiration, as there were plenty more such *chef-d'œuvres* of Garibaldianism to be seen any day all over Naples; in fact, several of the volunteers whom I met when *en route* to the inn, rivalled my favourite sufficiently to make me already ashamed of my first enthusiasm.

A very short acquaintance with Naples as I now found it, convinced me that, to feel confident I was actually in the capital of the Two Sicilies, I must lose, as quickly as possible, my recollections of six months' residence there in 1858.

Under the sceptres of Ferdinand and Francis, both "of glorious memory," had it been the city of tombs, or the place discovered by Zobeidè, where every one was turned to stone, it could not well

have looked more lifeless. No official threatenings could ever extort a single illuminated window, or one solitary flag, from the sullen people. In vain, at the annual *festa* of Piedi-grotta, did Bomba bow and smile towards the crowd; his only return was silence. The theatres were closed, or else only allowed to act such pieces as no one would go to hear. The king was king because he was born to be so, not by the desire of any one he governed; and his subjects seemed mourning some terrible disaster to which none dared allude. Martial law was an ugly preventive to conversation, and the faintest sigh for freedom was the high road to jail. Now, all is changed. A universal exorcism has nearly effaced the traces of this Azrael; for though of evil there is plenty still, yet it is of the kind that bears the sun-light, and is open to a cure.

Ever since Garibaldi made his triumphant entry Naples had been in gala dress. I calculated the number of Piedmontese tri-colours* hanging over the streets, and found there were about eight to each house; which will be thought less incredible when it is recollected that Neapolitan houses are generally five or six stories high, and let out in floors to different occupants; therefore, supposing that each family dwelling under the same roof invested in no more than one flag, and that all contributed for a bunch over the common entrance, a

* Green, white, and red; with the white cross of Savoy on a crimson shield in the centre.

total fully as large as my estimate would result. If anything, eight was a low average even in the poorer quarters, for the *lazzaroni*, so long erroneously imagined to be in favour of the Bourbons, did not on account of their poverty buy fewer flags, only smaller ones, which instead of being six, eight, or ten feet in length, like those in the principal thoroughfares, perhaps did not measure more than a quarter of that size. In addition, most of the better houses had mottoes inscribed in flowers, such as,—

"Viva! Vittorio Emmanuele, il nostro Rè!"

"Viva! il Rè galantuomo!"

"Evviva! il Rè d'Italia!"

"Viva! Giuseppe Garibaldi — Liberatore d' "Italia!"

"Al prode Garibaldi, Vincitore di Calatafimi, "di Palermo, e di cento battaglie"—

surrounded by festoons of laurel and myrtle, with hideous paintings of warlike subjects. In the evening there was a standing illumination, when the battle-pieces and portraits, so tame by daylight, turned into gorgeous transparencies, and myriads of little oil lamps, in different-coloured paper baskets, made the streets resemble Vauxhall Gardens in their palmy days, or the Vale of Cashmere during the Feast of Roses, where (according to Moore)

> "A thousand restless torches play'd
> Through every grove and island shade;
> A thousand sparkling lamps were set
> On every dome and minaret."

The great street, the Toledo, two miles long, when its rainbow-tinted constellations flickered in mid air, looked as if it were a view in fairy-land. Some people, more original than their neighbours, covered their window-sills with lighted moderators. I counted fifty in front of one house. Others used a profusion of little tapers, such as one finds before the image of the Madonna in churches. Now and then, a man extravagantly afforded the public, gratis, an exhibition of blue and red lights, intermingled with Greek fire and Roman candles. The stars and crowns, in gas or oil lamps, which form our acme of splendour on a Queen's birthday, were rare, but, when employed, on a scale much more extensive than anything dreamt of by our court tradesmen. To a foreigner, however, fully one half the interest consisted in watching the immense multitudes either promenading the town, in procession, chanting Neapolitan *barcarolas*, or in rough wooden chariots, improvised for the occasion. Most of the lower orders carried flaming pine-logs or torches, and all were armed to the teeth. You saw women with their hair flowing down their backs, brandishing naked daggers, dancing and gesticulating with all the appearance of raving insanity, just as Æschylus describes the furies.

The Garibaldians, not only Italian, but of all nations, vied with each other in their accoutrements, and it would have puzzled any one to recol-

lect a costume that had not been already adopted. The Calabrians carried off the palm in hats and dress; the Hungarians and Sicilians in offensive weapons. After all, my Robinson Crusoe was but an ordinary specimen of a volunteer of good family, possessed of a little money to equip himself with the outfit becoming a gentleman; for, beneath the modest deportment of the heroes of liberty, there is in reality often as much pride in getting up a fierce exterior, in trying to look *the* most desperate brigand of all, as there was years ago at the Field of the Cloth of Gold between the nobles of Henry and Francis in outdoing one another in magnificence.

The shepherds of the Holy Roman Church had also caught the contagion. A number of them had formed themselves into a regiment, in which no distinctive mark of their original clerical calling remained but a small brown crucifix on the breast. Even the monks not enrolled in any corps suspended short swords under their scapularies, visible enough whenever a breath of wind moved the folds of their robes.

Perhaps the Neapolitans admired the English "Excursionists" more than any others, because their Saxon features, and tunics with light green facings, were a novelty; at all events, their leader, "Garibaldi's Englishman" (General Peard), soon became the cynosure of all eyes. The people looked with indescribable awe upon his almost giant stature and true Garibaldian growth of beard and

hair. His reputation also of being the crack marksman, whose deadly rifle never missed its aim (all pure fiction!) invested him with a glory no one ever claimed to share. More than once in Sicily and likewise in Calabria, when the revolutionary forces entered a town, the inhabitants, taking him for Garibaldi, vociferously cheered as he rode along; and sore was their disappointment when the object of their homage was superseded by the real Dictator—a man not more than five feet seven inches high.

Amidst the variety of authorized and unauthorized uniforms choking the town, those of the Piedmontese garrison—infantry and artillery—were very conspicuous. The "Bersaglieri," who correspond to our Rifle Brigade, only are much more numerous, won many a lady's heart merely by their jaunty wide-brimmed hats and waving plumes. And irrespective of their powers of captivation, they were popular because every one felt, in scanning their bronzed faces, where courage and resolution could be read in every line, that if any Italian troops could secure the country from relapsing to Austrian rule, it would be these.

To those who like myself knew Naples in the "good old times," one of the most agreeable changes was that which had been effected at the main guard, and at the entrances to the dockyard and Castel del Ovo; where, instead of cannon pointing down the streets, and Swiss mercenaries stand-

ing with lighted matches, citizens in blouses now marched peacefully up and down; for the Piedmontese, after their arrival, took especial care to avoid offending the people by posting sentinels; and wherever it was safe to do so, left everything to the Neapolitans; interfering as little as possible by any display of military force. At a later period, however, they grew less scrupulous, and, beginning with the palace, gradually ousted the burghers from every guard in succession, causing no small amount of grumbling.

Nailed upon every other door in the commercial quarters, a board exhibited the words "*Domicilio Inglese*" in large letters. A few, when I first arrived, said "*Domicilio Francese,*" but the "*Francese,*" after the French commenced their highly unpopular interference at Gaëta, was daily converted into "*Inglese.*" I dare say hardly any of the houses really belonged to British owners, and in case they had, if an outbreak of the *lazzaroni* had taken place, as was at one time anticipated, or if the king's troops had sacked the city previous to their departure, the notice of English proprietorship would not have been worth a farthing. An Italian whom I met explained to me that he had put "*Domicilio Inglese*" on his house because his wife—dead some years before—had been a Maltese; though neither of them ever knew a word of our language in their lives.

The painters and writers must have made for-

tunes in Naples lately by erasing the Bourbon name and arms and substituting the universal "Vittorio Emmanuele, Rè d'Italia;" for woe betide the man who dared to keep up any outward sign of the old political creed—whatever he might think. The gaudy decorations of the Lottery Offices alone employed all the trade for weeks. They were altered before anything else, because such places, without a handsome token of royal approval, would hardly trap a sufficient number of stupid peasants—gambling with government at odds of about four to one against you not being attractive enough in itself.

The Café de l'Europe, at the corner of the Largo del Palazzo, is, in the evening, the one and only resort of everybody. There the news and scandal of the day is to be learnt, and all the leading celebrities are to be seen, from Generals Türr and Medici down to the English army-contractor, who tried to pit his knowledge of clothes against the good-natured credulity of Garibaldi. If by accident you happen to have picked up a new acquaintance in the camp or the hotels, and want to hear his history, go to the Café de l'Europe, anybody there will tell it to you, and much about him that is false besides. That man who has just come in is General Eber, correspondent of the "*Times*" in military matters; the one sitting next to him is Bixio; and a little further Dunn, our countryman, commander of those few desperate

English* who braved the campaign in Sicily. You go there intending to stay five minutes for an ice and depart; but the time flies, and you find it impossible to get away. Everybody has something marvellous to tell you of the army in the field, and what Garibaldi's plan is sure to be; till you look up and find with horror it is close on twelve. However, you cannot leave without seeing what is going on up-stairs, and when you get there, the billiard-playing—you never touched a cue in your life yourself—for those nice little piles of Napoleons fascinates you, boa-constrictor like, against your will, till the hours of beauty-sleep are hopelessly gone by. At last you escape, and then, as you walk towards your inn along the deserted quays, stories of midnight assassinations come thick upon your memory. Only the other day some one told you of a man having been killed and his body found, with a stiletto in its back, lying stripped and rifled exactly where you stand; which makes you recollect how foolishly you changed a circular note that afternoon, when a dozen suspicious-looking customers observed you, and that the money is in your pocket still. Whereupon you vow, if you reach home safely, no Café de l'Europe gossip shall keep you out again. But nothing happens, and the next day your good resolves are all forgotten.

A great deal of nonsense is constantly being

* Thirty-eight in number. They formed a separate company in the Dunn Brigade.

published by "our own correspondents" about the number of murders committed since the late government fell; but, after having made every inquiry, I could not ascertain that the increase was much beyond the regular number in ordinary times. Moreover, had it been double, it would have given me no cause for surprise, and would not in any way prove that the new state of things is unpopular.

Whenever legitimate authority is weakened or in abeyance, every evil-disposed person indulges in excesses from which he would otherwise abstain. Those who were stabbed in 1860, in nine cases out of ten received their wounds during the heat of a quarrel. A few may have fallen victims to private feuds of long standing, and still fewer to their political opinions. But hardly a single authentic instance is on record of highway murder for purposes of plunder.

I certainly heard some stories, but invariably when I examined them I found the details untrue. A robbery, perhaps, had really been perpetrated, though without violence; or a man had actually been found pierced by a sword-thrust, but he was a *sbirro*, known and detested by all Naples, whom no one deplored in the slightest degree. The very small additional number of assassinations in Naples itself generally belonged to the class of *vendettas*, certainly not to that of crime carried out by the lowest classes for the mere sake of booty. It was

therefore hardly fair to say the absence of a settled government left the town a prey to violence and murder, or that one was not safe out of doors after dark because many foreigners scrupulously came in at five o'clock to avoid the gangs of ruffians they supposed to be in ambush for them.

The innkeepers expressed much dissatisfaction at the way they were imposed upon by the Garibaldian officers, and for which they found it extremely difficult to obtain redress. In the hotel which I made my head quarters, there was a certain captain who had been living six weeks in first-rate style, enjoying a thorough English breakfast, lunch, and champagne dinner, smoking innumerable quantities of the landlord's best Havannahs, and occupying a bedroom with a frontage to the Bay. At last, the day of reckoning came, and then the landlord was presented with a common soldier's billet for food and lodging, coupled with a flat refusal to give him a *sou* besides. An angry colloquy took place, but the impregnable position where the officer intrenched himself was this:—that meat and drink of any kind whatever was "*nourriture*," that a room on any floor was only "*logement*," and that therefore his billet clearly gave him a claim to both. When requested to pay or go, the answer was equally conclusive, "No quarters can possibly be more comfortable, and I shall knock down any one bothering me about such a trifle again." It

might have been alleged as some excuse for this gentleman that he was sadly afflicted with a treacherous memory; for shortly after an entry appeared in his fine bold round hand in the strangers' book, "Captain ——, late of her Majesty's —— Fusiliers;" to which he had quite forgotten to attach "cashiered."

Garibaldi's extreme reluctance to believe in the dirty actions of others unfortunately often produced the very things he considered the most degrading any human creature could perpetrate.

The case of a certain Israelite, much talked about at the time, illustrates well the simplicity of his character in accepting everything he hears as the honest truth. A Jew claimed some money for goods supplied to the troops, and after making several ineffectual attempts to get it from the proper quarter, went direct to Garibaldi himself and stated his grievance. The Dictator listened to his complaint with his usual patience and good nature, and then, with scarcely a word of comment, took a pen and wrote an order for the Minister of Finance to pay the sum at sight. The Jew, well pleased, withdrew, and ran post-haste to realize the money. He had, however, hardly quitted the presence-chamber, when some one else coming in, asked what his business there had been, and on hearing what had just transpired, denounced the applicant as a cheat, and the whole claim as a

fraudulent and extortionate one; which so frightened Garibaldi that he telegraphed instantly to the minister, that he should on no account pay any portion of the sum whatever. Consequently when the Jew, in all the humility and rejoicing of interest already earned, presented his "little bill," he was considerably astonished at getting nothing for his pains but a threat of summary imprisonment for attempting to rob the government. Whether the plaintiff was in the right, and therefore received scant justice, I cannot say; but, anyhow, the story shows how easily Garibaldi credits the most conflicting statements—simply because a lie with him is an impossibility. This same contractor caused no little amusement by eliding the terminal letter of his name, and adding the handsome prefix of Captain; both without warrant under the sign-manual of anybody but himself.

The only people in Naples who, as an entire class, appeared to feel positive regret for Francesco's exile, were the old English residents,—men of that peculiar temperament often met with in foreign countries, who say they adore everything British, but take every opportunity of evincing the deepest sympathy for anything thoroughly the contrary. During the late Russian war, for instance, many an Englishman abroad thought our enemies an uncommonly ill-used nation. And again, when hostilities broke out with

China, there were always plenty of our countrymen ready to defend "the poor Chinaman" who had been so long-enduring. Several of the English in Naples have been there forty years, during which period they have carried on a prosperous trade, uninterfered with by the government, and rarely visited their native land; and so they shut their eyes to all the abuses they are not allowed to feel. Their continual cry is, "Oh! the people are not worthy of a better rule; they are not fit for it;" just as if the people ever will be, as long as no attempt is made to educate and enlighten them. With the exception of most of the bishops, who have only the Cardinal's purple to attain, and were much favoured by the ex-monarch, there is scarcely a man, from the prince to the beggar, who advocates a restoration. Some may desire a Murat king, others a Sardinian prince, or a republic; but none, whatever their political leanings, hope to have Bombino back. The universal opinion is, that no general amnesty would prevent the prisons being crowded with innocent as well as guilty—for what is a Bourbon's pardon!—and that, where everybody is certain to be compromised somehow in the king's eyes, he would make but slight distinction between friends and foes. The Neapolitans affirm that many were incarcerated in 1849 for interfering in the king's name to put down the revolution; in fact, that taking part with either side was punished. No wonder then

that, thinking the same course would be pursued again, and that no one would be safe, they should unanimously deprecate the return of Francis, although others may nevertheless consider him a martyr.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAMP.

An Italian's gratitude.—A timid Viscount.—Position of armies. The Campagna Felice.—Sta Maria di Capua.—Apply for pass.—Garibaldi's camp.—Pedlars' wares.—The Garibaldians.—Their clothing and weapons.—Capua opens fire.—Artillery practice.—A foolish friend.—Bivouacking.—A disturbed night.

EVERYBODY in Naples will tell you that the Hotel des Etrangers is badly managed. For my own part, however, I was not of that opinion till lately, when the black ingratitude shown me for staying there some months in 1858, and for returning thither this year, in spite of sinister rumours, quite converted me. Italian landlords often do shabby things, but they seldom perpetrate grosser knavery than what I am about to relate.

Having engaged a *vetturino,* for a tour into the interior, I fixed on a certain morning for my departure. I had wished to leave sooner, but deferred going, to suit the convenience of

a friend. When the day arrived, Ungaro, the landlord, came to me, a short time previously to the hour appointed for starting, and, with an expression of intense anxiety, said he was truly sorry to inform me that the driver had been seized with a sudden serious illness, which must absolutely prevent his keeping his agreement; but that the man had sent to say the doctors considered the attack of a transient nature, and that therefore he hoped I would give him another chance two days later. As the *vetturino*, a Roman, had made a very favourable impression on me, and I felt sorry for his misfortune, after consulting my companion, I agreed to the proposal. The third day came and with it the carriage, and the invalid—to all appearance perfectly recovered. When we were some way upon our journey, and I had an opportunity of sitting on the box, I inquired of the man if he was now all right again. The *vetturino* stared, but did not seem to understand. I repeated my question, but received the same response, a look of bewilderment. Not comprehending his astonishment, I then narrated exactly what I had heard, when at last he burst out with,

"Ah! Dio! Dio! che briccon vile è questo Ungaro! mi diceva che *lei stessa*, Eccellenza, era ammalata, ed al punto della morte!"

The rascally landlord had played us the trick of telling each the other was dying.

Previously to starting for Garibaldi's camp be-

fore Capua, it was necessary to procure provisions, and indeed everything we should want both for food and shelter, since naught was to be obtained in the small villages around. In the Toledo, there is an excellent French *charcutier*, where preserved meats and other delicacies can be had, and here we purchased our principal *pièces de résistance*, on which the brunt of our appetites would fall,—my companions (a couple of officers and the correspondent of a London journal) and I, after the heavy articles had been determined on, separating and cruising in different directions, in search of such minor delicacies as would fill up the interstices in our hampers.

One of my friends insisted on wearing a loaded revolver and making himself the mainguard of our party, and neither our argument, nor our nervousness lest the thing, which was of bad construction, should go off, was effectual in convincing him of the inutility of weapons on such a peaceful mission of inspection as we purposed. His mind we all agreed must have been somewhat influenced by the example of an English Viscount, who had quitted our hotel that morning with two revolvers and a sword, and left an affecting adieu to his father, the Earl, to be forwarded in case he fell.

It was rather difficult to procure a carriage and horses, on account of the danger both ran of being smashed or stolen; and besides, the great demand for conveyances of every class, for the

government, had made them very scarce and dear. At length, however, we were fortunate enough to procure a very tolerable open *calèche* with three horses; to be paid for at the uniform rate of a guinea a day, exclusive of a daily 4*s.* 6*d.* *buonamano;* the owner running all the risk of loss or damage. We also obtained a horse to ride, in case the necessity of reconnoitring in advance should occur at any time.

The position of the hostile armies at the time when I first commenced my expeditions in the interior of Italy was as follows. The main body of Garibaldi's army was bivouacking on the fields to the south of Capua,—its right touching the river Volturno, at a point two miles higher up the stream than the fortress, and its left resting on the town of Sta Maria, the ancient Capua. The siege had now been lingering on for several weeks, and the intelligence of a capitulation or bombardment was hourly expected to arrive in Naples. Cialdini was advancing, by forced marches, from Ancona, along the Isernia road, to intercept communication between Capua and Gaëta; and the division of Della Rocca was making a circuit from Venafro, by Alife, to form a junction with Garibaldi, and press on the siege of Capua. The royal troops, under the ex-king in person, occupied the town of Gaëta, and all the country southwards, as far as the river Garigliano. Straggling outposts indeed extended further, and the entire road from that

stream to Capua was considered to be in their hands. Capua was held by a strong Bourbon garrison, a few of whom were intrenched outside the walls near the bank of the Volturno. The royal forces were estimated at 35,000 in all; the Piedmontese, counting those in Naples, had about as many; and Garibaldi, 15,000 tolerably efficiently drilled volunteers, with perhaps 10,000 of an utterly undisciplined armed rabble: but the Dictator never could muster more than half his army at the same moment, the other remained with self-granted leave of absence in Naples, occasionally, when the spirit moved it, taking a run to the camp.

The road across the Campagna Felice is monotonous enough, under ordinary circumstances, in time of peace. Running straight for miles, between flat fertile fields, with the view on either side obscured by dwarf poplars and mulberries, up which vines climb as they please, and with a fine white dust casting a hoar-frost appearance over everything, it gives the traveller who may happen to see it for the first time but a poor idea of Southern Italian scenery. At this period, however, it had become more interesting, being the great artery of communication from the metropolis to the camp. All the distance, crowds of mules and other animals, drawing every conceivable species of machine on wheels, thronged in slow succession. There were guns and mortars, carts full of shot and shell, com-

missariat and ambulance waggons, immense quantities of forage and provisions, in short the baggage and *impedimenta* of an army in its most varied form. Every now and then came a batch of Neapolitan prisoners, guarded by well-armed Garibaldians, with a look of self-sufficient triumph, that seemed to say the cause of freedom was progressing well. I often wondered why the captives did not make a rush to get away, for, as a rule, the Bourbon troops were all fine athletic men from the neighbourhood of the coast round Naples, whilst the Calabrese and Sicilians were almost dwarfs in stature. I believe the real truth was, the Neapolitans were not over sorry to exchange the unpleasant duties of a beleaguered fortress and fighting for a losing cause, for the listless indolence of an Italian prison. Besides the train of creeping carriages, there were plenty of the little *carrozzelle*, dashing either way with parties of officers or privates of the Garibaldian army. Judging from the number of men in gorgeous uniforms, galloping by in hot haste, one would have imagined some great event had taken place, but it was only the manner of driving to which a Neapolitan coachman considers a gentleman to be entitled.

On reaching Sta Maria di Capua, the headquarters of the besiegers, we found the town almost impassable. Its streets were literally choked with Garibaldian uniforms, and suttlers hanging on the army, with fruit or wine, determined at all events,

whether Italy rose or fell, to profit by the passing golden hour, to cheat their countrymen. In addition to the confusion of the crowd, the pavement had been torn up for street defences, and barricades, only open for a single file to pass, prevented an easy circulation.

At a large white house, we had to apply for a *permesso* to enter the camp beyond, and after sending in our names to General Milvitz we were mostly politely ushered into the room where he sat. The General received us with the utmost courtesy, saying how happy he always was to do anything in his power for the British nation, whose institutions he admired so much, and that he hoped we should as thoroughly appreciate the greatness of the idea of Italian unity as he did; also that the English in Sicily had ever been foremost in every battle, and, as soldiers, could not be overrated. The pass he gave us consisted of a slip of paper stating who we were, and that we were to go freely everywhere. It was signed, and stamped with a large impression of the Sardinian arms, surrounded by the usual "*Vittorio Emmanuele, Re d'Italia!*" the Italians love so much.

All he said was very flattering, but I believe we were more indebted to a letter of introduction we delivered to General Porcelli, aide-de-camp to Milvitz, than to the great love of the latter for the "British nation." Porcelli married a sister of the Hon. Flora Macdonald, one of Her Majesty's Maids

of Honour, and took the greatest trouble to serve us.

Immediately outside the walls of Sta Maria, and close to the ruins of the ancient amphitheatre, the camp may be said to have commenced; and it extended about four miles, to the ferry over the Volturno, known as the Scafa di Formicola. The high road, leading from Sta Maria to Cajazzo, divided the camp through the centre, leaving a space of ground, perhaps two miles broad, upon the right, at the foot of a high range of hills—spurs of the main chain of the Apennines; whilst some flat fields, about a mile across, intervened between it and Capua Moderna, the object of attack. Near the ferry the hills abut upon the road, and at that point are not more than a mile at the outside from the fortress walls. Over all this space the Garibaldini had their encampment, and it was as picturesque a sight as you could find anywhere, to see the camp-fires and various-coloured tents, or huts, spread over the face of the country. Pickets of men were stationed on the hill-sides, forming a cordon of sentries alert against any surprise; and every now and then a brilliant flashing, as the sun caught the steel of their bayonets, told us they were duly armed. To unmilitary eyes, the appearance of hopeless confusion is most striking; you think, if an alarm were sounded, the enemy would be in your midst long before anybody could even

find his rifle, much less his scattered dress and accoutrements. Regiments are so mingled up with regiments in one common crowd, that any attempt at sudden organization must, you fancy, prove fruitless. And it was so in reality to a certain extent, since the undisciplined Calabrese most obstinately refused to be tutored into anything resembling drill.

Pictures I had seen of Irish fairs came to my recollection, as closely resembling those portions of the encampment where hawking traders had set up their wares in stalls and booths for sale; the ragged Sicilians passing perfectly for the figures therein depicted. One of the principal articles in demand was the Catanian knife, and some of the pedlars had hardly anything else to offer; yet they all were doing apparently a flourishing trade. For two *carlini*, or 8*d*. English, a very fair single-bladed pocket-knife could be bought; and an investment of six or seven would purchase one large enough to serve for a formidable pike. I paid eight for one that measured two feet three inches long when open; and there were many considerably larger. These knives are manufactured in great quantities in Sicily, and thence exported to every part of Italy; they are of the roughest workmanship throughout, but strong and cheap. At the end of the handle is an iron ring, through which a lanyard may be passed, and tied to the owner's belt. During the *festas* of any popular saint, numbers of these knives are given up to the parish priests by the

peasants, as a pledge of their intention to reform and commit no more murders. They are frequently to be seen among the votive offerings attached to the walls of chapels. Plenty of pistols were for sale also, but I should not like to have fired one of them.

Towards Capua were some small earth redoubts, and others in the course of erection, to take part in the ensuing bombardment. The story in the camp was, that Garibaldi had done everything in his power to induce the garrison to surrender without his being obliged to fire upon the town, but that the commandant had refused because it would have tarnished sadly his military honour. Nevertheless Garibaldi still lingered from day to day for the arrival of the Piedmontese under Della Rocca, in order to avoid shedding by his own orders the blood of women and children, and that which to him was dearer still, the blood of Italians.

The Garibaldians were principally composed of Sicilians and Calabrians, but there were a good many Hungarians, and adventurers from the Austrian states, as well as the famous *Cacciatori delle Alpi*, and the English "Excursionists," rechristened here, "*La Brigata Volontari Britannici*," 750 strong. There were not many Neapolitans or Romans; the latter simply because they could not easily get out of the Papal States, and the former because they are a cowardly set, and do not think freedom worth having if

they must fight for it themselves. When Garibaldi took any Neapolitan troops prisoners, he invariably gave them the choice of continuing soldiers under his flag, or of returning to their homes, and they nearly always accepted the latter alternative.

The Sicilians were of small stature; the average height of those I saw could not have exceeded five feet two inches. Their faces had much of the German type in them, clearly showing a mixture of the Teutonic blood which was infused into their island during the 12th and 13th centuries; and besides being generally quite fair and very unlike the Italian countenance of the mainland, they had a pleasant good-natured expression, more frank and open than is common in the peninsula among their olive-coloured brethren.

The Calabrese differed from them as much as one race could differ from another. With complexions dark and sunburnt, to a degree that made them as tawny as many an Indian tribe, there was withal a singular flatness of feature I never met with in any other European race. They seemed however more active than the Sicilians, though about the same size; and they had an expression of perfect devilry, such as would not predispose one to trust oneself among them if no aid were near. In short, they looked regular ready-made brigands and bandits, and had a reputation in the camp equal to that of our Hindoo fellow-subjects, in the arts of lying and steal-

ing. I was very surprised to find so many mere boys amongst them; some were not more than ten years old, and could with difficulty carry a musket.

Nearly all the best troops of the Garibaldian host had overcoats of grey cloth, precisely similar to those in use amongst the Piedmontese infantry of the line. They had been sent by the Sardinian government in large quantities, together with arms and ammunition, at the time Count Cavour was strenuously denying in his official correspondence all connivance at the enterprise. The coats especially must have been an invaluable gift, for many had hardly any other garments than a few rags of tattered peasants' clothes.

The muskets were of every known size and pattern in the same regiment. One man would have an English Enfield rifle of the most approved construction; another only an antique flint Brown Bess, unsafe to fire. Frequently both barrel and bayonet were a mass of brilliant rust, wherein the metal was quite undistinguishable.

There were a few Piedmontese regular troops, who had come from the Naples garrison, and they were faring decidedly better in every respect than the rest. They had their tents pitched with mathematical precision, and their commissariat left nothing to be desired; the Garibaldians, on the contrary, though they often had more meat than they required, wasted it, by leaving it exposed to the burning sun till it became too tainted to eat.

In artillery the army was extremely deficient; not because there were no guns, for the whole arsenals of Naples and Castellammare were at their disposal, but because there were no men to serve them. Cavalry there was none; and it would have been of no use whatever in such a country, and especially during a siege.

The ground was thickly strewed with chopped straw, remnants of the beds the men made within their tents, or else of the litter of animals; and if one walked or sat upon it long, one was covered with a detestable species of white vermin, most difficult to get rid of.

Throughout the entire camp, there were none of the military attributes usually so conspicuous; there were no trumpet-calls or drums beating, no drills or parades; and if the absence of uniformity in dress be also taken into account, it can be easily imagined that a traveller might pass by without being aware he had witnessed a besieging army.

The Calabrians had ingeniously constructed little huts of boughs of oak trees twisted together, the withered leaves still adhering to the branches affording a tolerably dense covering. The Sardinian tents resembled much the *tentes d'abri* employed by our allies in the Crimea, only they were somewhat better: each tent held two men comfortably, and the whole affair, which could be taken to pieces and divided between its occupants, was of very trifling weight.

Whilst we were loitering about, amusing ourselves among the Garibaldians, all at once the guns of the nearest bastion opened fire; and, as we were within easy range, and, owing to the trees, could not see the shot coming, we thought it better to drive on further towards the Volturno, and ascend the hill projecting from its fellows into the plain near the ferry. This mountain, called St Angelo, is of a peaked form, covered partially with brushwood and coarse grasses, through which the bare rock occasionally presents itself. The summit, on which was a Garibaldian battery, rises to a height of about 1200 feet, and being only an English mile distant from Capua, commands a perfect view of that town and its surrounding country. The positions of the armies were stretched out below as on a map, and so clear was the air that we had no difficulty in making out with our unaided eyes the royalists walking on the parade ground of the fortress, and with a common opera-glass, the loading, laying, and firing of every cannon. Sitting on this elevated perch and seeing the stir of battle rage underneath was a fulfilment of the Lucretian wish every one in their day has shared, that it might be permitted them to gaze in perfect security from a tower placed in the centre of a field of contest, and survey contending armies struggling for the mastery.

"——magnum alterius spectare laborem;
Non quia vexari quenquam est jucunda voluptas

Sed, quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est.
Per campos instructa, tuâ sine parte pericli,
Suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri."*

The slope of the hill was strewn with fragments of bombs, unexploded conical shells that had been fired from rifle guns, and bullets of various forms. The shells were fitted with percussion caps upon the point, and I can only account for their remaining charged after being fired, by supposing that they struck some soft earth first, and, ricochetting, damaged their caps without striking directly enough to burst. In descending, in the dusk of evening, I felt quite nervous lest I should tread on one of these things concealed among the heather and find myself *sauté* to another world forthwith.

The royalist riflemen, in pits, at the edge of the glacis, were popping away incessantly at the nearest Garibaldian outposts, about 400 yards off, who with equal warmth returned the compliment; but both sides added more to the noise than the damage, for the dense brushwood was only here and there thin enough to give either a chance of taking aim. The guns on the bastions fired over the heads of the riflemen of both friends and foes, as if it would have been too great a pity to have interfered unfairly towards the success of either. The round shot and shell were chiefly directed against a small white house in which some Garidaldians had taken

* Lucretius, ii. 4.

up their quarters, and every now and then the occupants were obliged to leave till the firing slackened. The Neapolitan practice was excellent, so accurate that I think they had the actual measure in their possession before the revolution commenced, of the precise number of yards every object within range was distant. Once, a portion of a Calabrian regiment was ordered to advance to the front, and as this necessitated their passing over a piece of road within sight of Capua, the garrison immediately opened upon them with percussion bombs. The first one struck the ground about thirty yards beyond them; the second about as far too short; but the third pitched right in their midst, and striking the hard road, exploded with tremendous effect, killing and wounding many. A perfect storm of shells suceeeded, and through the smoke I could distinguish the Calabrians running for their lives in all directions; some ran right upon the line of fire in their confusion, and met with speedy death. I dare say at least a third of all that had advanced were placed *hors de combat.* Whenever a shot was sent from any of the works round Capua, I could trace the course it took during its entire flight, and the smashed boughs and saplings made a complete trail behind it. As a general rule the Neapolitans fired several shells at the same mark together, which made it infinitely more difficult for their enemies to dodge them,—in running from one they were so likely to fall in with its companion. Gari-

baldi and his staff came a great deal to St Angelo to reconnoitre, and once or twice he pointed guns there with his own hand. The national troops very rarely replied to the constant cannonade kept up against them, for they wished to concentrate all their attention on the batteries they were preparing. One of my party, desirous of emulating a then distinguished English M. P., rode on our one charger into the thickest of the fire, where shot and shell were whizzing about and bursting all around, and what would have ultimately become of him I cannot say, if the animal had not shown more discretion than its master, and turning tail, insisted on cantering, as hard as it could go, to a less glorious region.

In the middle of the day the sun was very oppressive, and we had much difficulty in finding shade enough to shelter ourselves for temporary repose and refreshment. It is a very common mistake to suppose that large trees are abundant in Southern Italy, except in gardens, or private parks. The mountains are usually bare, and the plains and valleys dotted over with the shadeless olive, or scraggy sickly mulberry, interspersed, where the soil is not too dry, with pollard willows and small poplars. The finest woods I have met with in the entire Peninsula are to be found in the central range of the Apennines, between Orvieto and Florence; the forests of Calabria, though more numerous and extensive, being comparatively of

stunted growth. Water in the camp was also hard to find, and the supply was neither plentiful nor good.

As we sat eating our dinner, on the side of Monte St Angelo, and saw the busy stir of thousands round, while a concert of booming artillery ever and anon greeted our ears, it recalled to our remembrance the striking change that had recently come over this very spot, which we had passed a few months before in all the stillness of a seldom-visited country district, where scattered ploughmen or a solitary vinedresser alone gave evidence of human life.

When night approached, and

> "Twilight gray
> Had in her sober livery all things clad,"

we gathered round a watch-fire of some Sardinian artillerymen, and listening to their adventures in the campaign in Lombardy, beguiled away as much of the long night as possible. The best way, if one can manage it, is to sit between two fires, or else, whilst your face is being roasted, your back will be almost freezing, and you will enjoy a summer and a winter temperature in immediate vicinity. The fire of the enemy slackened after sunset, and at last nearly ceased, only treating us now and then to a simultaneous discharge of seven or eight random shots, to let us know that, if we were sleeping, at all events some one was awake in Capua.

We made our beds of layers of straw and leaves,

placed beneath English waterproof sheets, the over-clothes consisting of all the blankets, wrappers, and great coats we could muster; one of us, more lucky than the rest, had the cushions of the carriage for a foundation, and was consequently much envied. The great thing to do in bivouacking, if fever and rheumatism are to be kept away, is to endeavour to have one's bed suspended above the earth, no matter how little, any distance is preferable to lying *on* the ground: this may often be managed by availing oneself of the trunks of trees as supports, from which to sling a make-shift hammock. Much of the disease which carried off our men in the Crimea would have been avoided had they been more particular in this respect. Though where there is a perfect natural drainage this precaution is less necessary, still the advantages fully compensate even then for the extra trouble arranging such a bed imposes.

In the middle of the night a horse broke loose and caused considerable excitement by galloping about amongst the sleepers, and as several discharges of fire-arms took place at the enemy's outposts, in which direction the animal ultimately disappeared, I suppose they fancied it possessed some rider daring enough to reconnoitre, at his own personal risk, more boldly than usual. I cannot say I slept on the whole as soundly as I could have wished, for with rifles perpetually popping, beasts of burden neighing, and national hymns being chanted by Sicilian chorus singers, it required a longer ap-

prenticeship to be deaf to the voice of the charmer. In the morning the cold dew, in spite of all my precautions, gradually gaining the mastery over my limbs, made me an early riser, and the first tinge of dawn had hardly streaked the eastern sky ere I was busy preparing a breakfast, that would not have disgraced many a *locanda* in the less frequented parts of Italy.

CHAPTER V.

THE CAMP—CAJAZZO.

The panic at Sta Maria.—The bridge over the Volturno.—The English "Excursionists." — Their misfortunes. — Military chaplains.—The Countess della Torre.—Garibaldi's eccentricities.—Road-side graves.—Della Rocca's division.—Arrive at Cajazzo.

ANOTHER day or two were pleasantly passed in much the same manner as the first, and our accommodation gradually improved. We obtained a small tent, and pitched it on a spot where we could, literally, both lie in bed and watch the siege operations on either side. One day we drove to Caserta, and went over the palace and grounds, once given by Ferdinand as an asylum to the Pope. Volunteer troops had converted the building into a barrack; their officers being quartered most luxuriously in the royal apartments, and an invitation to dine with a self-established English resident proved that the kitchen was still in operation, though the lawful cook had fled. Another day we made an

excursion over the mountains towards St Agata and Maddaloni, surveying, as we went along, the route by which the Neapolitans had, a short time before, gained the rear of Sta Maria, and threatened to retake the town; indeed had their expedition been properly supported they must have done so easily enough, for the Garibaldians themselves told me so great had been the panic in their army on the occasion, that barely sufficient men remained to serve the guns upon the barricades at the entrance to the city, and that there were not half as many troops as would have been required to hold the place beyond the first assault. Numbers of the inhabitants that day, at the earliest cry of danger, tore down the Sardinian flags over their windows and hoisted the Bourbon one; my informant, an Italian, added that he was not at all sure the people had not a staff with a flag at each end, which they reversed according to circumstances. To the present day, the Italians believe this attack to have been only the prelude to a grand scheme for recovering Naples, and they say the king had promised his soldiers three days' plunder on their gaining possession of the metropolis. Without crediting such a fable, I can readily imagine the Italian cause might have received its death-blow by a crushing defeat, if Garibaldi himself had by any chance been prevented coming to the rescue; his personal influence alone saved everything from de-

struction, just as it did at Milazzo, and had done over and over again before.

Where a ferry-boat formerly plied across the Volturno, the Garibaldians had built a bridge of boats and piles, and this bridge was the constant plague to everybody obliged often to cross the river. The Neapolitans for a long time had prevented anything being thrown over the stream at all; but when they retired into Capua, which they did just as I arrived at the camp, with the exception of a few troops immediately under the ramparts, a party of Calabrians and English "Excursionists" had erected a structure, *intended* to be permanent. The portion put up by the English stood very well, but the portion of Italian manufacture was constantly breaking down, and though repaired from time to time, remained so weak, that twenty-four hours' traffic rendered it again unsafe.

At last, the English, who were sent to help, struck work and refused point-blank to have anything more to do with the job unless they did it by themselves, or at least unaided by bungling Garibaldians. It was useless their driving in one pile deep enough, they said, if the very next one—barely sunk by an Italian below the superficial mud of the river's bed—rendered all their labour nugatory; and when I first went to the spot I found both English and Italians sitting in rows upon the bank, reviling one another, while Hun-

garians and Sardinians looked on, enjoying the fun enormously; the English however in the end carried their point, and, helped by the Piedmontese regular infantry, succeeded in finishing the undertaking properly. I saw them, once or twice, at work, almost naked, up to their breasts in the muddy water, hammering and splashing as if they were a species of water cyclops, emerged from below at the hour of need; and I thought that very probably a good many of them, had they anticipated this kind of roughing as well as the ordinary privations of campaigning, would have hesitated to quit their English homes. This bridge quarrel generated a good deal of ill blood between the "Excursionists" and the Italians; the latter were jealous at the Britons doing what they could not, and at their being on that account preferred by Garibaldi; and the former were not sparing in their abuse of the lazy stupidity, as they termed it, evinced by their coadjutors. Another matter likewise caused a good deal of dissatisfaction; owing to the English being in ignorance of the language, they sometimes lost their rations, and of course stood no chance whatever against the quick-witted natives in availing themselves of the advantages of early information for procuring such little comforts and delicacies as chance threw in their way. By the time they had thoroughly grasped the opportunity, it was always too late, and so, from their total inexperience of camp and out-of-door

life, they often fared worse than others. In the slight engagement, on the 20th October, in which Mr Tucker, their interpreter, was killed, their loss would have been half what it was had it not been the first time of their being under fire. The Bersaglieri, who were fighting next to them, and equally exposed, escaped without a single casualty, simply because, being old troops, they knew how to avail themselves of every tree and means of cover that presented itself, and did not unnecessarily advance into a position where personal courage was of no avail. Raw recruits, as is well known, invariably suffer more than seasoned soldiers.

In a farm-house, deserted in haste by the Neapolitans, the enemy had accidentally left some bullets of a novel construction; they were of the usual pointed shape at one end, but furnished at the other with a tail, containing some explosive mixture, which ignited when fired from the rifle, and ultimately burst in any object it struck. I did not hear of any wounds having been inflicted by these humane contrivances.

When the news arrived of Victor Emmanuel being near Teano, Garibaldi, selecting 5000 of the *élite* of his army, went off to meet him; and I accordingly stationed myself on a bank by the roadside to see the men march past. Each regiment was preceded by its band and commanding officer, as with us, the men following in close column. The most originally-dressed warriors of any, the

Roman Catholic military chaplains, rode by the side of every corps; and had it not been for their imitation beaver broad-brims and crucifixes, no one would have guessed their clerical calling, so much had they transformed their ecclesiastical costume to campaigning attire. Now and then an amateur monk went by praying at the top of his voice, quite regardless whether any one repeated responses or no.

I dare say the king was not a little astonished when he first made the acquaintance of the deliverers of Italy, though no doubt his practised eye could discern how fully the want of discipline was atoned for by indemnifying advantages. The power of endurance of Garibaldi's irregular levies, in supporting hunger and thirst, want of rest, and exposure, is equalled by the facility with which they execute great distances on foot. Marches that would wear out any other troops are performed by them day after day without distress. Carrying nothing with them but their weapons and the clothes on their backs, they are not encumbered as infantry must be in a hostile country, and therefore in celerity of movement they far outstrip their foes.

Amongst the camp celebrities, a tolerably good-looking lady, dressed somewhat in the style of a *vivandière*, and armed in a becomingly feminine way, excited considerable attention. She was the Countess della Torre—once no less a celebrity in

London for other causes—who had devoted herself to the same kind of duties in Garibaldi's army in the field as those for which Miss Nightingale made herself famous in the hospitals. Both English and Italians spoke highly of her, and, as far as I could judge, her occasional exhibition of disregard for bullets, and her great kindness to the sick and wounded, had won all hearts.

Garibaldi himself did not pass with his troops. According to his usual practice of rarely accompanying his men upon a march, he had gone in advance, and therefore I did not then see him. The Garibaldian generals, by-the-bye, severely criticise this habit their chief indulges, of keeping twenty miles or more in front; they complain that though it has not hitherto been attended by any great inconvenience, it might at any time happen that the army would have to fight a battle without its commander.

At the camp, sometimes, when I was on the top of S. Angelo, an orderly would come rushing up breathless, merely to see if the Dictator was there, and I have known orderlies searching everywhere at Sta Maria when he was quietly transacting business at Naples; nobody ever knew where the commander-in-chief might be, it was pure speculation to seek him.

The English "Excursionists" behaved disgracefully on this march to Calvi. Soon after leaving the camp, they laid aside the faintest pre-

tence of discipline, and scattered themselves on either side of the route, plundering and committing atrocities unequalled even by the German hirelings in the pay of Francis. On arriving at Calvi, very few of the original number who started were able to be passed in review before the king. Many had lingered on the road to make the most of the opportunity for brigandage, and many had been caught and placed in arrest. I believe that, during the whole war, no troops in the service of Garibaldi, Francesco, or Victor Emmanuel, ever perpetrated excesses at all equal to those of the British "Excursionists."

I may even go further, and say not only that was their conduct during this march a scandal without parallel, but that, with the exception of the first day or two after their landing, the English legion was a constant trouble and obstruction to Garibaldi the whole time it was in Italy. Some of the officers of the brigade themselves estimated that at least two-thirds of it was composed of the lowest blackguards our island affords, men who seem to have gone out to Naples solely in the hope of finding a country in revolution a clearer field for their mal-practices than their own. More costly than any soldiers in the Garibaldian army, they were nevertheless the only ones of which nothing could be made. From insubordination they advanced to desertion, and from that to robbery and other crimes. So that it is not to be

wondered at that Garibaldi, after disbanding them, said, "I love the English, they have been brothers to me all my life—but thank God! I have done with the English Volunteers."

The day after the departure of this expedition, finding there was no chance of the bombardment beginning immediately, we thought it best to avail ourselves of the interval, to see a little of the country in the line of the Sardinian advance. Our horses and carriage, for a wonder, not having been stolen, we were enabled to put them to a useful purpose again, and to set off from our hut in nearly as good style as when we arrived on first coming from Naples. This carriage, from its elegant lining and roomy interior, was the admiration and envy of the entire camp, and we were thought to equal Crœsus in wealth, owing to our maintaining so splendid a vehicle permanently for our use, instead of paying by the hour for a ride when wanted.

On reaching the luckless bridge over the Volturno, we found it had just broken down again, which obliged us to go out of our direct route, by keeping along the road upon the left bank till we came to a ferry higher up. In the ditches, a little way beyond, some poor wretches had been buried; but so slightly, the mould barely covered their bodies, and nothing but a couple of splinters of deal firewood, a few inches long, tied with a piece of string in the form of a cross,

served to protect the graves from desecration. A few of these crosses had inscriptions illegibly scrawled upon them in pencil capitals, and once or twice I saw an *immortelle* or a few withering flowers. At short distances apart, dead horses or other animals lay upon the road, some of them had been struck down by cannon-shot, others appeared to have died from over-work or famine; and the pestilential smell arising from this carrion was hardly to be borne.

Though Cajazzo, the town we were bound for, was only eight miles off, we were a long time accomplishing the journey. We had lingered at the bridge of S. Angelo, and, having experienced difficulty in obtaining provisions we could eat, had not started in very good time originally, and now a new obstruction presented itself; just as we were coming to the spot at which the Volturno was fordable, we encountered the 5th division of Sardinians, under General Della Rocca, on its march to join the besiegers, and their advanced guard being already at the water's edge, we were compelled to wait till the last man and last baggage-cart had crossed. The bridge here had been constructed by the Piedmontese *pontoniers*, and was a very different affair to the Garibaldian masterpiece we had lately quitted; neither the continuous tramp of so large a body of men, nor the ponderous weight of loaded carts and siege artillery strained it in the slightest. This division, about

5000 strong, was composed of as fine a set of men as exists in any of the very best continental armies; they were not mere beardless boys, such as one sees so often in France, or the poor puny-looking men of Prussia, but tall robust fellows, who seemed equal to going anywhere and doing anything. Each man was perfectly equipped in all respects, and yet they did not march as if they were overburdened. The military-train and commissariat were equally in good order, and no stragglers came lingering behind, as is invariably the case with a British regiment. We staid some time after everybody was over, looking at the arrangements for the night's encampment: a number of men climbed up the trees by the road-side, like monkeys, and, plying their hatchets, soon chopped off boughs enough to light the fires; others pitched the tents, and detachments went to the neighbouring farms for clean straw to make the beds. The method and the system displayed in all they did, conveyed an excellent lesson on the advantages of that discipline Garibaldi affects to despise so much.

After passing the bridge, the road begins to mount the high ground at the end of the valley by a gradual incline. Behind us, and on our right, there is one of those charming prospects, which Italy alone affords. We can distinguish over the windings of the Volturno, towards the west, the domes of Capua, almost at the base of our watch-tower, S. Angelo, and as we look, some rapid puffs

of smoke, followed by a distant echoing, dispel, with an unwelcome shock, the dreams of peace we are indulging. In the other direction we can trace the stream, like a thread of silver, miles and miles away up the somewhat expanded valley, till it is lost in the blue haze of mountains near Benevento.

It was just dusk as we drove to the main entrance of Cajazzo. The few houses outside looked tumbling down from age—their walls were rent and cracked so curiously. The gate-way was a ruin, the upper half was gone already, and the church hard by seemed tottering. Our surprise, however, was soon removed by the carriage bearing us inside a street where everything, marked with cannon-shot, revealed the cause of the destruction. The houses on both sides were empty skeletons, the upper stories and roofs, smashed into dust and fragments, lay piled inside the threshold, choking up half the ground-floor space, the brick divisions and frontage walls being scarcely better than the Pompeian relics which have braved eighteen hundred years' decay. Not a soul was to be seen as we rattled down the stony street, jolting over blocks and logs still resting where they fell; except in one small wine-shop, where two people stared but said nothing. The place was a town of ruins. Marks of fire and half-consumed blackened timbers met our view on all sides. Though no people

greeted us, plenty of half-famished dogs ran out and barked vociferously, but I could not exactly make out if they meant it as an expression of joy or sorrow at the unexpected influx of the human race on the domain they had appropriated. The narrow street brought us presently to a moderate-sized square or "Place;" evidently once the show piazza, where a few Sardinian soldiers were sitting smoking on the steps of a large church; and bringing our carriage and charger to a halt on the centre, we held a consultation what we should do. It was evident no accommodation of any kind was to be expected in a deserted town; the question therefore was, whether we had better attempt to push on in the dark to some village, a dangerous proceeding whilst the country was so unsettled, or bivouack in the least ruined building we could find. We had, however, hardly commenced our deliberation, when a tolerably well-dressed man, wearing that ornament so rare in Italy—a black hat, came up, and bowing politely, inquired what we sought. On being informed we were English, and that we wanted to find the inn, if there was one, as we were desirous of passing the night there, he remarked, with a smile of astonishment at so monstrous an idea, "An inn, Messieurs! look at the houses, everything is destroyed; there is not even a morsel of bread in the entire place." While he was speaking, another equally respectable individual joined him, and the two had a talk

together in too low a tone for us to understand; but presently the new comer informed us our friend with the hat was Syndic or Mayor of Cajazzo, and that as he would do anything for the "nobili Inglesi," he suggested we should take up our quarters in the Bishop's Palace. We thanked him for his brilliant notion, and gratefully acquiesced. Protestants sleeping in a Catholic bishop's palazzo, without an invitation from his Lordship, was too uncommon a thing to be sneered at, and shelter anywhere would have been preferable to continuing our journey and missing the sight of a bombarded town. Descending from our carriage, and followed by all the few inhabitants which the news of our arrival could muster, with the Syndic, his friend, the Piedmontese soldiers, some beggars, and eight or nine howling dogs, we marched in procession to the grand entrance of Monseigneur's residence, which happened to form one side of the piazza. After knocking for about five minutes at a huge iron door, a wicket was opened, and some one inspected us by lantern-light through a grating; a parley between the servant and the Syndic ensued, resulting in the unbarring of endless bolts and chains, and our admission within the hallowed precincts. Our host, for I suppose the sole inhabitant must be termed so, introduced himself as the bishop's butler, and bid us welcome in his master's name. Following him up a marble staircase, we came into a sort of ball-room—long unconscious

of Terpsichore—whence large folding-doors led to two parallel suites of rooms. Into these we were bidden to enter and choose any one we fancied, for, said the major-domo, laughing, "the furniture is much the same in all of them, and you won't injure anything." Indeed, it would have been somewhat difficult to have added to the damage already perpetrated. The bishop's rooms were there, but there was nothing in them. All the windows were gone, and the bare shutters, riddled with rifle-bullets, scarcely hung together on their hinges; whilst the balls, apparently not contented with the mischief they had done, after smashing through the wood in a slanting direction from the street, had entered the ceilings and brought down great pieces of the ornamental plaster. Some of the walls had originally been covered with frescoes, and in these the headless and legless figures were comical in their dilapidation. The furniture, excepting a few rush-bottomed chairs not worth the trouble of destroying, had been either broken up where it stood, or else pitched out of the windows, and burnt upon the square, some things having even been set fire to within the palace. Looking-glasses, curtains, and ornaments of every kind, were either gone entirely or knocked to pieces. In many of the grander *salons* the marble slabs forming the tops of the gilded console tables, had been smashed by violent blows from the butt-ends of muskets, the pieces still

sticking partly to their support. The greater portion of the bedding, the butler said, had been collected in a heap and lighted in the drawing-room, in the bishop's presence, the soldiers dancing round the bonfire as it blazed.

Having picked out one of the rooms less dilapidated than most of them, and prepared to make ourselves as comfortable as twenty-seven bullet holes in the shutters, letting in the cold evening air, and three great doors that would not shut, admitting gusts and drafts of wind from ruined chambers beyond, would allow us, we commenced negotiating for supper. The state of Egypt, however, was not particularly cheering. Our host could promise forks (not knives), plates, and water; bread he believed he could procure by purchase of a friend, but nothing else; the Syndic, however, elated us considerably when he said he thought, if we gave him some small coins, he could procure some wine. Accordingly about fourpence was advanced, and in a short time our very natural apprehensions that the temptation of prepayment would prevent our messengers, as Italians, from ever returning, proved groundless, by their reappearing, laden with coarse black rolls, dried figs, and a jug of the promised nectar—this last so suspiciously purple-hued in tint as to make us doubt its full maturity. With our own provisions, procured in the gorgeous marts of Sta Maria, our supper was not, after all, a meal to be rejected; to be sure the

awful solemnity of dining in Monseigneur's palace made us somewhat nervous, not being accustomed to high clerical magnificence, otherwise we should hardly have been more satisfied in the Hotel du Louvre. After dessert we wandered about the building, examining the débris leisurely, and, what was very shocking, profanely smoking in these sacred halls. When we opened the shutters, and let the moonlight shine in through the broken panes, making all kinds of fantastic shadows from the jagged pieces left, and lighting up the utter nakedness of desolation everywhere, it seemed the very paradise where ghosts might roam, or demons—of course enemies to the church and friends of Garibaldi—hold their midnight meetings. The building on the borders of the Rhine, near Neuwied, called the Devil's House, pictured itself to my fancy as the very image of what this place would be when time had somewhat "softened down the hoar austerity" of recent devastation.

In the principal bed-room, where a huge state four-poster still raised its tattered canopy, probably the very resting-place of bishops without end, we found some religious tracts and little pictures; these the invaders thought too worthless to take! In a smaller apartment a crucifix hung over an iron frame that had once contained a bed, and an Italian and Latin prayer-book, half torn in two, was lying on the floor; but excepting these and odds and ends of furniture, not a vestige of property

attested the fact of this desert having but a short time before been one of the most splendid palazzos in Italy.

One of my friends camped upon a sofa, supplying by the carriage cushions the place of those now gone for ever. Another, disdaining the aid of all adventitious luxuries, laid himself, rolled up in rugs, in what he considered a snug corner on the floor. I built a rather fragile structure with sundry chairs and an unnaturally recumbent table, the combination forming a hitherto unknown species of furniture adapted for sleeping; and my other companion adjourned to the great state bed and made his nest beneath its ample dome, out of affectionate memory for Monseigneur. We should, however, have had a better night if the mosquitoes had not mercilessly attacked us; all the rooms were swarming with those little black ones whose bite is worse than any I am acquainted with. The creatures ought to have been scarce at this season, and especially as the cold was so sharp when the sun was down, that, had there been any means, we should have lighted a fire at once. Our coachman and the horses slept together in the bishop's stable, and the former complained wofully in the morning of their having all been starved and frozen: not but what it was entirely his own fault if he was hungry, since we should have been happy enough to have let him share in our good things, had he only made his appearance. As it was we either

forgot him or imagined he was catering ably for himself, for Italians are not the sort of people to starve without letting you know it, and I doubt to this moment whether he did not in reality get a better supper than ourselves, and made his statement only as incentive to our generosity in *buona-manos*.

The history of Cajazzo may be told in a few words. It was, before the struggle for freedom commenced, a tolerably important town, of 5000 inhabitants, and having shown unmistakeable tendencies to prefer the constitutional rule of Victor Emmanuel to slavery, and also on account of its military importance near Capua, was occupied by a Bourbon garrison from that fortress. Not long afterwards, the Garibaldians, bent upon driving the army of Francis II. from the right bank of the Volturno, quietly crossed the mountains from Caserta, and attacking the place when least expected, drove the royalists away. The Neapolitans in Capua, however, no sooner heard of their defeat than, fitting out a strong force with artillery, they took up in the night a position on a hill completely commanding the town, and thence and from a convent, which they seized at daybreak, opened a terrible fire of bombs. A desperate fight ensued, the Garibaldians contesting inch by inch, under a murderous shower of balls, till at length, discovering the numerical superiority against which they were contending, and having many

killed, they were obliged to retire. Then the victors, infuriated at the assistance rendered by the inhabitants to their enemies, sacked and burnt everything on which they could lay hands. A Hungarian told me he saw some wounded murdered in the hospital by the king's Swiss legionaries, but dared not stay to help them. The townspeople fled when their defenders retreated, locking their doors behind them and taking only what they could carry; but the bishop was one of those who refused to leave, and accordingly, after a vain attempt to stop the pillage, and being besieged in his own palace, he was taken prisoner and marched off to Gaëta. During a whole month, the troops amused themselves in plundering the deserted houses, and destroying whatever remained, till, hearing of the Piedmontese victory at Isernia, and fearing to be cut off from Capua, they evacuated the place, which was a few days before the soldiers of Della Rocca, whom I found there, took possession of it.

CHAPTER VI.

CAJAZZO—TEANO.

A civil priest.—Ruins.—Visit to a Prince.—Parting from companions.—An officious Piedmontese.—Sardinian jealousy.—"Waal-yo-o!"—Samnite valleys.—Reconnoitring.—Francesco's troops.—An eccentric river.—Nearly drowned.—Chanticleer in the Salle à manger.—Un bel paese.—Castello di Vairamo.—Adventure.—Traces of the invaders.—Moonlit Teano.

THE next morning, at break of day—for even a palace without windows is comfortless enough—in going down the staircase to get out, we met a priest coming to visit us. He had heard that distinguished foreigners had arrived over-night, and had therefore donned his best to crave an audience. After mutual salutations, and some beating about on his part for words to express himself, it appeared that the object of his visit was, either to invite us to attend a mass he would be delighted to say for us, or to get his appointment recognized as our guide in ordinary at Cajazzo. The former we declined, because none of us, I am sorry to say, felt religiously disposed enough to attend a service we should not have appreciated, but as there was no

reason for not gratifying his wish to turn commissionaire, we accepted his alternative proposition.

Across the piazza was a large church, and thither our guide first conducted us. Within, a single glance sufficed to tell the history of what we saw. The altars, inlaid with rare marbles, representing flowers and fruit; the pavement that once "like a sea of jasper shone;" the tarsia*-worked stalls, and the paintings and sculpture lying wrecked and ruined, did not need the brief explanation our priest gave with smothered rage—"Borbonici!"

Beneath our very eyes the work of destruction was going on. Inside the high altar-rails a company of Sardinian infantry worked industriously at clearing space for the next night's better accommodation. I do not say they were demolishing what still remained, they were rather carting away the fragments that prevented their walking smoothly over the cement foundation on which the mosaic had been laid; and one or two of the men, to do them justice, regretted in company with me a spoliation so barbarous; yet, to throw away pieces forming portions of a pattern is more fatal than the first dismemberment. I could, had I chosen, have filled my pockets here with specimens of nearly every Italian marble; and it might have been a false reluctance that restrained me, as all I saw there would soon be strewed upon its parent earth again. Whilst visiting the remainder of the

* Mosaic in wood.

town, I thought involuntarily of the faction who lament over the exodus of Francis, and I wished they could have seen the suffering caused by their royal idol. The spectacle of smouldering heaps of bricks, once the homes of the inhabitants, and of mothers imploring aid for children dying of hunger, would have turned their compassion to a better object. The door-posts, still bearing traces of the axe, show how the plunderer entered. In yonder narrow lane bullet-marks scar the walls, and faint pink stains the fresh-spread plaster. I enter, for no locks bar ingress now, but, though I search right and left, can find no signs of present occupants.

Before continuing our journey, we paid a visit to the Prince de' Angelis, whose residence, on the summit of a hill overlooking the town, is a conspicuous object from every side. His Highness gave us an extremely kind reception, and recounted all his own experiences of the horrors recently enacted. He estimated that one-third of the previous inhabitants had returned since the bombardment, most of whom, he said, were living miserably wherever they could find shelter; the other two-thirds, having lost everything, had travelled away to the Roman frontier or some distant part of the Neapolitan dominion. "What is to become of Cajazzo now?" he added; "the people are too poor to pay for the rebuilding of their houses, and to clear away the rubbish and restore everything to its former condition would certainly be the work

of years." I suggested a charitable subscription as a good means of getting extra funds, but he replied, "That cannot be expected, because the same kind of thing has happened in many other places where the royalists have been, and the few rich people in Italy all have so much to repair in their own neighbourhoods they have nothing to spare." I could have added the more cogent reason still, that Neapolitans distrust one another's honesty so much, they will never subscribe to a fund to be administered by any one not their immediate personal friend.

Our party, hitherto four in number, diminished to-day by two returning to Naples. The discomforts of our recent bivouacking, and very likely the draughts of Monseigneur's palace, had at last conquered the stubbornness of spirit, hitherto my companions' main support, and they did not now care to prolong their absence from civilization; but though sorry to lose them, we nevertheless gained too much ourselves by it to mourn very bitterly. Two, especially where beds are rarities and sleeping in your carriage is a necessity, fare better than four, and we likewise got rid of our charger, whose fits of neighing had recently nearly driven us mad.

Before noon we are in our carriage, once more upon the public square; Cajazzo and its ruins are "done," our friends are lingering only for a moment to wave their hands as we drive on, when an officer—commander of the detachment, he says he

is—demands civilly, but peremptorily, our business here at all. Now this to my reader may seem a very simple question; but I assure him, all the same, neither of us could answer it; "business" we had none, so I tried to get out of it by saying: "What did we come here for, Monsieur?—to see the town and scenery, for pleasure; we are English, travelling for amusement—nothing else." But I felt certain that would never satisfy our questioner, nor did it. "Where 's your pass?" he continued, looking narrowly at our faces—for German features, I suppose. We gave it him, and this followed:—

"Whose pass is this?"

"Garibaldi's."

"Whose signature is that at the bottom?"

"Brigadier-General, the Count of —"

"And who is he?"

"The officer who signs all the passes that are issued at the Garibaldian head-quarters. Would you like to see our passports?"

"No! if you say you 're English, of course they 're English too! I am very sorry, gentlemen, but I must detain you."

At this announcement we set up a lamentation that amused the gaping crowd immensely; we urged that we were English, and the English were all "amici della libertà—amici del Re d'Italia" (sweet phrase in Sardinian ears), and that General Della Rocca had not interfered with us the day be-

fore. The last argument, a crushing one, apparently had its effect, as a whispering with a brother officer ensued, and our persecutor relented shortly after and dismissed us thus:—

"Well! I won't arrest you—because I might exceed my duty, but I do n't recognize Garibaldi's passes or anything to do with him; my instructions are to let no one pass, on any pretext whatever, and I advise you strongly, if I let you go, on no account to come here again, or you 'll get into trouble."

We took our pass back, and treasuring up the advice for what it was worth, drove away rapidly, lest he should change his mind again and keep us. Our coachman afterwards told us the officer had been dying to lock us up when we arrived the night before, and would have done so if the Syndic had not taken our part with strong remonstrances.

The Sardinians have been jealous of the Garibaldians ever since the war broke out, principally from these two reasons:—because the king favoured them so much by supplying them with clothes and arms gratuitously, and because many privates, deserters from their own regiments, held commissions in the volunteer army, and thus actually got promotion and increased pay as their reward for a breach of discipline. Generally, nothing could surpass the politeness of the Piedmontese with whom I came in contact, and whatever under-current of dislike to Garibaldi's irregulars there might be, no one,

either before or since, ever questioned the validity of his *lascia passare.*

I should like to know whether my reader has been in Southern Italy, and if so, whether he has ever noticed the constant cry, "Waal-yo-o!"* Where buildings are being erected the word is addressed every minute by some one or other on the upper scaffolding to those below: also in the street, in markets, and, above all, near carriage stands, it is shouted continually. Perhaps he has mistaken it for "old clo'!" and thought of home; but, anyhow, he could not have helped observing the ragged boys hanging on his carriage whenever he takes a drive, who always appear like magic at the door when a stoppage occurs, and whom he is on the point of beating twenty times a day, for marring, by an ugly foreground, the landscape he is about to enjoy. This is the "uagliò,"—a Neapolitan slang word, equivalent to "lad" or "*gamin,*"—and is the private property of any right-principled *vetturino* wishing to behave in the eyes of his brother whips *comme il faut.* The "uagliò's" business is to do any little odd jobs to the harness, and above all to drive off the impostor uagliòs, or real beggars, who, if he were not there, would appropriate his standing-place directly. A very aristocratic driver will sometimes have his three ragamuffin tigers behind, just as a very swell Bashaw denotes his dignity by three very long tails. I have often thought as well, that, like the

monkeys who can talk and won't, your uagliò knows English better than you fancy, else why is his chubby face invariably seen giggling whenever you happen to look round? Perhaps it was this fear of being overheard which made us silent as we leaned back in our carriage, now fast descending to the sterile plain,—sterile?—yes, to the eye, but to the eye alone—for memory recalls the time when all these hills were rich in vines and grain—perpetual source of envy to the encroaching Romans; that here, amid these marshy valleys, so different then, was nursed the implacable hatred of the warlike Samnite, which half a century's bloodshed could not quell, bequeathing to the captor nothing but the names of dear-bought victories. Here Fabius earned his claim to immortality, and Brutus, Valerius Corvus, Decius, and, more than all, the generous Pontius, achieved those deeds of valour that form some of the brightest pages in Livy's story.

Had it not been for musings on the past instead of meditations on the present, the next few miles would hardly have prevented our both going soundly off to sleep; the sun and the monstrous jingling of the horses' bells hour after hour, where nothing stirs the silence of a barren country, beget a dozing, often the traveller's best friend. At present, the main excitement in journeying through the interior of Italy very frequently consists in the necessity one is under of reconnoitering

with a telescope all figures that appear in the distance.

In the district I am now describing, there were no less than three armies concentrated within a triangle of fifty miles; the Garibaldian, at Capua; the Franciscan or Bourbon, extending more or less from Capua to Gaëta; and the Sardinian, near Calvi. From each of these there were of course many flying detachments, or small bands of deserters, leading a half-brigand life, marauding wherever there was plunder, but of whom only those belonging formerly to Bomba caused us any inquietude. We could never be certain that we might not suddenly encounter a dozen of these ruffians, who would think it a meritorious thing to lynch an Englishman; they would not care for consequences, even if there were any to apprehend, and your entreaties to be allowed to appeal to their commanding officer somewhere else would not be regarded. During my stay abroad, I was often asked whether it was not very dangerous travelling in such a revolutionized country as the Two Sicilies, and to this I have always replied there is no risk more than in England except in the one circumstance alluded to; no regular troops commanded by a commissioned officer of any force would dream of injuring you; I do not say the Neapolitans, if they had had hold of me, would not have locked me up—at least till a Consul or some English authority had protested; but beyond such a temporary inconvenience no-

thing else need be feared. Whenever we saw any one coming we scrutinized him through our opera-glass, and if he was armed, looked carefully to ascertain to which side he belonged. We met a great many soldiers—in fact there were hardly any peasants at all—but the few Neapolitans amongst them were always wretched-looking creatures, who appeared to have been wandering over the mountains not knowing where to go; though occasionally one or two had muskets, generally they were much more objects of pity than fear. Sometimes, as we rode past, they ran after us and begged, "*per l'amor di Dio,*" for a copper. From what I saw, I am inclined to think that, whenever a chance presented itself, many escaped from the ex-king's army, simply from a desire to go home to their families. I doubt much if there be any real warlike enthusiasm to be extracted from the inhabitants of the provinces round Naples; they do not care which side wins, all they want is to be left alone to lead a quiet life in their native villages, and to pay as few taxes as possible. Whatever martial enthusiasm may have existed in former days is quite extinct now, and the troops still adhering to Francis do so because the double pay they receive is more than they fancy they could earn by other means: when an opportunity of fighting comes, their cowardly conduct shows it is not a love of glory which retains them. Half the deserters I saw seemed afraid to walk boldly along

the high road; they skulked along the hills and between the vineyards, as if shunning observation; and more than once I saw some of them run away as we approached.

Near Alife there is a phenomenon to be seen from the road, which is very startling at first sight —a stream most deliberately flowing up-hill; the optical illusion is perfect. Standing on the bridge by which the high road crosses, the river appears to take its course from a valley on your right, and mount in a straight line the long incline towards you. Your position is so much higher than the ground beneath that you seem to be just on a level with the top of a church spire there. The mystery, however, may be explained by supposing the bed of the river slopes very slightly the reverse way to the equally gentle fall in the surface of the fields; the steepness of the latter looking more than the reality by being at the foot of the Apennines. Although both my friend and I got out of our carriage to observe the effect more narrowly, we found it impossible to divest ourselves of the idea that the water had had a quarrel with Nature, and for the future determined to spite her by disregarding her rules.*

* The same appearance can be observed from the Great Northern Railway, near Hornsey, where any one who looks out on the left side, in coming to town, will notice that the New River appears to be climbing a small hill in company with a path or carriage-drive, the real ascent of which adds to the deception.

Having narrowly escaped drowning, at a swollen ford of the Volturno, which our driver had been in vain warned not to pass, we arrive, wet and hungry, at a range of barn-like buildings, where we are to find some food. We draw up, shout and look about, but no one comes:—"Are they all dead or gone?" we ask ourselves, or is this simply a *siesta* they are enjoying too soundly and peacefully for us to wake them?—let us see!

Below is a vast cavern, the door is open, swinging wildly from the draught the arcaded entrance causes; inside, there are deserted stalls and littered straw, where horses without number must have stretched themselves not long ago. What a rich man this farmer was! Up-stairs, the one story is uninhabited, except by a cock in what was probably the *salle à manger*, and he flutters out of the window with a shrill note of defiance. At last, some relics, cartridges and caps, and more especially "*Armata Sarda*" stamped upon some bits of leather, enlighten us on the cause of what we see. We have come upon the track of the Sardinians following the retreating Bourbonists, and, whatever owners might have lived here once, the passing of two armies, and more especially, most likely, the quartering of endless cavalry unasked, made them judge it more remunerative to depart. There is clearly no refreshment here for us, therefore, whilst the horses have their two hours' rest, we stroll towards a village on a peak above.

Amongst the many beautiful objects in Southern scenery, the clusters of houses with their mediæval towers and walls, which the Italian terms "*paese*," interest a stranger most. In riding along the valleys—and the South is all valleys—every scarped rocky mountain is pinnacled by a robber's nest, literally nearer heaven than the eagle's eyrie. Inaccessible to the assault of an enemy, these villages became, in the middle ages, the only refuge of all who desired perfect security, and thence it arises that so many otherwise insignificant places yet contain works of art, and a refinement of idea exhibited in those works, which are wanting entirely in more important though less protected localities. A man of moderate talent, too modest to present himself at the Capital, retreated from the plain to one of these secure abodes, and there devoted all his life to the adornment of what he saw around him; and so, at the present day, we may enter the humblest hamlet in these elevated regions and accidentally find gems of sculpture, painting, or architecture, astonishing us by their merit as well as their singular preservation.

Half anticipating therefore that some discovery might reward our toil, we walked towards the zigzag pathway leading up to the romantic Castello di Vairamo; and, talking of art and other days, little did we dream we were hastening to a lion's lair. A man, to be sure, had asked us somewhat roughly at the commencement of our climb,

where we were going, but he had passed on and been forgotten.

When we were a quarter of the way up, however, we became aware that a party of men on some rocks above were making us the object of their peculiar attention, and at last they divided into smaller groups and set off in various directions to intercept us.

Our retreat being cut off, to advance, on the chance of finding another pathway down, was our only hope; but—alas! the vanity of human expectation!—the very next turn of the road brought us face to face with a portion of our pursuers—sinister-looking ruffians too. Another minute, and all were on the spot,—twenty there might have been together, none unarmed. Not understanding clearly whether they were plotting evil or good, I thought the best plan was to assume a look of indifference and attempt to walk on, but that they would not permit. When I could make out what they said, I found they took us for Germans, spies in the service of Bombino, because in a neighbouring village, a short time before, two travellers had been seen, and the following day a band of the royal soldiery attacked and sacked it. In like manner as I had, in the morning, told the Piedmontese officer that our only inducement was curiosity and love of nature, I assigned these reasons for our visit here; and with just as good effect, for not a soul believed me.

Neither would any one look at our passports, (perhaps they couldn't read!) and we were rapidly launching into a wrangling match that might have had awkward consequences, when the happy idea struck one of them of taking us to the magistrate, for examination. Accordingly off we went over rocks and stones, with Castel Vairamonians in front, behind, and everywhere. One man constituted himself public prosecutor, and did all he possibly could to excite his friends against us. Presently we came upon a man sitting on a stone, placidly smoking a long pipe, with the common red *beretta* on his head and a gun across his lap,—and we found ourselves in the hall of audience. The public prosecutor having made his speech, his worship gave us leave to answer it, and my companion thereupon delivered a counter-oration, Berryer would not have grumbled at, finishing in the orthodox French manner, "*Viva Vittorio Emmanuele!*" A cross-examination having elicited that we both were violently against the practice of burning villages and popping mayors in dungeons for political opinions,—in short, against Bourbonism in all shapes, the magisterial mouth pronounced a solemn judgment, to the effect that, though it had not come out in evidence we were Swiss or spies, still it was by no means clear we were not in some way agents of Bombino, and it would therefore never do to let us see the mysteries of Vairamo:—Sentence;—That we be escort-

ed by a force beyond the precincts of the place, and that if there was a carriage where we said there was, we be released; if not, detained. The end of the affair was liberty being restored to us when the vehicle, driver, and horses were found below. Since then, I have registered a vow, till the King of Italy is really King, to eschew Italian village-hunting; for the war, and the reports of atrocities committed by the Borbonici, have made all the inhabitants of out-of-the-way corners so suspicious when a stranger comes, that it is not worth while to run the risk of such annoyance as their ignorance more than their national dislike to the *forestiero* may incite them to inflict on you.

The entire journey from Cajazzo to Teano well repays the trouble it occasions, though nothing but the scenery rewards the traveller's expenditure of time; and the road was more full of interest than usual by reason of being the route of the Sardinian invaders. In following the track of so large a force, it would be supposed that many traces of its passage would be found; one would expect to overtake stragglers, sick or wounded, animals, broken carts, or at least some military token indicating the vicinity of troops. But of all this I saw very little; the only thing I should have considered unusual, had I not known the war existed, would have been the quantity of straw strewed everywhere; the roads for miles and miles,

the fields on either side, and every place which offered shelter, were whitened with drifted stubble; whilst the straw-stacks in the farm-yards were always half demolished to supply beds and litters for men and horses.

From Castello di Vairamo, we hastened to Teano, and the moon was just rising behind the town as, at a sudden turn of the road, it burst upon our view. There is something very romantic in feudal battlemented towers, shadowed in sharp black lines against a moon-lit sky, keeping their frowning guard upon a slumbering city at their feet. The colourless houses of Teano, massed in a ghostly group, looked, in their silvered softness, as pale and unsubstantial as a phantom palace; the sight of them made us for a moment forget realities and indulge in dreams. We feel, rather than hear, the whisperings of the night breeze, and the clear heaven, with its scattered gold, stirs within our hearts a silent ecstacy which nothing but such scenes in nature ever wakens. Whilst we were looking, however, the mist rose slowly in a gentle stream, and rolled its white waveless tide across the mysterious forms, and then only, when it had finally destroyed the images our fancy created, the spell, which kept us gazing, ceased, and we journeyed on.

I will not tire my reader by enumerating the comforts that were wanting in the inn where we staid, in this, the second city of Campania. He

can guess that all provisions had been eaten, to the last crumb, by the Sardinians, long before we came; also that there was only one sleeping-room, common to everybody, in which a bed apiece, at the price of 8*d.* in advance, was all the host would part with.

"What!" says the landlord, "is not a packman, needy though he be, entitled to a bed in the room as much as you? Away with your false pride! Equality came with liberty when Bomba went;"—and so we were compelled to take a pedlar in our chamber, in spite of the bribe we had administered to keep all comers out. I lay down "accoutred as I was," and the packman, by snoring as some mighty reptile of the Saurian age, contributed no little to make me sleep.

CHAPTER VII.

SANT' AGATA — CALVI.

Caccia Cavallo, or Horse-cheese.—Arrival at Sant' Agata.—The Piedmontese head-quarters.—Victor Emmanuel's popularity.—Anecdote.—Mode of despatching beggars.—Royalty roughing it.—The Neapolitan camp.—Sardinian army on the march.—Calvi.—Return to Garibaldi's camp.—A smart officer.

THERE is a hard goat's-cheese, rank and yellow, which Italians value as we do our Stilton, or the French their Roquefort;—it is to be had in every shop, and certain to be placed before you everywhere. The name it bears, *Caccia Cavallo*, horse-cheese, conveys an idea like the German adaptation Ros-bif, which may be translated horse-beef,* and does not help to make it tempting; yet for once, before leaving Teano, we were compelled to breakfast on it or starve, Bellona requiring such a sacrifice.

Long before sunrise, we were on our road again, skirting the base of the bare, extinct volcano, Rocca Monfina, and many an hour passed pleasantly till evening brought us to the Sardinian camp. Sant' Agata, a village of half-a-dozen houses, the King

* Roß, a horse.

of Italy had chosen for his head-quarters, and we found the royal standard erected on the little inn known as the Casa Nuova, where travellers between Naples and Rome usually halt to sleep. The army was encamped around, in a circle of several miles diameter, and we esteemed ourselves lucky to get even the shelter of four bare walls amidst the crowd that occupied a cottage near. After our acquaintance with the Garibaldian method of procedure in living out of doors, no difference could well be greater than that existing here. Cavalry, artillery, infantry, were not jumbled in a mass where nothing was distinguishable, but each branch of the forces occupied its allotted space, with tents drawn up with mathematical precision; every one seemed to have some business and to know it. The king was extremely popular, both on account of liberally paying for all his troops required and from his kindness to everybody. A priest told me the Bourbonists, in passing through a day or two before, had driven all his live stock away without making him the smallest compensation, so when Victor Emmanuel came, he went to him, and, having stated his grievances, told him he hoped he would remember to do something for him, as he was completely ruined. His Majesty heard him patiently to the end, and then ordered all his losses to be made good out of his own privy purse. If this was true, there must be applicants enough. The owner of the Casa Nuova received 300 ducats (£50)

for the few days' occupation of his wretched house.

Nearly all the beggars of Southern Italy, attracted by such a wind-fall as a liberal king, had collected here, apparently in the hopes of sharing, and as they did not confine their solicitations to crowned heads, I was always surrounded whenever I went out. The only effectual method I know of despatching the nuisance is to cross your hands in front of your eyes, and look through your open fingers, which, in Neapolitan sign-talking, means a jail, and is an action so disagreeably prophetic, and shows such intimate acquaintance with *lazzaroni* slang, that few of your tormentors ever remain for any additional incentive to be gone.

Victor Emmanuel has the credit of roughing it as much as any one, and I was therefore somewhat surprised at finding him travelling with four or five most deliciously-padded open and close carriages. They were all drawn up together in the road before his quarters, and there was no difficulty in inspecting them. The one he arrived in a day or two ago was a clarence, lined with a gorgeous blue silk, and made with various conveniences something in the style of Napoleon's celebrated chariot taken at Waterloo.

Though the roads were almost impassable from mud,—for dragging artillery over country thoroughfares soon settles them—I never spent a pleasanter time than the day or two I remained at Sant' Agata. By going a short distance beyond the vil-

lage and mounting an elevated vineyard, an admirable view could be had of the Neapolitan camp, along the opposite bank of the Garigliano, about six or seven miles distant as the crow flies. It used to be my constant amusement to sit in the shade with an opera-glass and watch the enemy's movements. I could distinguish the lighted fires for cooking, and troops drilling on the grassy uncultivated spots between the fields, as well as others throwing up earth-works for the defence of the passage of the river and their own position. I could also distinctly see that the suspension-bridge had been destroyed, and that some outposts were stationed on our own side also, to give the earliest alarm. The Sardinian officers joked away all day about the quantity of plunder they would find whenever the word to march was given, for they did not believe in Bourbon valour: "let the Neapolitans be ever so numerous—they always run," they said. At Isernia, the officers, in their rage at their men's cowardice, were seen beating some of them with sticks, "codardi! codardi! *tutti!*" These Sardinians are fine fellows, and if Italians were all animated by such a spirit, what stranger's foot would dare to violate their soil;

> "Ne te vedrei, del non tuo ferro cinta,
> Pugnar col braccio di straniere genti!"

The morning we came away, the entire army broke up its encampment and marched to within a

mile of the Garigliano. About 20,000 men, four abreast, I counted pass. The rear was brought up by the guns and baggage. When the last cart had vanished round the winding of the road, Sant' Agata was as utterly cleared of its military inhabitants, and everything connected with them, as if they had never been there. Scarçely any praise bestowed upon the discipline evinced by the Piedmontese would be excessive. I believe General Della Marmora, late minister for war at Turin, personally examined every European system, and adapted all that was best from each. I should much have liked to have accompanied the army to the Garigliano, because it was self-evident, unless the Neapolitans hastily retreated, a battle must take place whenever the Sardinians attempted to advance; but the bombardment of Capua, expected daily, and Victor Emmanuel's entrance into Naples, consequent thereon, were more attractive still.

From the heights, as we drove away, I could see the Sardinians winding through the olive-covered slopes, resembling some bristling creature, half porcupine, half serpent, and close along the shore Persano's fleet, in battle-array, moving stealthily towards the scene of impending action.

At Calvi, where the wine has much degenerated since Horace promised Mecænas a draught of its sound though modest vintage,

> "Cæcubum, et prælo domitam Caleno
> Tu bibes uvam,"

Garibaldi had just saluted Victor Emmanuel, first King of Italy, and the flags and laurels still decorated the road. Some day, we shall see a costly monument, recording in ornate prose how the Dictator spoke and looked,—till then I need not speak of it.

The remainder of the distance back to S. Angelo severely tried our patience; compelled by the high road being partly under the walls of Capua, to make a round among country lanes, to avoid the unpleasantness of finding ourselves a butt for grape and shell, we were nearly jolted to pieces. These narrow roads all below the surface of the soil, converted by the winter's rain to water-courses, are little better when dry than the beds of torrents, over which it is almost impossible to drive anything but a cart. Disagreeable as the prospect of another night out of doors was to me, I was more delighted than I can express, after being kept two hours at the Garibaldian bridge — that wanted mending a little as usual—to find myself again amongst my friends. In the night, the wind and rain made sleep impossible; only those with tents could have fared tolerably, except the Calabrese; who got up the trees like monkeys: there was not, however, much firing anywhere.

The next morning, I walked over the batteries previously to returning to Naples, and found them almost finished. One officer I knew a little of,

pointing out the Cathedral dome in Capua, said he meant to take special care of that: I did not particularly notice this remark at the time, but I had cause (as the reader will see) to remember it afterwards.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAPUA.

Capua surrenders.—The prisoners.—Bombardment of Capua.—The smart officer again.

WHAT a blessing! everybody says, when they hear, directly they go out, that Capua has surrendered. All Naples hated Capua. A stream of false reports about the bombardment, the garrison, and capitulation, had plagued us all perpetually, till Capua became the bugbear of conversation, and many an acquaintance was cut when met because he was known to talk of nothing else. What a blessing! yes, but only a partial one, for now the place is taken they mean to talk for six months more of how it happened.

I saw the 11,000 prisoners come in the next day, and a miserable-looking set they were; emaciated and squalid, suffering from fever and opthalmia. If the siege had gone on much longer they would have become too blind to point their own guns—the disorder was spreading so rapidly.

The officers said they surrendered because they had never heard from the ex-king for more than three weeks, and they did not know whether he had not quitted the country altogether. A certain Major Palmieri made us laugh a good deal, when we were looking at the garrison marching out of the terminus, by trying to bolt in a cab; for the *lazzaroni* found him out, and pulling him into the road from the vehicle hooted him back to the other prisoners. None of the Neapolitan officers had their liberty on parole, since they were such liars they could not be trusted, and a great many had broken their word more than once before. The bombardment after all was a paltry affair, and my friends and I were quite tired of it long before the white flags from the bastions cried "Hold! enough." We sat upon our hill of S. Angelo, whither we had gone on purpose, and watched the shot coming and going; much as one does a game of cricket when one side has an over-long innings; we wanted the town to be knocked down quicker, or some one to be bowled out. The besieged had much the best of it as regards the firing, for they "snuffed out" some of the Piedmontese batteries more than once, and time after time their bombs pitched exactly where they were intended to go, and I thought every man working the guns must be killed. It was from half-past five to eight P. M. that the cannonade was strongest, when the Piedmontese and Garibaldians had seven or eight batteries playing on the town together. My

friend, the artilleryman I spoke to in returning from Sant' Agata a day or two before, was as good as his word about the cathedral, for he began his attempts to hit it directly, and before long I saw a beautiful shell go plump through the roof, followed by another and another, and then a fourth, till I expected every instant to see the square tower or else the dome topple over with a crash, which we should have heard quite easily on S. Angelo. I can understand perfectly how any one might acquire a taste for bombardments if they witnessed nothing more dangerous or unpleasant than we did; it was far more like an exhibition of fireworks than one of the most terrible operations of war, and in reality it was in this instance hardly anything different, as neither side had many killed. Shells ludicrously resemble crackers, if you are not too near, and you would never dream of their hurting anybody. After eight in the evening, the fire slackened, so I did not stay any longer, especially as my friend employed upon the cathedral had been obliged to close his practice from the damage he had received.

CHAPTER IX.

NAPLES.

Declaration of the plébiscite.—Neapolitan fickleness.—Garibaldi's speech.—Padre Gavazzi's campaign.—British Bible Society's campaign.

One of the things a traveller, though a very Humboldt in wandering, can seldom see is the newly-invented ceremony by which millions of people are shifted to the Sovereign they like best, and therefore I congratulate myself on having witnessed the proclamation of deed of gift, by which the Neapolitans became the lieges of their present Savoyard lord.

I daresay many an Englishman, conning his "*Times*" over his breakfast, has thought he missed a glorious spectacle on that occasion, or, at all events, an out-burst of enthusiasm such as never was displayed in Naples before; but he need not be over-sorrowful, for a common announcement of a parish poll in England is every bit as splendid, and much more amusing.

Imagine a wooden orchestra, partly covered

with red baize, erected on a public square, and in it some men in big odd wigs, the centre one with the biggest wig of all, and you will have quite a correct notion of the entire machinery necessary to convert the Two Sicilies into Sardinia. At the time of my arrival on the ground, hardly any one else had cared to come, and though the hour for commencing the proceedings had been well advertised in all the papers the day before, still when the grandees with wigs approached there were barely a couple of thousand spectators. Leading the way, three or four ricketty coaches creaked up, and puffing behind them in open order trudged a motley gathering of city magnates in coats of many colours. Arrived at the proper spot, the occupants of the carriages descended, and then, marching in double file to the shed, all of them scrambled up a ladder at the back. Thus much might be termed, with propriety, Act I. of the performance.

Silence having been obtained by a general cry of "St!"—the largest wig delivered himself of a neat speech he had brought written out on foolscap, not one word of which was audible to me, though I was just under the proscenium. That the speaker said plenty of good things I am nevertheless quite ready to affirm, as he laughed immoderately himself, but notwithstanding that, another five minutes of his oratory would have cleared his audience entirely; so after ten minutes' abortive effort, he ended Act II. by subsiding into his chair.

The pith of the ceremony, namely, the placarding the votes, it was now evident had wisely been kept for the drop-scene of Act III., to present as imposing a catastrophe as possible immediately before the curtain fell; for no sooner had the President ceased than an attendant slipped forward with two great papered boards, precisely resembling those between which the unfortunate London "sandwiches" spend their lives, on one of which was written "Si! — 1,303,064," on the other "No! — 10,312," and suspended them to hooks driven into the front of the pavilion. At the same instant the little man in the wig jumped up, called out "Viva! Vittorio Emmanuele!" and waving his hat to the gunners on S. Elmo, who had watched his evolutions safely through with a telescope, set them off with a salute that lasted nearly the remainder of the day. The crowd cheered a little and quietly dispersed without a word, the two boards remaining alone in their glory, as if to indicate to a curious public the price of fish sold inside the stall on which they dangled. The whole ceremony, in my opinion, besides being eminently ridiculous in appearance, was revolting as well. The judges who had just, with hypocritical enthusiasm, descanted on the merits of a united Italy constitutionally governed, were, but a short time ago, the devoted slaves of an odious tyranny. By their very mouths, those iniquitous sentences were passed upon innocent men, which made enlightened nations

shudder with horror. These are the cringing wretches that used to suck the life-blood of Italy, who, grown grey in an obsequious servility to despotism, dare in the face of day to speak of freedom. To me it was not strange there was no enthusiasm. Had Garibaldi proclaimed the vote, all Naples would have shouted jubilees, but none would cry "Evviva!" when such "malignants" bid them. I am sorely afraid it is apathy more than self-control which makes the Italians avoid taking vengeance on their oppressors; their nature is impressionable for a moment—whether for hate or love—and then comes perfect forgetfulness. Bomba was in their eyes the incarnation of all evil; yet they let his son, trained in a school they never could revile enough, mount his throne peacefully, and recommence a tyranny death had ended; then Garibaldi, striking with a thousand where they should have struck with tens of thousands, is hailed deliverer, and has for a day their worship, till Victor Emmanuel supersedes him. Even now, who knows if Francis would not be, after all, as popular as any one, provided chance restored him to his capital. Italians go and see the precious gift of liberty announced on the public square by men who they know have passed their lives in fawning for a tyrant's smile, and yet no voice protests against such duplicity.

On the same ground a far more interesting event, but of a different nature, soon after took

place. Amongst the volunteers of every country, those belonging to Hungary had determined on forming themselves into a regiment apart, and Garibaldi, approving the scheme, offered to present their colours to them in person. The actual ceremony was of the ordinary kind employed on such occasions, but the speech delivered by the Dictator afterwards created a great sensation. Some thought it blasphemous impiety, they were Catholics; Protestants thought it truth, pure and undefiled; and that large proportion of the general public without any religion, whether they deemed it right or wrong, at least applauded vehemently. The passage especially provoking so many different comments, which may be termed an epitome of the Garibaldian creed, was nearly as follows, though, as nobody knows when the "Hermit of Caprera" will speak and when not, and there are of course no short-hand writers to be conjured to the spot in an instant, I warn my readers the report I am about to give is from my own hasty notes made at the time, and therefore I cannot vouch for every exact word.

"The curse of our country has always been selfish ambition, and it is so still. What is it that blinds the Sovereign Pontiff, and makes him fight against a cause so pure and holy, so grand and yet so stainless from a single crime that naught exceeds it in the record of our land? It is selfish ambition.

"I am a Christian, and I speak to Christians, and yet good Christians have accused me of wishing to subvert religion. I was born a Catholic, I have lived a Catholic, and I intend to die a Catholic,—but not a Catholic as the Pope is. The religion of Jesus was established to redeem mankind from slavery, not to enslave it; but he who proclaims himself Vicar of Christ on earth knows not his own religion, for he seeks to enchain the Italian people. In the world I find two principles, that of good and evil. The genius of evil in Italy is the Sovereign Pontiff, and the religion of liberty is not to be confounded with that of slavery. Viva! l'Italia; Viva! Gesù Cristo."

The crowd shouted vociferously at the conclusion, and I believe at that moment any one of them, if the Dictator had recommended it, would either have turned Pagan on the spot or proclaimed him Pope with equal readiness. The cause of Garibaldi's alluding to such novel topics in his address arose from circumstances connected with his friend Gavazzi. This well-known Exeter-Hall orator suggested to Garibaldi, on his first entering Naples, that, as the people were undoubtedly very miserably off for spiritual comforts, the best thing to be done was for him to preach a few sermons, and that the splendid church of the Jesuits was a suitable place in which to deliver them. Garibaldi either did not listen to all this, or else had no idea of the vagaries Gavazzi meant

to commit, and therefore consented. Upon receiving the permission, Gavazzi arrayed himself in a fine suit of semi-ecclesiastical garments, and repaired to his new debating ground in all the pride and panoply of his novel uniform. The first sermon, with the two words "Jesus Christ" for text, went off pretty well; the poor ignorant *lazzaroni* who happened to be there took the preacher, the like of whose dress had never blessed their sight before, for a bishop at least, if not a cardinal. Yet the extravagance committed after the service ought to have opened their eyes a little perhaps, if they had not been quite blind, for Gavazzi re-consecrated the church, "Gesù Nuovo," into "Gesù Risorto," or "Jesus Risen." On the second occasion, the people having in the interval learnt who the new Cardinal was, there was a good deal of murmuring; and on the third, a regular disturbance; arms were brought out, and finally Gavazzi was blockaded in his own house by a threatening mob. The National Guard, however, opportunely came up and restored order, or serious consequences would have ensued. But what especially made Garibaldi in his speech refer to religion was, that a report got about, in consequence of this renegade monk being allowed to preach in a Catholic church, that he intended to abolish Catholicism entirely; and the cries of "morte a Garibaldi" mingled with "morte a Gavazzi" showed the populace were too fanatical

to make any distinction between the liberality of the one man and the absurdities of the other.

In connection with Gavazzi's campaign against Catholicism, the British Bible Society had entered on one also. All along the Toledo, at intervals of a few hundred yards, small wooden stalls, with Martini's Bibles, were set up. No one seemed to purchase any, probably on account of the prices being far beyond their means, or from not liking to invest in a book they had never heard of. I noticed the priests were hovering round them a good deal, and once or twice I saw them buy a few of the pamphlets that were also exposed for sale, but no one touched Martini. I do not know whether the Society sent the *brochures* as well as the books, but they were about the last things in the world calculated to do any good in a Catholic country, being vulgar in title and violent in language. Just as some people in England expected to convert the Orpheonists by putting Bibles on their seats in the railway carriages, so others apparently fancy that all there is to be done with the Neapolitans to make them Protestants is to deluge their town with London editions of the Scriptures.

CHAPTER X.

GARIBALDI AND VICTOR EMMANUEL.

Distribution of medals.—Portrait of Garibaldi.—Italian idea of England.—Naples without a government.—Difficulties.—Civic ornamentation.—An *improvvisatore*.—Victor Emmanuel's Entry—A novel game.—State performance at the S. Carlo.—Effect of opera-house.—A friend of Garibaldi.—Garibaldi's departure.—His virtue.—His courage.—His farewell.

On the morning of the 4th of November, 1860, on the open square in front of the Royal Palace, Garibaldi gave out the medals, decreed by the municipality of Palermo, to the remnant of the gallant band of 1020 heroes who originally landed with him in Sicily, and of whom almost 600 now are missing.

All the four sides of the immense piazza were lined by volunteers, the late besiegers of Capua. This is a Sicilian regiment, you may know it by the German features of the men, and their extremely dwarfish stature. Next come the savage Calabrians, with their conical hats and streamers, armed each with a different weapon. Beyond

them are the so-called guards, "Hunters of the Alps," and if you would see the Dictator's most efficient troops—his right hand, on which he can depend, look well at these the best and bravest of Italian patriots; they carry rifles—and can use them too, and Victor Emmanuel values these as they deserve, for he has given them clothes as good as or better than those of his own infantry. Amongst this collection of different nationalities we miss one alone, and that one the most interested of all in the result:—where are the countrymen of Masaniello? we look for them among the "Italiani," but, too base to strike a blow for the sake of freedom when the swords of others can be used, we find they have forfeited their name to turn "Borbonici." The shade of Rienzi, if it still lingers midst his people, must be weeping at their degeneracy, and Manin's proud heart—broken by his country's wrongs—must bleed afresh within its tomb.

In the centre a group is standing, part of which consists of spectators, and part of the survivors to be decorated. Garibaldi sits on a common deal chair, and the eagerness of those crowding round to see him is so great he has barely room to move. Close by are a couple of officers at a table, and whilst one calls out the name in alphabetical order, the other hands the medal to the Duchess della Verdura (wife of the President of the Palermitan municipality), who pins it on as

each man arrives. Occasionally, Garibaldi greets the recipient with a friendly nod of recognition, or says a few words to him.

By dint of dexterously slipping through every crack presenting itself in the throng, I found myself, in the course of time, face to face with Garibaldi; and since I have not said anything of his personal appearance before, I will describe him as he looked to-day. In costume he was precisely like the picture forming the frontispiece to this volume, with the addition of a black felt wide-awake, round which a band of silk of the same hue an inch broad was fastened by a black buckle. The loose cloak, and trowsers to match, I heard were presents from a friend, because he was too poor or too careless to buy clothes when he required them; but the colour, a light French grey, he chose. The coat had a curious triangular piece of cloth buttoned on in front, admitting of removal. Loosely knotted over the shoulders, a dirty old red handkerchief, with a yellow pattern on it, hung down like a lady's capote. This appendage Garibaldi adopted in Brazil, where they call it a "puncho," and finding it comfortable he has continued it ever since; when it rains or the sun is too powerful it is pulled over his head. By his side he wore a steel sword, of the pattern specially manufactured for his army, and sold all over Naples at four piastres each. His arms, in red shirt-sleeves, and bare hands with a ring on one of

the fingers, were very conspicuous from a way he has of keeping them constantly in motion. In height, I should guess him to be not more than 5 ft. 6 in., or 5 ft. 7 in. at the outside; indeed, when he rose to retire and passed me I thought he was one of the shortest men I had ever seen; in reality he is a trifle taller than at first glance he would be taken for, owing to his immensely broad shoulders and chest diminishing his stature by comparison. As a whole, his figure gives you the idea of such colossal strength, that you think a blow from his fist would be death. One glance at his face, sunburnt but not scarred, would force even his most mortal enemy to admit it is singularly handsome; there is a nobility of general outline combined with a marvellous sweetness of expression, that captivates you at once. The nose is longer than ordinary, and the forehead, a massive expanse, if I may so speak, denoting great intellectual powers, the small grey eyes, set rather deep, brilliantly lighting up as he smiles in speaking. The beard, once of a reddish colour, is now partially grey, and not of the preposterous length his portraits sometimes represent it to be; finally, long thin hair, nearly black and apparently uncombed, dangled from his head as low as the level of the bottom of his chin. Everything considered, the *tout ensemble* coincided very well with my anticipations; perhaps I did not expect to see anybody quite so old, but, on the other hand, nothing can convey the

faintest idea of the amiableness so thoroughly stamped on every lineament. It does one good to see Garibaldi, for one goes away morally certain one man at least is free from the faults unlimited power engenders, and all the petty vices of human nature.

The Marchesa Pallavicini talked to Garibaldi all the time the ceremonial lasted, three hours and more, and he appeared to be paying her very successful compliments, if one might interpret rightly her blushes as she listened. When all was over, the people made so much noise applauding, that he came out bareheaded on the balcony of the Foresteria, and bowed several times, finishing by waving his hat.

The medal was a smaller one than the "five-shilling pieces" issued to our army; round its edge was written, "Marsala, Calatafimi, Palermo, Milazzo;" in the middle, on one side, "il Municipio Palermitano rivendicato 1860;" on the other the terse and expressive sentence, "Ai prodi cui fu duce Garibaldi."

It has become a proverb, except in the "*regno al di quà del Faro*,"—the name of the Two Sicilies in official parlance,—that Naples is a paradise inhabited by devils, and the Neapolitans return the compliment by describing England as a place where there is "*neve sempre, case di legno, gran ignoranza, ma danaro assai:*" both may be true, but any one who saw the Saturnalia in Naples

when "*nostro Vittorio*" arrived could hardly doubt the former.

At last, the actual *Rè d'Italia* is in his kinsman's palace, and worshippers of despotism are mourning and lamenting that the sun of liberty has risen.

Many a resident here is right glad to see a king again. It is far from pleasant living with "*domicilio Inglese*" nailed in perpetuity on your door, in anticipation of a second St Bartholomew, and now things may cool down a little when there is once more a proper ministry. Some one complained that Naples, ever since the Revolution, had been without a government; to which a friend replied, "You mean there have been too many; the king's, the ex-king's, the dictator's, and the pro-dictator's." It was evident that as long as Garibaldi ruled there never would be obedience from any but the lower and middle classes; the nobility and higher ranks of society chafed with a selfish mortification at a man of the people having risen over them, and so, though they hated Bomba, and Bombino more, a monarch of some royal line was absolutely needed.

The King's arrival had been announced so often, and so constantly postponed, that I think every one had doubts about his appearing now. At first, he could not come because it looked so bad whilst Capua still held out; and besides, the garrison might have made a rush on Naples, and even the

hero of S. Martino had no desire to be caught sleeping in the Bourbon bed by his beloved kinsman's soldiery. Then Garibaldi, sore about his army not being treated as he wished, threatened the scandal of letting his Majesty make his entry by himself. From day to day the King was coming, but no King came, and if the municipality —who were all suspected of Bourbonism—had had their way, most likely he never would have come at all, for at the last minute urgent entreaties were sent to his Majesty, imploring him to wait because the Council had voted a sum of £40,000, and the decorations to be built with it were scarcely begun. However, an answer came to say the State required his presence, but that, if they liked, he would go outside the town any day, and make a second entry when they pleased.

Forty thousand pounds is a great deal to spend in lath and plaster ornaments, and therefore I must mention what the money went in; unless my pen recoil before so vast a heap of tinsel, gilt, and rubbish.

The major portion produced a crop of arches in the main thoroughfares; the minor, an army of plaster figures and flags. Walking along the road the King had to traverse, you came first on a succession of pictures representing the principal military successes of the Sardinian army, and exactly in the centre of all of which his Majesty was represented sitting, at an angle of 45°, on a

pink and white charger, with twenty or thirty bombs exploding under his feet, and grasping an enormous Turkish scimitar about to take off his aide-de-camp's head by accident. As you go under the archway, you find yourself face to face with a Catherine-wheel on a pole immediately behind it, and you wonder how the rockets it is going to project at the back of the King's head will harmonize with his portrait. The series concludes with a medallion of Garibaldi kissing the King.

Turning from the broad Strada Foria into the Toledo, a hundred colossal Genii, on scagliola pedestals, stand beckoning you with one arm and waving aloft a tricolour with the other, the name of one of the hundred Italian cities gleaming in golden letters on each. If you do not know there are exactly a hundred cities in the peninsula, an Italian is sure to tell you, and after asking proudly, what other country has half so many, will boil with indignation if you insinuate that some of the cities must be rather small ones. The effect of such a long row of winged peris was the best thing they accomplished anywhere to frighten the King. especially as Venice, Rome, and all the Austrian and Papal possessions were included. A little farther on the left by the Piazza Spirito Santo, another *chef-d'œuvre*, in the shape of a triple triumphal arch, covered with a cosmopolitan portrait gallery, puts in its claim for supremacy. Amid the brigand-looking Garibaldians depicted,

the English General Dunn cut a great figure, with "Britanno" written above, and "Du-nn" below; unluckily however it gave the Neapolitans offence, and was removed to an obscurer position, much to my dissatisfaction, for I went to look at it nearly every day. These were the most striking objects in that quarter of the town, and till you reach the Palace, you must be content with quantity instead of quality; here however, upon the Largo del Palazzo, your sorrow is turned into joy by your finding yourself abruptly transported to the Piazza San Marco, Venice. There she is, the sea Cybele—painted floating in her weedy lagoons in spectral solemnity. How black she looks! she is purposely so, the artist means her to be in mourning. Ah! now we see—everything ought to be very dismal. Two great lions, with two tremendous chains on, sit and cry their eyes out; once on a time St Mark had owned them, and they do not like their change of masters. A crowd is gathered just beneath the word "Venezia," and we go there too. A common man is making a speech; I beg his pardon, he is an *improvvisatore* narrating the future by second sight; when I come up he has just despatched the Austrians and the Quadrilateral, and the Italian army is in full pursuit; as he goes on, the audience begin to call out Bravo! and when he suddenly turns round and, pointing to the picture, tells them Victor Emmanuel is already at the Doge's palace

overhead, the pent-up enthusiasm bursts out in a storm of cheers and coppers.

I might continue my walk along the Chiaja, and pause to tell you of all I found there, but words would fail me to celebrate such glories. And now I owe a tribute to the King himself, of whom the loud hosannas, getting nearer and nearer, are heralding the approach. O Goddess of Fortune! aid me! jammed in the tumult at the palace gates—how am I to see over the heads of six-foot Neapolitans? Just then, a Garibaldian, telling the people they are all "a set of ungrateful hogs" (they always told them this), clears a passage, by main force. I follow in his wake, and in pushing my way towards the weeping Venice, encounter a carriage-load of friends drawn up in a magnificent position, who kindly take pity on me and give me standing-room.

Whilst we were waiting, a capital imitation of a London drizzle came down at intervals, which played sad havoc amongst the gold lace embroidery of the National Guard. The Garibaldians in their red shirts, too, did all they could to annoy these civic officers, and, forgetting what they were themselves, kept telling them they had much better turn regulars, for then they would have nothing to spoil. At length, the royal *cortège*,—visible a mile off, at least, down the Toledo,—gave the signal to prepare for action, to which the component atoms of the

crowd responded by clearing their throats, or getting out handkerchiefs to form attractions for the King to look their way—as they do with scarfs at a bull-fight,—or by arranging clothes-baskets full of flowers conveniently for tipping the contents into his Majesty's carriage. Gradually the excitement rolled along, and the air grew dimmer and dimmer with the rose-leaf shower, till we found ourselves close to the almost smothered objects of the ovation—Victor Emmanuel side by side with Garibaldi. A man must have had strong nerves who could sit for an hour and endure such a screaming; and I thought, as the yells—not cheers—burst with deafening discord upon my ears, the King looked in truth quite as if he wished his Neapolitans where I did. I can understand now very well why Voltaire complained the mob meant to "stifle him with roses,"—an old man might find it liable to produce rosaceous asphyxia being compelled to breathe rose leaves. The young ladies in the balconies waited till they were sure of their aim, and then mercilessly threw down whole bundles of myrtle and laurel crowns, and sacks of blossoms. Garibaldi smiled amidst the storm, although he looked pale and anxious, but the King rolled his eyes and stared in a vacant way quite peculiar to Kings of Italy. The other seat was occupied by the Syndic and the Pro-dictator of Naples, who got their share of the flowers because it could not be helped, not that they deserved it. Close behind

the carriage came a Capucin friar on horseback, who was very popular with the crowd: I was told what he had done in Sicily, but I forget it.*

Victor Emmanuel has grown very stout lately, and the wonderful moustache that made so many maiden's hearts bleed in vain, is now twisted up towards his ears instead of being trained downwards towards his shoulders as formerly. Garibaldi wore his red shirt and *puncho*, and if anything, he was less scrupulously attired than usual.

A friend of mine managed to get into the Palace when the deputations were introduced, and finding no one in dress more like his British tail-coat and white choker than the barristers, he attached himself to their learned body, and was presented with them. I had not impudence enough to do the same, or I should be able to tell all about it.

In the afternoon, I bartered for a pit ticket for the state performance at the opera, and obtained one at length by paying a guinea. I know I was cheated terribly, and own it; but it was delicious to find afterwards that others had paid thirty shillings.

The government, on that excellent principle on which they always go, of finding excitement instead

* This monk was known by the name of Fra Giovanni. He used to teach philosophy in the convent of Sta Maria degli Angeli at Salemi, in Sicily, and joined Garibaldi as his chaplain a few days before the storming of Palermo.

of employment for the people, provided a variety of amusements during the day, gratis. In addition to the old English games of legs of mutton and watches on the tops of greasy poles, wheelbarrow races, and men in sacks; there was one we might introduce into our country with advantage, the game of taking your teeth out in public for nothing. I can state from personal knowledge, whenever it is contemplated at home, that a vast crowd were amused for hours at Naples in merely looking on; and therefore at the next Chartist riot perhaps the erection of one or two booths for such a purpose might materially assist in drawing many from the disturbance.

Whatever might have been thought of the King's entry, nobody could consider the grand performance at San Carlo in the evening anything but a decided success. The splendid house was lighted for the occasion by clusters of five wax candles placed a little way apart round the six tiers of boxes. Before the entertainment began, I counted the lights, out of curiosity, and found there were 1090, exclusive of the central chandelier and those on the stage. The King entered with his suite, after making us wait nearly half-an-hour beyond the time, and stood up ten minutes in front of his box, whilst the clapping lasted. Great as the enthusiasm was, I nevertheless expected rather more under such circumstances, and believe there would have been if his Majesty's manner had

been less abrupt. Victor Emmanuel cannot bow or smile at all, he gives uncouth nods, and stares more like some wild animal than a man, and has not the remotest idea how to court the favour of the public by a gracious demeanour. When the noise subsided, the Sardinian national air was sung by the whole company, and followed by a laudatory hymn improvised for the occasion; afterwards came a ballet, and finally the act of William Tell, in which the conspirators take the oath, not an over-complimentary comparison to Victor Emmanuel's openly seizing everything. Nothing could have been better than the ballet, and it pleased the King of Italy vastly, I could see. Both Francis and his father made the ballet-dancers wear green trousers when they performed, but the very night the former quitted Naples, the hideous things were pulled off. The dancing was the best I ever saw, and unless one has seen such a ballet at S. Carlo, one can form only a poor idea of one. The King staid till the act of William Tell was about to begin, and then making one rapid bob of his head to the crowded audience, suddenly bolted,—so quickly, it was quite ludicrous. The amusement in Italy in the theatres at present is for some one during the pauses between the acts or pieces to call out "Viva! ——" anything he pleases, and for the rest to applaud to whatever extent they deem the sentiment worth. "*Viva! l'Eroe di San Martino!*" produced the greatest rapture of all to-night. Garibaldi was

not in the house, being busy elsewhere, leave-taking. The very fine hymn he is reported to have composed, and which may be termed the national anthem of half the Italians, was played twice. A disturbance, only put down by drawn swords, took place once, when the mob outside tried to force the pit doors, to get in and look at the King.

I may mention, by-the-bye, that the incomparably superior effect of the Italian opera-houses to those in other countries, is almost entirely due to their having no open gallery making an ugly break in the line of boxes; the sixth storey of San Carlo, and the uppermost of many other large theatres in various Italian cities, corresponds to the one below it.

In the Café de l'Europe that evening, after looking at the magnificent illuminations, and the frantic demonstrations of the *lazzaroni*, I made the acquaintance of an Italian who, for seventeen years, had never quitted Garibaldi in all his adventures, and who now resided with him, when not fighting, in Caprera. He spoke of Garibaldi's goodness of heart with tears in his eyes, and said the world had never produced a man of a disposition so thoroughly angelic before. The island of Caprera is about six miles round and quite barren. Garibaldi has only a little cottage to live in, and amuses himself principally in reading, fishing, and goat shooting. The population only amounts to half-a-dozen persons altogether. My informant had just quitted

the Dictator at the "Foresteria," rejoicing over the idea of getting home to his desert rock again, and saying he never knew better during his entire life than he then did how utterly unfitted he was to live in palaces.

Garibaldi sailed for his island-home on the 9th of November, and for a few days afterwards Naples, —the hard-hearted, ungrateful Naples, put on sackcloth and ashes. The cry, "Give us back our General," resounded through the streets, for in their ignorance, the poorer people, who looked upon him as their father and only friend, insisted he had been driven away by the harshness of the Sardinians, and refused to be comforted; but gradually their national apathy returned, and—shame upon every one of them!—their "*Liberatore*" was forgotten. Long before he went indeed he knew his reign was ended, for from the moment when Victor Emmanuel was announced as coming, he was no more the greatest novelty, and for that alone these abject people cared.

Slighted by the Sardinians, and in the scramble for place and money, neglected by all but a few staunch friends, the closing scene of Garibaldi's marvellous campaign awakens a feeling of grief and indignation in all who knew him. He never sought anything but his country's good; the Neapolitans never, at any moment, anything but their own private advantage. During all the time he was engaged in liberating the Two Sicilies, from the

moment he landed at Marsala to the moment he left for Caprera, he never took a farthing beyond the bare pittance required to buy his daily food; he did not even allow himself money to buy clothes, and often was compelled to borrow some. For the sake of his own dignity it was fortunate he retired when he did, his sword was needed no more, and the shafts of malice would have wrung an anguish from that noble heart which it could not have endured. The conqueror of a hundred battles quailed before the ingratitude of his countrymen, and so, in order to love them still, he went. Well might he have cried out like the poet sire of Italy, "Popule mi, quid feci tibi?"

We often hear instances of Garibaldi's wonderful courage, but one example I remember of it surpasses every other. When he entered Naples, on the first day, September 6th, he drove in an open carriage at a walk past the fortified barracks of the Carmine, where a number of soldiers were still holding out for Francis II., any one of whom, and there were hundreds, might have shot him dead on the spot. The carriage was not more than six or seven yards from a wall full of loop-holes and embrasures, whence the soldiers could have discharged cannon and rifles without a possibility of missing their mark. If that is not courage, it is hard to define what is; it is very different to the bravery dependent on the excitement of a battle for its stimulus.

The King, it was said, offered to make him a Duke, and give him a large pension, and the order of the Annunziata,—the last, the highest honour in his power to bestow. Garibaldi declined everything; the only reward he cared for was to see his country happy and united in perfect freedom. A great portion of Garibaldi's influence over his followers arises from the rough eloquence of the addresses he from time to time delivers to them; when he speaks, it never is in vain, and he adapts his words precisely to his listeners.

The Proclamation taking leave for the present of his army is matchless as a specimen of the vigorous thrilling diction no one ever wrote as well: it was sold by thousands in the streets: the words are these:—*

"TO MY COMPANIONS IN ARMS.

"In this, the last stage but one of our resurrection, we ought to consider the period which is just finishing, and prepare ourselves to perfect splendidly the stupendous conception of the elect of twenty generations, the accomplishment of which Providence assigned to this fortunate generation.

"Yes! Young Men! Italy owes to you an undertaking which merited the applause of the world. You conquered; and you will conquer—because

* The translation is as literal as the sense would allow. For the original Italian, see Appendix, No. 1.

you are now accustomed to the tactics which decide battles!

"You have not degenerated from those who pierced the deep mass of the Macedonian phalanxes, and who tore open the breasts of the proud conquerors of Asia.

"To this stupendous page of the history of our country another will follow more glorious still, and the slave will finally show his free brother a sharpened sword, which belonged to the links of his chains. To arms, all!—all! and the oppressors—the overbearing ones—will vanish like dust.

"Do you, Women, thrust cowards far from you—they would give you but cowards—and you, Daughters of the soil of beauty, desire a brave and a noble offspring!

"Let timid doctrinarians begone and drag elsewhere their subserviency and their abjectness.

"This people is its own master. It wishes to be the brother of other peoples, but to look at the haughty with an open brow; not to crawl begging its liberty—it will not be towed by men whose hearts are base. No! No! No!

"Providence made a gift to Italy of Victor Emmanuel. Every Italian ought to join him—to close round him. Near the *Rè galantuomo* every rancour should disperse. Once more I repeat to you my cry: To arms, all! all! If in March, 1861, I do not find a million of Italians armed—Alas! poor liberty! poor Italian life! .... Oh!

no: far be from me a thought which is repugnant to me as poison. March, 1861, and if necessary, February, will find us all at our posts.

"Italians of Calatafimi, of Palermo, of the Volturno, of Ancona, of Castelfidardo, and of Isernia, and with us every man of this land, not a coward or a slave; we will all, all, closed around the glorious soldier of Palestro, give the last shock, the last blow, to the crumbling tyranny.

"Accept, youthful volunteers, honoured remnant of ten battles, a word of *Addio!* I offer it to you, moved by affection, from the depth of my soul. To-day I must withdraw, but for few days only. The hour of conflict will find me with you again—with the soldiers of Italian liberty.

"Let those only return to their houses who are summoned by imperious duties towards their families, and those who—gloriously mutilated—have merited the gratitude of their country. They can serve her still, at their hearths, by their counsels, and by the sight of the noble scars which decorate their manly though youthful foreheads. Excepting these, let the others remain to guard our glorious banners.

"We shall meet, ere long, to march together to the redemption of our brothers, slaves still of the foreigner; we shall meet, ere long, to march together to fresh triumphs.

"G. GARIBALDI."

"*Naples, 8th November*, 1860."

CHAPTER XI.

NOVELTIES IN NAPLES.

The police prison of Sta Maria Apparente.—The dungeons of St Elmo.—The hospital of San Sebastiano.—Curious wounds.—The Camere Secrete of the Museo Borbonico.—Alexandre Dumas, père.

THE stock sights of Naples have been so often described that I am by no means going to undertake the office of *cicerone* over such well-known ground, but since, in these latter days, a few new objects of attraction have arisen; I trust I may be pardoned if I say a word or two concerning them.

Amongst the novelties formerly interdicted to the public; first, both in freshness and interest, must be placed the prisons: and, as General Türr was kind enough to give me a special order to see them, I presented it one day at the Carcere di Sta Maria Apparente, the police lock-up of Naples. The drivers of several carriages I engaged declared most positively they had never heard of the place, the same thing I suppose as being too well

acquainted with it; or else they were still afraid of being thought inquisitive by the government, and popped in for going too near.

The building is on the side of the hill of St Elmo, next to the fort itself, the nearest to the summit, and certainly not open to the complaint of being badly situated. Italian jails, including the one at Salerno where the English engineers were confined, are invariably on magnificent sites; the fault lies in the system carried out in them, not in their position. On entering, we were taken to an inner apartment, where sat the governor—an obsequious cunning old man—and he volunteered himself to escort us round.

The prison consists of two storeys, and is of no great size. On the upper floor, a row of rooms open into a corridor, much as they do in Newgate, each about 18 feet long by 12 broad, with a large window commanding a splendid view over the town and Bay. Here there was nothing objectionable, except the excessive number of prisoners crammed into each compartment; too many by one half. When we arrived, dinner had just been served, which gave us the opportunity of seeing the food. The soup struck me as better than anything the *lazzaroni* generally live on, though not quite tempting enough to induce me to have the mouthful one of the diners offered me in his leaden spoon. When I say there was nothing objectionable, I refer only to the amount of light and air, for the filth and

smell rendered it quite impossible for me to stay long anywhere, and sometimes even to endure the first rush of foul stenches that issued directly the door was open; nevertheless that must be ascribed as much to the dirty habits of the prisoners as to official neglect. On the floor below, the cells were considerably smaller, and had gone through a recent process of cleansing and whitewashing; all however were empty. Besides these two storeys, the governor declared, there was nothing worth seeing; but under the refreshing inspiration of a strong protest on our part, coupled with the open threat of reporting him to General Türr, he recollected an additional curiosity, and showed us a room without window or ventilation, full of wood at present, which he said Bomba had employed, in 1849, for a few special favourites. Satisfied we were now getting into the right track, we returned to the charge about the secret dungeons and other horrors used by his late Majesty to extort confessions, and were once more met by an absolute denial of their existence; and this time, the wary old governor, who evidently thought Francis II. had an excellent chance of soon coming back, was immoveably obstinate. In vain, we argued that General Türr *had* seen them, and had specially ordered that we should too; all the answer we got was, "Ah, Dio! what am I to do?—the gentlemen *will* see dungeons when there are none!"—till at last, finding talking was of no use, we sent out for lanterns, and commenced

a search of the entire establishment from top to bottom. We began upon the battlements, and hunted methodically downwards, making our attendants open every door or window, fastened or unfastened, taking their word for nothing. At the bottom of all, amongst the foundations, we came upon a door loaded with bolts and fastenings, and of this they had forgotten to bring the key. And now another parley took place; the governor said it was only an empty cellar, and we insisted that whether it was or not, we meant to enter and judge for ourselves. A quarter of an hour elapsed before the key could be found, and then we explored the inside with our lights. The cave extended a long way, and had formerly had doors on either side, which had been recently bricked up; in the walls, at intervals, iron staples were driven, looking uncommonly as if chains had once been attached to them; but there was nothing indicating any one having been recently confined there. This was the last place to be examined in the building, so we departed as soon as we were satisfied.

For my own part, I cannot give a decided opinion as to whether this prison has any dark dungeons or *sotto piombi* other than what we examined. It is just possible there might have been some portion concealed from our view by a secret entrance we overlooked, or this cellar may have been employed for such a purpose,—for if merely meant for wood and coals the use of the outside

bolts and locks is not very apparent. The governor was very anxious to convince us it was merely what it would have been elsewhere, for he said again and again, "How can you suppose we should put men in here? they would all die in a day or two!"—but that is an argument rather strengthening the opposite view. The rooms the prisoners now inhabit are decidedly good, and if the prisoners themselves were cleaner and less crowded, very few jails would be as comfortable. But the question is not so much how is Sta Maria Apparente now, but how it *was* during the government of the Bourbons. To appreciate the bearings of the case properly, it must be recollected that all the nice large windows were only made by Garibaldi's orders the other day, and that, before, there were little slits in the wall, too high up to see out of; if, then, the atmosphere is bad now, what must it have been previously? to say nothing of over-stringent regulations being perhaps enforced, that might make existence unendurable.

In the castle of St Elmo, whither we next went, it is very different; there you have plenty of dungeons of every shade of badness. The top of the hill has had a large square pit sunk in it, divided horizontally into two chambers by a natural layer of the stone. Round the upper edge of this shaft, the visible fortress has been built; and in the pit below, cells have been either scooped in the walls or built against them like closets. These

cages are ten to twelve feet square, and usually ventilated by a grating a foot long in the panel of the door, but which the sentinel outside could close by a sliding cover. The furniture of each consisted solely of a wooden trestle to serve for a bed. The prisoners were not allowed to come out for any necessities whatever, and the accumulated dirt was only removed when life became endangered. Though by Garibaldi's orders these dungeons had not been used since the King departed, and had been aired and swept, the stench was still appalling in all of them, and they were full of vermin. Here I was shown the cell in which Poerio was confined seven months. All the rooms were so dark that, on first entering, the walls, though close to you, could not be distinguished; and it required several minutes to make out a single object but the grating. On the whitewash between the doors in the central shaft there were numerous bullet-marks, showing how the wretched prisoners had been stuck up like targets, and fired at within a yard of their cells. In the lower division of the pit, a terrible massacre of forty prisoners took place at once, during Bomba's reign; they were ranged in a body at one end and a platoon of soldiers fired volleys till all were dead. The marks of the shot are still there. But the worst place of all we had yet to see, and an officer conducted us thither. In an obscure corner, you come to a kind of narrow well in the

floor of the corridor, some ten feet deep, at the bottom of which there is a chamber cut laterally in the rock, about as small as a man could creep into, partitioned off by iron bars. "Here," said the officer, "any one was put who was to disappear, and when he was in, the flag-stone above was replaced; starvation and want of air soon killed him, and his cries troubled nobody." Unless I had seen this hole with my own eyes, I should have doubted the veracity of any one describing it, and consequently I fear what I have stated will hardly meet with general acceptance; nevertheless this is no romance I am composing, but sober earnest, easy to be verified. I have seen in my travels the dungeons of many a castle of every age, and have been shown the prisons of modern and ancient tyrants; but I cannot remember, even in the dens of the Inquisition, to have found anything so terrible as the sights in St Elmo. Let the man who talks of the humanity of Bourbon sovereigns first see how they treat their enemies; let him visit the vault where Poerio, Prime Minister to a Bourbon King, was entombed, and then let him read what his crime was. Well might the Government deny admission to the prisons of the metropolis; they feared the very walls would tell of the bloody atrocities committed there, and a voice cry for vengeance from the ground.

Garibaldi used to pass a great part of his time in going round the hospitals, for when he was once

inside, the patients never would let him go. S. Sebastiano, the largest of those I went over, belonged, before the flight of the King, to the order of Jesus, and was one of their principal educational establishments. It held 2000 beds easily, all the long passages being turned into wards. I knew one of the surgeons, and therefore had the *entrée* of the place; but it was far from necessary to have either an acquaintance or business there, for crowds came merely to stare or steal, and could not be kept out. On walking straight in — for nobody stops you — you find yourself in a perfect maze of corridors, and a Babel of tongues, the patients appearing to be all helping in the noise as much as their friends. "Neapolitan doctors have a very different system to ours," you say to yourself, as you stroll down the first gallery, having just seen a man as pale as death, and bandaged till he looks like a mummy, lying down gnawing a great green apple, with a chair loaded with sweetmeats and confectionery by his bedside. Let us take a walk through the rooms, where our English Excursionists are lying, and hear what they say; "O Sir," says one, "this hospital isn't much good; you may holloa from sunset to sunrise and nobody comes." "Last night," says another, "the man over there had a fit, and rolled out of bed on the stones, but we were all too weak to get him up again, so there he lay till the morning." A third man tells me some of the Garibaldians

close by got drunk a day or two before, in spite of their wounds; and he adds that if I look in a certain corner, I shall find a man with a bottle of brandy under his bed now,—I look, and there it is. Thieving was universal, they said; the only way if you wanted to keep anything being to put it under your bolster, but several, all the same, had been robbed of their shirts while they slept.

Sometimes the wounds were curious. A German youth had been struck by a ball behind one ear, and the shot, having gone through his mouth, had lodged close to the skin at the back of the other; he could not eat very comfortably, but otherwise was not much the worse for it. In another instance, a bullet had entered by the right bladebone, traversed the entire upper joint of the arm, and come out at the elbow.

The surgeon also had his grievances; the dressers were utterly useless, they could not do the simplest thing. It required seven Italian assistants to do what a single Englishman would accomplish,—one held the lint, a second the scissors, a third the sponge, and so on. All his drugs were good for nothing; they came adulterated to the hospital from the shops, and were generally re-adulterated by those who received them, and perhaps a third time by those who mixed them. On the whole, the surgeon was no more satisfied than everybody else, and I heard, when I was leaving Naples, that the feud between the dif-

erent medical men had run so high at last, that each had a separate entrance to the hospital assigned him.

Much fuss was made in some of the English and foreign journals about some rooms in the Museo Borbonico, which the late King had considered too improper to be shown, having been thrown open to the public by Garibaldi. In the first place, Garibaldi had nothing to do with the matter, and, in the second place, if he had, public morality would have been no more scandalized than it was when the opera dancers at S. Carlo left off wearing their green calico trousers. These two private apartments were shown with the rest of the museum of antiques, of which they form part, by order of the director Alexandre Dumas. The first room contains paintings by old masters; the second, frescoes from Pompeii, bronzes, and one rather elaborate piece of sculpture. The light is so very scanty in both that it is only possible to see a few of the objects well.

Whilst speaking of the modern sights of Naples, I ought to include Mons. Dumas as one of them, since he was universally considered so. Perfect strangers went to call on him with the most barefaced impudence, merely to inspect the personal appearance of the author of Monte Cristo; all the introduction needed was to say you had come to gratify yourself by a glance at the "*great* Dumas," and he asked you to breakfast or dinner direct-

ly. Since his stay in Naples, he has published the "*Independente*," paper, and invented an entirely new style; his leaders being a mixture of blasphemy and romance that is intensely amusing.

Hitherto the Neapolitans have not felt the want of anything better; but, doubtless, before long, the influence of a stable constitutional government will reform their taste, and the press will take a higher position. I do not, however, say that Italian papers are, on the whole, much below those of many other continental states, but that all foreign journals are not to be named with those of England. Let the able and impartial correspondence of the "*Times*" and "*Daily News*" be compared with the sickly effusions appearing abroad on the same events, and the superiority of the former will at once be manifested. The Neapolitans as yet hardly appreciate the deep debt of gratitude they owe both the above papers, for during a long period they were the most fearless and unsparing denouncers of the crimes of the Bourbon government, and though such forcible language was against their own interest, by causing them to be excluded from the Two Sicilies, still they persisted in proclaiming the truth. To the "*Times*" and "*Daily News*" the Italians must also in a great measure ascribe the sympathy evinced by all Englishmen for the Italian cause, since without the admirable series of letters, which have regularly appeared in them, there would have

been but a faint notion in our country of Italian suffering or Italian tyranny. It has been the fashion of late amongst a party in England to decry "our own correspondent's" letters as over-coloured, and composed rather with the view of coinciding with the known opinions of the English public than of presenting an impartial statement of facts. But one does not hear this from persons who by long residence are well acquainted with Italy, on the other hand they are more apt to complain that too much moderation has been exhibited in speaking of notorious abuses. Lately, for instance, when the predictions of years were verified and the last Bourbon fled, a word of satire might have been excusable, but even then the Italian correspondents bowed Francesco off the stage with a politeness and consideration he did not deserve, and a curtain was drawn over his exit with a delicacy to which the most fastidious could not object. Whenever the Italians by education become less narrow-minded, and are able sometimes to withdraw their gaze from the morbid contemplation of their own sufferings to that of contemporary history, they will become fully sensible of the generous assistance the English press has constantly afforded them.

CHAPTER XII.

CHOICE EXHIBITIONS OF NAPLES.

Intramural interment. — Campo Santo Vecchio. — Country burials. — The exhibition vault, *versus* the sink. — San Carlino.

THE ancient Romans prohibited burying within their cities, and therefore it is rather a strange thing that, till quite recently, every country subjected to their empire should have abandoned so salutary a law in favour of intramural interment. In no part of Italy, however, has a greater departure from former custom in this respect taken place than in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, where the churches are turned into such charnel-houses that one is often unable to enter from the foul effluvia the vaults beneath emit. Ugo Foscolo* in vain tried to induce his countrymen to abandon their horrible method of drying and exposing the dead in gaudy finery for public exhibition, and to provide beautiful cemeteries like those in England and France; but to his efforts is principally

* See his Poem, "I Sepolchri."

owing whatever progress Italians are making in that direction. Naples now possesses two cemeteries, one for the poor, and another for the rich; of the latter I have nothing remarkable to relate, but at the other there is daily a curious scene few travellers witness.

Let the stranger pass out of the city at the Porta Capuana, and, turning up the Strada dell' Arenaccia, take the second lane on his right. A quarter of an hour's walk will bring him opposite a long stone-wall, at the gate in the middle of which let him ring and enter, and he will be in the Campo Santo Vecchio. We will say that it is an hour before sunset, and that you have come to see the burials. The *custode* approaches, and intimates that unless you bribe him it would be against his conscience to allow you to stay; "*l'ingresso è strettamente proibito,*" but a *carlino* being administered in reply, he admits you into a chapel, where a service is hurriedly read over a heap of bodies on a table in the middle. The relatives of the dead stand in a crowd in one corner, and when the priest has done, they run to get good front places at some iron gratings in the adjoining passage, beyond which they may not go. The *custode* in the mean time has escorted you and the clergyman, through a private wicket, to a large paved court, where the grave is. Here an assistant lifts up a flagstone by means of a lever, while others bring the naked bodies, and range them in a

line close by. The rest is quickly finished; the priest sprinkles the corpses with a little holy water, and then they are hurled into the hole as fast as possible. As each body falls with a crash amongst the skeletons beneath, the crowd looking through the grating gives a loud or a soft groan in proportion to the noise it makes, and occasionally the sexton turns round and calls out something so jocular that they laugh like fiends. Every now and then the assistants are too slow, and then their master swears, and asks them what they imagine his Excellency is thinking of them if they cannot toss a few small bodies in faster than that. When the last are disposed of, and the relatives driven beyond the outer entrance, your obliging *custode* lights newspapers, and throws them into the vault, to let you see its extent and contents. By the lurid illumination, you can distinguish a sight so horrid I will not touch on it. Swarms of huge cockroaches, scared, in the midst of their feast, by so unusual a brilliancy, run off in all directions; some creep out near your legs and scamper across the pavement in the open air. "*Vedete! vedete! Signore, tutti—tutti mangiati!*" says the sexton, pointing to the picked bones alone remaining of last year's burial, as if the animals were pets of his, and he was proud of their eating capacities.

Sometimes, as a great favour, or in consequence of a bribe, a member of a family is allowed to come to the edge of the pit and drop his dead

relative in himself. I once saw a touching incident. Amongst the bodies was one of a little girl about five years old, with beautiful long flaxen hair, and features in that "rapture of repose" poets mention, but which death so seldom leaves. She had died of fever but an hour or two before, and the hectic flush had hardly passed from her cheeks. Her father came with her, and when it was time for the last parting, he took out a piece of rope, and, after tying it round his daughter's waist, tried to lower her gently down. To his grief, however, the cord was too short, and so he swung the body as a pendulum, once or twice, and at last let it drop in the farthest darkest corner, sobbing as if his heart would break. I could not get rid of an unpleasant remembrance of this for a long time afterwards.

The yard contains nineteen rows of pits, with nineteen pits in each, and there are six more pits under the corridor leading to the chapel. One vault is specially reserved for poor priests, their sacred office entitling them to selecter company. The other three hundred and sixty-six are used in rotation. The pit employed on the 1st of January one year, would therefore be re-opened on the 2nd of January the next, unless it happened to be after leap-year, when it would of course be on the recurrence of the same date.*

In the country, rich people have not a much

* There is a Campo Santo at Palermo on the same plan.

pleasanter alternative for burial than the poor. Under the parish churches there are extensive vaults, divided into different compartments for various branches of the peculiar trade carried on. When you die, if able to pay pretty well, you are first taken to the preserving vault, there stripped and covered over with dry sand, to a depth of six or eight feet, in a bin by the wall. According to the scale of payment, you get a bin to yourself or not. At the end of about ten months (if you are very stout you want a little grace) you are taken up and inspected, and, if shrivelled enough, you are next carried to the dressing vault. Here you find your relatives waiting for you, and you are put into a new suit of clothes, like those in which you were best known during life. A man who wore a red cravat, for instance, always has another one given him, and if you were formerly short-sighted it would be a sad mistake to omit a pair of spectacles. When your toilet is done, your final move is to the exhibition vault, where—a *piquant* biography having been written on card and pinned on your breast—you are put into a species of watch-box with a glass front. Your position in the show depends on what your profession was, classification being a great object here. The military men go together, likewise the naval men; lawyers have this corner, merchants the other, and so on. If you want to get up the history of any particular class in your neighbourhood, it is most instructive

to make a visit to the basement of the nearest church. Supposing you wish to find out how many rectors have preceded your friend the parson over the way; all you have to do is to look in the exhibition department, and you will find every one who ever held that living ranged apart with mathematical accuracy. There cannot be any mistake, these are their very dresses, and credentials written by their friends; in fact, there are the men themselves.

"How very shocking!" my reader, no doubt, has been saying all this time, and now I fancy I hear him asking whether there is no alternative open for respectable people than this mummyfying process. To be sure there is; if you do not like being dried, you can be put into the sink in the floor, where all the paupers are thrown, only recollect that no coffins are allowed there, and when the hole is full, you will all be dug up and carted off to the piazza crossed by the high-road in front of the church, and burnt there in a heap *sans cérémonie*. But, it may be urged, the exhibition-room must soon get full, and what is done then? Oh, that is all provided for, too: there are so many churches in Italy everywhere, to begin with, that there is very seldom a great run upon one in particular, especially if you allow for the scarcity of rich people in any given parish; and besides, there is a rule that nobody is to be a tenant in the show longer than the supporting power of his legs endures, when it goes at the knees he is considered

passé. In Meta church, where I saw what I have just described, the late Queen of Naples,—now by his Holiness made "*Beata,*" the first step to canonization,—used to spend much of her time in prayer. Had she known what there was below, perhaps she would hardly have come so often, and I wonder the sickly odour of the under-ground manufactory did not tell her there was something unusual.

But let me turn from an exhibition so revolting to one at Naples of a different nature. This little dingy house, with a staring picture in front, making it the very counterpart of Richardson's show at a fair, is the San Carlino theatre. Who has not heard of the little San Carlo, the home of our dear old Punch? Whatever you miss during your stay, at least do not omit to leave a card at Mr Punch's residence. Go there at seven in the evening, and see him in his glory,—not a little puppet who eats sausages and fights with ghosts and hangmen, but a whole company of full-grown live Punches, who will make you laugh much more. Bomba and Punch had for years a terrible struggle for the mastery, and at the end of it Bomba retired discomfited, as we all know, whilst Mr Punch talked still. The Neapolitans, indeed, may thank the San Carlino for many a liberty gained and wrong redressed; and it was an evil day for Ferdinand when he tried to stop his subject Pulcinella's mouth. Since Garibaldi sank

the rotten boat of royalty, no theatre in Naples has been as good as this; and the shower of *bon mots* about the state of affairs, which nightly fell there, has helped the *lazzaroni* materially in judging rightly.

CHAPTER XIII.

INCIDENTS AT NAPLES.

Rumours.—Victor Emmanuel's body-guard.—Stimulating announcement.

TIME sped on rapidly and pleasantly enough at Naples after Victor Emmanuel came; to be sure our stock of "shaves," now the Capuan siege was ended, had grown rather smaller, still there were plenty of funny stories flitting about to form our daily bread of amusement. Instead of getting quite as many anecdotes of the Garibaldians, we received others in exchange about the King of Italy, and the Sardinians at Gaëta. Rumour reported that his Majesty was already heartily sick of his new subjects, and had said they pestered him so that he had not even time to get his meals comfortably, that moreover he hated Naples, the Neapolitans, and everything to do with them. The National Guard, always a touchy body about military etiquette, were also much put out at being

removed from the sentinel duty at the palace of Capo di Monti, and,

"incredibilis rerum fama occupat aures,"

they openly told everybody the princesses the king visited there were not to be found in the Gotha almanac. Whenever I saw his Majesty driving out, he certainly did not appear to be enjoying himself particularly. A mob of about a hundred and fifty of the lowest beggars among the *lazzaroni* made a point of acting as body-guard wherever he went, incessantly screaming, "*Viva! il Re galant'uomo,*" within a few feet of his ears. Farini, one day, tried to push them off with a stick, but they only laughed and cheered more vociferously than ever.

In one respect, Naples improved materially about this time, the Garibaldians became much less numerous in the streets. After their leader went, the Piedmontese gave their swaggering, blustering impudence so much of the cold shoulder, that, finding they were only playing a miserable second fiddle, they began to disperse. A great many went home; others to the Æmilian provinces to await the spring campaign; and the few that remained, by degrees dropped their red shirts and half the armoury on their persons.

Meanwhile, I began to think I had better make a move myself, if I wished to keep in fashion; and I felt little inclination to linger longer in the city

when the stirring scenes of camp-life might so easily be indulged in. Every day a despatch was placarded announcing the immediate bombardment of Gaëta, and this was quite stimulus sufficient to induce me to organize a second expedition to the besieging army.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GARIGLIANO—MOLA DI GAETA.

Hints to tourists.—"Express" to Capua.—Approach to Capua.—Marks of bombardment.—Story of the brave Bishop, or why Capua surrendered.—Effects of shells.—Cheap swords.—Way to fight the sun.—Classical haspirations.—Battle-field at the Garigliano.—The Manes of Marius useful.—"The people of the pine."—Italy in Winter.—Arrive at Mola di Gaëta.—Italian idea of a tea-pot.—A sharp landlady.

TRAVELLERS, if they will quarrel about anything, are always ready to break a lance in favour of *their* plan for carrying such few necessaries as a roughing excursion requires. The Alpine club is wedded to knapsacks, some men stick to couriers' pouches, Mungo Park and Napier chose an umbrella; why should not I then have my hobby about convenience? Knapsacks and couriers' pouches I grew out of long ago; the former make the vertebræ of your back ache, and the latter swing wherever they can be most in the way; the umbrella, barring however the advisability of the one shirt in it, is a great deal more sensible. But what I do is this: I buy a square yard of strong inodorated waterproof, to the edges of which, and

again on one side at six inches from the edge, I sew pieces of thick tape at intervals of a foot. When I am going anywhere, I put all my things in the middle, and roll the stuff tightly round them. Plenty of strings will be found hanging, to bind the bundle in all directions, and to furnish a handle. The advantages of this method are very many; you have barely more weight than that of the articles you want, the package is waterproof, if you add to the contents or diminish them it makes no difference, for you can tighten or loosen your wrapper at pleasure; and it takes no time to pack or unpack. On arriving at your night's quarters, when you want to find anything, your traps are all spread out before you at once by merely untying the tape, and you are not obliged to rout about, as when there are sides and depth. Lastly, it is less likely to be stolen, and if stolen is worth nothing, and can be replaced immediately from an extra piece you should keep in your main luggage. It will also be found a great convenience if, after every journey, you note down the articles you used; in a year or two you will have a complete inventory of every possible requirement, and need not for days before starting ransack your brains to remember what you will want, only to discover afterwards you have forgotten your corkscrew. It is, moreover, a great mistake to suppose that you can go out in the country and bivouack with nothing but a tooth-brush; you certainly will not get

hardy, whereas you are sure to be monstrously uncomfortable. Besides, the man who has slept well, combed his hair, and had a towel for washing, will be a better-tempered and more enterprising companion than the man who has suffered to the death ever since leaving home. But this is a digression.

Sta Maria is barely 18 miles from Naples, and the train we went in only took 3½ hours doing it. For months past, nobody had paid any fares, at least the wise in their generation did not, and therefore the Company were not going to send cargoes of passengers with free passes at a greater speed than five miles an hour. Once or twice, the pace was accommodating enough to let us get out and walk beside the engine, and very pleasant we found it stretching our legs a little for a change. Our carriage met us at the Station, and we drove to Capua.

Sta Maria, though still noisy and disorderly, was getting considerably better than when it was Garibaldi's head-quarters; the pavement was being replaced, and the barricades had vanished. By following the high road, we came on to the grass-covered common, in front of Capua, where the garrison had established rifle-pits, and made their first line of defence. One of our greatest amusements, when on the top of S. Angelo, used to be watching the enemy exercising their cavalry here, and sending reliefs to the advanced pickets; it

seemed quite strange therefore to be able to walk about in perfect security under the very muzzles of guns that a day or two before would have blown one into a hundred pieces.

A survey of the defences on this side convinced us it was a lucky thing for the Garibaldians they did not attempt to storm the fortress in this direction, for they would have been beaten back with heavy loss. For whatever else the Calabrians and Sicilians might be fit, they would have failed in taking the breast-works thrown up in their path, or at all events in crossing the lines of *abattis* behind them under a murderous fire from the parapets.

It will be long before the Capuans have shady walks in their neighbourhood again, for all their trees were felled by the general commanding, when the place was first threatened, and converted into stockades, and other military defences.

Before we passed through the gate, I looked everywhere outside the walls to see whether there were many marks of the bombardment, but I did not find any serious damage done. A few shells had burst against the curtains of the bastions here and there, and now and then a round shot had knocked an embrasure about a little, but there was nothing approximating to a breach.

Inside the town, still less injury had been inflicted, and except from visiting the Cathedral, to which my Piedmontese friend's battery had been

paying such particular attention, it would never occur to you that there had been a bombardment at all. To this day, nobody has been able to make out why the place surrendered, unless the troops were disaffected. Disease in the garrison, though prevalent to a large extent, was alone not sufficient cause, when there remained at least 6,000 or 7,000 effective men and ample stores of every kind. One story is that the officers only wanted a pretext, such as bombardment, to get out of what they thought an awkward fix, and that a shot or two was quite enough. That does not seem likely, nevertheless, because they would then have entered Victor Emmanuel's army afterwards, when the offer was made of taking them.

The best version of the cause of the capitulation, however, is this. The Bishop, it is said, was in the Cathedral celebrating some service or other for the protection of Francis, when a shell suddenly walked through the roof and exploded at the base of the high altar steps. The sudden interruption making Monseigneur deem it advisable abruptly to conclude his prayers, he set off down the nave to get out of the building, and before he had gone very far a second visitor hopped into a chapel adjoining, and completely obliterated every trace of furniture, altar, or ornaments, covering the poor Bishop with dust; whereupon, taking it for granted he was not going fast enough, he increased his pace to a run, and rushed into the sacristy. The shells, however,

had apparently a special antipathy for bishops, for the instant he opened the door, one was waiting for him inside, which in bursting very nearly killed him. And now, with delicacy let us say it, his presence of mind quite departed, and his dignity of Capua started at a gallop for his own palace, a fourth bomb actually following him into the hall of his own house to say adieu. Soon after, the General had a breathless purple-stocking-ed ecclesiastic imploring him to surrender; the Cathedral, he told him, was blown to smithereens, and unless a capitulation were instantly treated for, to-morrow's sun would rise upon a waste strewed with ruins and human bones, where Capua once had flourished. I went into the Cathedral, and, as far as the fact of four shells having damaged the interior, I can vouch for the truth of the above story.

Unless accustomed to seeing the effect of war-like missiles, one would hardly believe how much destruction a single bomb causes by exploding in a confined space. The chapel referred to had been in an instant emptied altogether of everything. I could not find a piece of a chair more than a few inches long; even the wainscot-ing of the walls was torn to shreds. Oddly enough, a picture over the altar had not received a scratch, so when I go to Capua again I shall fully expect to hear there are half a dozen witnesses ready to swear they saw the Madonna protecting it. The

more ignorant Italians construe the text that not a sparrow can fall without the Almighty's will to mean, nothing in the world occurs without the interposition of Saints in the matter. If you look at the churches crowded with *ex voto* offerings, you will find that three-quarters of them represent escape from most trivial accidents, and all openly refer their good luck to some kind of special agency by angels or other celestial beings. As long as the Italians are encouraged in attributing every common event in daily life to a visitation from the Supreme Being, and in considering it in no way dependent on their own carelessness, it is hopeless to expect them to become industrious and energetic. What Englishman even would persevere in any work whatever if he had an idea he was constantly being thrust into danger by one spirit, and pulled out of it by another?

The official despatch issued at Naples stated the besiegers became possessors, by the capitulation, of 20,000 muskets, 10,000 swords, and 600 horses and mules; the prisoners of war amounting to nearly 11,000 men. The day after the garrison marched out, horses sold for a mere nothing, and short swords only fetched 8d. a piece. The Neapolitan shop-keepers will eventually make a good thing of their purchases, as there is no chance of the demand for arms ceasing yet a while.

The next morning we continued our journey towards Gaëta, and this time we were able to go

by the high road, instead of following the water-courses from village to village, viâ Calvi, as we were compelled before.

The sun till three o'clock was as hot as it is at Midsummer in England, and the sky cloudless to the very horizon.

If I were only to take one thing for a journey to the South it would be a strong white umbrella, or rather I would buy an Italian one when I arrived. In Naples they manufacture them quite well enough for a quarter of the English price, and made double, with green inside and white outside. When the heat is very great it will be found a good plan to dip it into a pool of water now and then, the wet makes the threads swell and yield a denser shade, besides freshening up the air round your head a little. As well as the advantages of shelter from sun and rain an umbrella affords, another great one is that of it giving you a cover to keep the draft off that blows on to your back towards a bivouack fire; for fully half the discomfort of a night in the open air is the stiff neck that comes from a want of proper protection against the wind behind you.

One of my companions caused me a great deal of amusement all this day by an exhibition of classical erudition on one particular topic. He had met me accidentally in Pompeii, and hearing I was going to Gaëta asked permission to accompany me; I knew he did not understand a word of Italian,

and consequently promised to be rather a bore, yet I had not heart to refuse him. The object of his journey, he soon told us, was to see as much as possible of the Appian Way, previously to giving some lectures in Liverpool on ancient topography. Now, since the entire modern road from Capua Moderna to Mola di Gaëta closely follows the route of the Roman one in question from Capua Antica to Formiæ, our friend had dropped upon a grand field for exploration, and he began his investigations long before we were out of the fortress, where we passed the night. A grey stone rather larger than usual, a bit of dusty-looking wall, and sometimes very modern work indeed, were all put down by him as vestiges connected with the ancients directly or indirectly, and notes immediately made for the Liverpool audience. Who under such temptation could have resisted practising a few jokes? We, I admit, did not; and at last one of my companions succeeded in getting a whole market-place, fountains and all, in one of the villages we passed through, booked as the finest remaining specimen. Moreover, our would-be lecturer added fuel to the fire of our hilarity by employing a deliciously gentle aspirate to Appia, softening the asperity of the harsh Latin into such melody-flowing Happia, that the Censor Appius Claudius himself, had he heard it, would certainly have taken out letters patent for change of prænomen. How delightful the unconsciousness of these children of the aspirate inva-

riably is! but I could not help telling Signor Via Happia—so the others called him—in a confidential chat one morning, how St Augustine used to say he sooner would be accused of the greatest crime than of dropping the letter *h* in *homo;* however my friend did not, by inversion, take the point in the story home at all.

We lingered a little on the banks of the Garigliano, going over the scene of the recent battle. The Neapolitans had every advantage of position, and, if they had fought tolerably, ought to have kept the Sardinians in check a long time. Not only had four thousand men been encamped there for many days, but they had erected earth-works, and had their guns ready mounted to fire on the advancing enemy; yet they let the Piedmontese force the passage across the large river in the very teeth of their batteries. Some English officers, who were spectators of the action, told me the Bourbon troops were in such a hurry to be gone that they never waited to be pursued, but retreated as fast as their legs would carry them till within range of the protecting artillery of Gaëta. Admiral Persano fired at them a little during their flight, and probably would have almost annihilated them had it not been for the interference of the French fleet. Whenever I asked a Piedmontese officer how the Neapolitans behaved there and elsewhere, I always received the same reply, "*male! male!*"—with a significant shrug of pity.

Close to the deserted trenches, the ruined fragments of Roman brickwork—"a jumbled heap of murky buildings"—still stood, defying the nineteen centuries' decay since Minturnæ called them hers. It was but the other day that the cannon's thunderbolt, shivering all around, yet spared these relics of the past, as if the stately shade of Marius, still preserving a fondness for his old asylum, had warned off the balls as he did his executioner.

To any one who has only travelled in Italy during the summer months, when "the shrill cicalas, people of the pine," never for a moment stay their "ceaseless song," December will present a silence as noticeable as the utter stillness that prevails in the Alpine regions of eternal snow.

Italy hardly seems Italy without the perpetual chirping. There are two kinds of cicalas, one that sings from sunrise to sunset, and another that continues the melody during the night; the day watchmen are much the louder of the two. It is quite an acquired taste loving their music, and I cannot help thinking most amateurs of cicala cries say they like them merely because Byron set the fashion in this respect. If it were the same thing as the note of an English cricket or grasshopper I could sympathise more, but it is a much deeper, hoarser sound, grating to the ears and irritating to the mind, as well as twice as powerful. The insects sit in the trees and vines, each one taking an entire tree to himself, and try as you

may, you will find it impossible to get a sight of them; they see a great deal better than you do, and are silent directly you approach. I have passed many a leisure hour in endeavouring to circumvent a cicala by stalking him like a deer, and always gave the sport up in despair.

In other matters, in winter, Italy loses less than almost any other country. From the scarcity of foliage and prevalence of bare mountain-peaks, the general aspect of the scenery is hardly altered. The vines shed their leaves, but they are too small and low to affect a landscape materially, and wherever there are olives and oranges, their evergreen thickets remain unchanged. Again, no words can convey an idea of the advantages of being without dust and a perpetually broiling sun—the accompaniments of summer; the absence of these is alone an equivalent for any sacrifices.

We drove slowly from the Garigliano, stopping however occasionally where a trace of the armies appeared; but except at the bridge of boats over the river we scarcely met a single soldier. There were plenty of broken trees, and almost the entire country was covered with patches of straw, marking the sites of tents, but beyond these nothing denoted that forty or fifty thousand men had been keeping up a running fight the whole distance.

Darkness had set in before we reached Mola di

Gaëta, and a most royal salute greeted us from the beleaguered Gaëta proper as we arrived. Mola was now, we found, the head-quarters of the Sardinian army, and therefore lodgings were not easily to be obtained; in fact, we were seriously contemplating another night in the carriage, when luckily we discovered a *locanda* where they could receive us.

Later in the evening I tried to stroll about a little, but the crowd of mules and baggage-waggons blocked up the streets too densely for walking. On getting back to my wretched inn I asked for some tea, not in the least expecting to find it; when in ten minutes, to my astonishment, it was brought me, though with it came a saucepan instead of a teapot. I then tried to explain that a teapot was generally considered a better vessel for treating the leaves, but just as I fancied my hostess had grasped the idea, she burst out with "Yes! yes! I understand, you want a flat vase with a beak like a bird," thus hopelessly removing every prospect of extracting the beverage that evening by a more legitimate means than stewing.

The guns fired all night, and I half anticipated a shot would be whizzing into my bed-room before morning. Musquitoes and cannon together are sad enemies to the wearied traveller's repose.

The old landlady here told us, in agreeing

to let us have the beds, that she hoped we meant to be honest, for the last English she had stole all the wool out of the mattresses. Somebody took it, no doubt, for there certainly was none in them then.

CHAPTER XV.

GAËTA.

An extravagant notion.—Substitute for blacking.—Sardinian religion. — Position of besiegers. — First visit to Cialdini's camp.—"A piece of heaven."—An obstinate sentry.—Description of Gaëta.—Rencontre with Cialdini.—Vessels off the fortress. — Discomforts. — Spirit of Sardinian army. — The "Express" commits manslaughter.

The next morning—and, owing to the vermin as well as our sleeping in our clothes, a long time it was coming—the extravagant notion came into my head of getting my boots cleaned. Probably my reader asks, why did I want so wholly unnecessary a luxury? I will tell him. When I went out the night before, I accidentally wandered in the dark into a heap of mud that covered me up to my ankles, and which had dried on since in the fashion of scale armour. Mola moreover, it must be remembered, is a place of 8000 inhabitants, and therefore blacking might possibly be kept by some enterprising shopkeeper without his having a claim to possess the eighth wonder of the world. The stable-boy, who combined in his own person waiter and

femme-de-chambre, at any rate did not look in the least dumbfounded at my request, and told me that though they had none at the moment in the house he would fetch some immediately. Accordingly he went to market, and I sat down to wait. In about five minutes, a vigorous brushing underneath announced the blacking had begun. Ten minutes, fifteen minutes passed away; and, the brushing giving no signs of diminishing in fury, I thought it would be but prudent to ascertain the boots were not being scrubbed in two, when, behold! on going down-stairs, there stood this light of Gaëta, industriously trying to put on a polish with dry gunpowder. Explanations ensued, and he declared I had told him it was the best thing for the purpose. Henceforth, my boots will be brushed no more in the Locanda di —— at Mola!

Several Piedmontese officers camped in another room in the same house, and we soon became quite intimate. A community of hunger breaks down the conventionalities of civilized life; half-a-dozen people eating out of the same pile of chops would find it difficult to avoid acquaintance. During our stay the officers used to give us the daily gossip of the army, in addition to their own, and weave plans for the unity of Italy that certainly would have made Count Cavour's hair stand on end.

It is commonly reported the Sardinians are children of Mother Church, but, now I know them pretty well, I am of opinion it must be the invisible

church to which they belong. You might search the Italian army through without finding an officer who was not in favour of shipping the Pope to Jerusalem. Not that they dislike his Holiness particularly, but on the principle that two cocks cannot crow on the same dunghill, they prefer Victor Emmanuel being the one to stay. Just as the French are excellent Catholics as long as the Pontiff leaves them alone, but are brimful of Gallicism directly there is a sign of interference, so the Piedmontese are most obedient to their spiritual superiors whilst they mind their own business and let them mind theirs.

Before saying anything of my visits to their camp, I will state briefly how the different forces of the Sardinians occupied the neighbourhood. General Cialdini had his head-quarters in the palace on the edge of the sea, which Bomba built on the site of Cicero's Formian villa; and his staff occupied the two hotels so well known to all the troop of travellers flocking in the spring from Rome to Naples. About ten minutes' walk along the Garigliano road brought you to the cavalry division, during the siege without employment, and therefore placed thus out of the way. Proceeding in the opposite direction, towards Gaëta, you traversed a couple of miles without encountering more than, from time to time, a handful of men in the larger houses; more as road-guards than with any view to the siege; and only at the entrance of the vil-

lage called Borgo di Gaëta, a group of cottages, forming a suburb to the fortress, you first fall in with the out-posts of the army itself. A line drawn from the point where Borgo di Gaëta touches the sea, two miles in a westerly direction, enclosing an oval space of ground a mile in diameter from N. to S., would exactly have included the positions of the besiegers. The north-western extremity of the camp was on a hill, perhaps 600 to 800 feet in height, directly facing the land defences of the enemy, and on the summit and slopes of this mountain, completely overlooking Gaëta, Cialdini's batteries were being constructed. About 20,000 men of all branches of the service, except cavalry, formed the attacking force, and report said the Borbonici numbered about 10,000 effectives. Mola di Gaëta, though four miles by road from Gaëta, is not more than two miles and a half by sea; consequently cannon, at a less elevation than forty-three degrees, which gives the greatest range, could easily have thrown their missiles across; and why this was not done, unless there was a scarcity of powder, it is difficult to guess.

On the first morning when we visited the camp, General Cialdini was not to be found at his quarters to give us a *permesso*, and we therefore set off towards the Sardinian lines with nothing but our ingenuity to help us through the advanced posts. It so happened that some English naval officers had landed the same day, bent upon a similar excursion,

and meeting us by chance they joined our party. We received them willingly, for it occurred to us their uniforms might be usefully displayed as an advertisement of our respectability. A choice of routes lay open to us; we might have followed the *chaussée*, towards Fondi, and then branched off to the left to Borgo; or we could have descended from the high ground on which Mola is built and taken the road by the sea: we chose the latter. An Italian poet, speaking of Naples, called it

"Un pezzo di cielo caduto in terra;"

but history does not tell us whether he had been to Gaëta. There are so many beautiful views in Italy that, if the Bay of Naples is a "piece of heaven," there must have been a convulsion in the celestial regions by which chips of Paradise became scattered upon earth, as astronomers presume the asteroids were spread within the solar system; and one of these fragments must be the Gulf of Gaëta. As the traveller passes along the shore, which sweeps in a graceful bend towards the fair white city, and sees how the mountains—vine-clad yet precipitous—plunge into the azure waters, while the orange with its gorgeous foliage shines against the sable lava, and rippling waves, like liquid diamond dust, break into a thousand spangles the reflection at his feet—he may dream that this is the embodiment of that ideal beauty which Rousseau craved and Petrarch sung.

The sands were quite deserted, and we were

not stopped by any one till we came to an old arch-way that formed an *octroi* barrier before the war. Now we had need of our good angel's aid.

"The general has given orders no one is to pass," the sentry said.

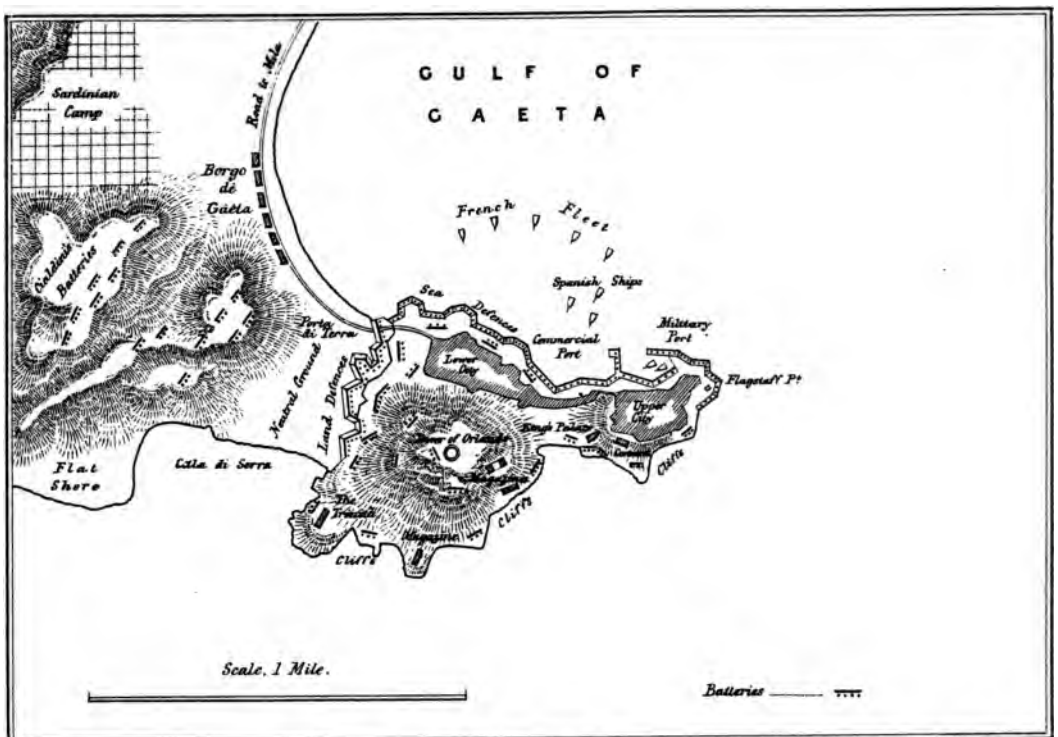
"But we are going to join the Commander-in-chief, and the English General Codrington."

"Wait," replied a subaltern who had just come up, "and I will ask the Major."

In a minute he returned to tell us we might go, and we did not stay for him to repeat it, lest Cialdini, whom we had seen ride by an hour before, should come up and disclaim all knowledge of his friends.

Another half-hour took us to the front, quite near enough for non-combatants. The distance to the enemy's first range of guns might have been perhaps 1000 or 800 yards, or even less, for it is difficult to measure accurately by the unaided eye. Where we stood we looked straight across the neutral ground between the besiegers and besieged, with the sea to the right and left of us.

Gaëta much resembles Gibraltar in regard to situation, being connected with the main land by a narrow strip of sand. The principal works are a triple line of ditches and ramparts, one over the other, on the slope joining the base of headland to the isthmus; and a continuous row of stone forts along the sea-facing Mola. The space



A.S.B. fec.

Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

MAP OF GAETA.

London. Published. by Geo: Manwaring, 8, King William Street, Charing Cross, W.C. 15th June, 1861.

inside the line of fortification is very small. A conical hill, 400 or 500 feet high, surmounted by a Roman tomb, called the Torre d'Orlando, rises, somewhat abruptly, within the earthworks, and the town of Gaëta, huddled together at the bottom of its southern side, can hardly accommodate 3000 inhabitants. The garrison lives in barracks, mostly bomb-proof, immediately behind the batteries. On the hill itself there are few guns: here and there one or two small redoubts have been constructed, but nearly all the cannon are mounted on the triple lines below. From Cialdini's position I could see over Orlando's tower, and consequently it completely commands the highest point in Gaëta.

The Sardinians were employed making roads to get their artillery up, and they told me fourteen miles was the very least distance they would have to accomplish. About 10,000 men had temporarily laid down the sword for the shovel.

All the time we were walking about at the front, the Neapolitans were firing round-shot and shell at a house on the highest point of the hill in the Sardinian camp, where I suppose they imagined officers would be pretty sure to be reconnoitring. Generally speaking, however, their practice was bad; the shells either dropped short, or went whizzing over our heads to explode in a valley behind. The shot that came nearest to me, at least fifty yards distant, crashed through the roof of a cottage, sending the tiles spinning, and leaving a

cloud of dust in the air, much as if the kitchen chimney had suddenly began to smoke very vigorously. Rifled cannon were mounted in many of the Sardinian batteries, but all seemed of small calibre. I was rather surprised at hearing none of the Piedmontese had rifles, except the Bersaglieri, especially as the greater portion of Garibaldi's ragged ruffians had them. The officers told me their men could not hit anything beyond a hundred yards with any certainty, and consequently whenever they went into action they charged with the bayonet sooner than they would have done had they been armed differently.

I found everybody violently prejudiced against the French for interfering. One officer declared he knew for a fact that some Frenchmen had landed from their fleet, and after seeing everything in the lines, gone the next day and reported it all in Gaëta. The Commander-in-chief himself was no exception in this respect, and made no mystery of his anti-Gallic aversion.

By a piece of bad luck, one of my party, who had separated a little way from us whilst we were sitting watching the fortress with glasses, fell in with Cialdini, who, turning his horse sharply round, asked him who he was, and who gave him leave to come into his camp. My friend, being so completely caught off his guard, bungled in his answer; whereupon the General gave him in

charge of some soldiers to be taken outside the lines forthwith. I believe if he had not trumpeted his nationality loudly he would have been locked up as well.

Cialdini has the reputation of being a very smart soldier, and he looks like it. He is a man about forty years old, with a Roman nose and dark piercing eyes; in fact, with a good deal of the eagle in his countenance, evidently not the kind of commander who does not say plainly what he means. Several of my acquaintances went to ask him for a pass whilst I was at Mola, and they all returned disconsolate, with a high opinion of the brusqueness with which they were despatched, with a flat refusal, in a couple of minutes.

In former days, as recently as 1859, when strangers came within view of the Bay of Gaëta, they found a few fishing-boats, or a stray steamer at most, to break the monotony of the unruffled sea, and they longed for a white-sailed ship to form a contrast against the deep blue surface, till at last they made old Neptune so cross with their grumblings that he sent them, in 1860, so many vessels that they could hardly anchor without fouling. Just off the lighthouse, five men-of-war seem keeping guard; they are Louis Napoleon's protecting fleet, the material evidence of his neutrality. Those other two, crouching as it were beneath the Bourbon batteries, apparently half ashamed to show themselves, are Spanish cruisers, waiting to take Bom-

bino when it pleases him to go; and the men on board complain they have to dawdle doing nothing, whilst the King is making up his mind to start.

A little way beyond, blocking up the tiny harbour, a huge hulk is moored, dismasted and dismantled; that is the solitary specimen of the whole Neapolitan navy Francis has been able to retain, and to this there is no longer any crew. A few English and Italian ships lie farther out, whilst everywhere between all these, smaller craft flit about, and, with their masts, form a sort of underwood beneath the more majestic timber.

Another word or two, and I have described as much as I need record of Gaëta, for camp-life, if exciting, has, after all, a certain monotony uninteresting at second-hand to others. During the remaining days I passed here, I visited different outposts, or climbed fresh hills to get other views of the scenes I had exhausted elsewhere. In looking from time to time at the picturesque little promontory, jutting into the sea with its cluster of gleaming houses, I could not help thinking the place seemed made to be bombarded. What would not be the effect of a single shell in such a crowded village?—and I was wicked enough to wish the besiegers would begin. The King's palace (only a large square house with green shutters) stood so conspicuously on a ridge against the sky, that I longed for my friend who fired so well at Capua, that he might try a shot at it, for if I could have

seen the last of the Bourbons buried beneath the ruins of his castle, I should have gone away happy.

Of the two camps—Garibaldi's and Cialdini's—the former was by far the more interesting; the want of discipline in the one contributed much amusement; whereas in the other the very completeness of the military organisation tended to destroy everything unusual, and the absence of confusion diminished the fun. Besides, before Capua, I found it more comfortable — which is saying something in its favour — for almost anything is better than a low *locanda;* you are better off in your carriage, up a tree, or on the ground, since in any of these at least you are not diet for remorseless vermin. Moreover, it became a bother having regularly to get a pass; as often as not the General was out, and then you were subjected to the annoyances of having to creep through the lines by any mountain by-path where there was no guard. It could hardly be termed walking between Mola and the Sardinian camp; it was literally wading, the Neapolitan roads are never good, and the constant passage of artillery had now reduced them to a quagmire.

Whoever should happen to go amongst the Italian army can hardly fail to leave without being impressed strongly that under good generalship it is capable of great things. Talk to the men, and you find they almost worship their officers; talk to the

officers, and you discover a reciprocal feeling of perfect confidence in the men; the entire army, from the General downwards, works heartily together. In addition to this, the troops themselves are as fine a body as you could select in Europe. There appeared to be none of those beardless boys so common in Continental armies; all are strong, fully grown veterans, thorough soldiers. The Neapolitans, cowardly by nature,—dispirited by defeat, and with a hard cause to boot,—do not stand a chance against the legions of the King of Italy. Double pay and a false statement of facts may keep a few regiments a short time longer under the flag of Francis, but it cannot last, and the white cross of Savoy, if other powers abstain from intervention, will most assuredly float over the entire peninsula.

We delayed our departure from day to day, hoping some more general bombardment than the desultory firing daily indulged in would take place, and we only left when we found out for certain that Cialdini had no intention of commencing till many more earthworks had been constructed.

In returning to Naples by the railway the train went so fast that it was a subject of mutual congratulation in our mouths, when—evil omen—we came to a halt a little distance from our destination. We waited till patience could endure no more, and then turned out to see what had hap-

pened. This time we had killed a man, and his body, severed in two, was lying across the rails. The train stopped possibly for a surgeon to pronounce him dead, but being entirely satisfied on that head myself, I walked on to Naples.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SOUTHERN ITALIANS.

Causes of Italian ignorance.—Stupidity of monks.—Stupidity of nuns.—Ridiculous laws.—Roads and railways.—Neapolitan procrastination.—A tunnel at a wrong angle.—Pompeii.—"Esposito" and "Esposita."—The "Fratelli."—A Neapolitan court of justice: Case of assault.—The freedom of the press.—Official dishonesty.—The "Marinari."—"L'Italia una."

People constantly wonder how a nation naturally so clever as the Southern Italians could be so ignorant; yet it is not a matter for much astonishment if it be remembered that hitherto, for the middle classes, there have been but two paths in life to follow, the service of the State and the Church. Practically speaking, during the rule of Ferdinand, commerce was extinct in the Neapolitan dominions, the little trade carried on being entirely in the hands of foreigners; and law had become so identified with a subservient execution of despotic will that it was useless to study the enlightened principles it professed, because they

would never be applied. Between the Church therefore and a military or civil appointment under the Crown, the choice rested, and the temptation to adopt one or the other would be more or less strong to any one according to his means. An indolent Italian, of course, preferred the employment that gave him the least trouble to procure, and which remunerated him best when obtained. He knew very well, if he tried to fit himself for something higher, it would cost him infinite pains, and, if it did not lead to a prison, at least would to starvation; whereas, without going beyond his own village, he might, with comparative ease, be nominated to some post in the police or petty magistracy, and at once secure a fixed salary from the public revenue, with reasonable prospect of advancement. Hence it is long since there has been any inducement for enterprise or intelligence to strike out into a new field; and, as the soldier, the monk, and the state official had no interest beyond a quiet continuance of their condition, so ignorance flourished just in proportion as these three classes increased.

In the small kingdom of the Two Sicilies, with a population of eight millions, the number of ecclesiastics, at the time of the overthrow of the late government, was little short of a hundred thousand, and nearly one half this enormous total consisted of regular clergy shut up in convents, who neither worked nor taught. To show how intensely stupid

monks often are, let me mention that, during one of my excursions from Naples, I went to the celebrated abbey called the Trinità della Cava, in order to see the manuscript containing the verse of the three heavenly witnesses, and several members of the community to whom I applied in succession had never heard of it, though it was in their own library; and it was not till I spoke to the head librarian that I could meet with anybody who knew anything at all about it. Yet these were Benedictines, generally considered the most learned of all the monastic orders. At present, as there is no longer any question of any monks being learned at all, I am inclined to look on the common Capuchins as the least obnoxious. Though taken from the lowest among the peasants, and grossly ignorant, still they are seldom avaricious or reactionary, and sometimes do much good in giving away the produce of their beggings discriminately among the poor,—a corroboration of the fact of theirs being the only order popular among the Italians.

The nuns in the South are, as a whole, to be preferred to the monks, because their employment—making sweetmeats—though silly enough, is at least better than doing nothing. In a convent near Sorrento, some of the Poor Clares worked so hard manufacturing a kind of lollipop called "*Lasagna*," that at last the Bishop was obliged to limit the weekly brew to a specified quantity. In Sicily, the nuns may literally be termed wholesale confec-

tioners, for they supply half the shops in the towns. The Pope has a great many presents, in the course of the year, of boxes of sugar-plums made in different religious houses, which he distributes among his friends.

The late government, besides fostering the radical ignorance by encouraging the monastic orders, appeared studiously to court a spirit of discontent by a set of laws so foolish that were they not productive of much injustice they would be harmlessly ridiculous. Any one who dared to excavate deeper than to plant a cabbage, was liable to fine and imprisonment. The Count of Syracuse, the King's brother, once wished to examine some Roman remains near Cumæ, and though he offered to pay all the expense, and to present his discoveries to the Museum, permission was refused him. Another of the royal Counts, however, fared differently, when he took it into his head to cut off the supply of water to a village, and divert it to his own house. The government declined to entertain the complaint of the inhabitants. And to make the matter more anomalous, they punished a gentleman who had dared to convey a stream to his neighbours. Thus one man is fined for taking water to a village, and another is not for abstracting it.

There would be no roads at this present time had there not been a Frenchman once upon the throne. Nearly all the passable routes were con-

structed by Murat or his predecessor; and when the Bourbons were reinstated, improvement ceased. Even now there is no means of communication between Naples and Gaëta without making nearly a day's journey out of the direct line. Francis latterly has been drinking deeply of the cup of repentance about roads and railways. The revolution conducted by Garibaldi could hardly have succeeded if the royal troops had been able to avail themselves of more than a single road between the important positions they wished to hold; and the absence of the Roman railway prevented the stores of Capua being saved, while it conduced to Cialdini's victories. This railroad was all but constructed a year or two ago, but when the King was asked to consent to the last remaining gaps being filled in, and the undertaking completed, he stopped the works altogether, saying he did not see any occasion for the line at all; ever since which time weeds have been growing as they listed on the nearly completed embankments.

When the railway to Salerno was in progress, a good story circulated about the engineering ability displayed by the government surveyor. A little before entering the town, a tunnel had to be made through a mountain; accordingly they bored away till the whole was accomplished, and they had come out on the opposite side, when, to their intense disgust, they found they had mistaken the angle, and had emerged on the top of a cliff overlooking

Salerno with a famous bird's-eye view, whence, however, it was quite impossible ever to get any train down below. An English engineer was then summoned, who successfully reconstructed the tunnel in the proper direction.

While talking of Neapolitan bungling, I remember Pompeii. There, in the last ten years, a few feet only have been uncovered, notwithstanding that the objects of art they would find would far more than pay the price of labour. The King, when urged by a foreign *savant* to push on the excavations a little faster, replied, that he thought it unfair to deprive his successors of a pleasure he from time to time enjoyed so much himself. In 112 years, about a quarter of the city only has been cleared. Such dog-in-the-manger obstinacy, that will neither dig nor let any one else dig, can only be found in a Bourbon.

At Castellammare there is a Foundling Hospital, conducted, in one sense, on much more liberal principles than any institution of the kind in England. A basket, turning on a pivot in a hole in the wall, is at any time inviting you to dispose of any children you may not care to keep. All you have to do is to put your baby in, ring a bell close by, and run away. The attendant inside, on arriving, twists the basket round, and from that time the child is cared for at the public expense. The boys all get the name of "*Esposito*," and the girls, "*Esposita*;" whenever, therefore, you meet

with either of these names,—and I have often known persons bearing them,—you need not ask too many questions about your friend's parentage. To me such a system seems simply holding out a premium for immorality and desertion.*

If the Italians think little of births, they make up for it by their attention to deaths. In the provinces, every one, rich and poor, belongs to a club, the members of which are named "*Fratelli.*" To be enrolled, you pay a certain sum of money down, or in instalments afterwards, and for it you are entitled to be accompanied by a procession of the brothers when you die, and to be carried in the club state bier through the streets. In Calabria, one may at any unexpected moment encounter a corpse paraded in the open air, dressed in a white frilled shroud ornamented with flowers: if the face is not too horrible it will be staring up at the sunlight, otherwise it will have a gauze veil drawn over it. Behind will follow the "*Fratelli*" of the deceased, clad in blue and white robes, enveloping their heads so that only the eyes are visible, with ropes round their waists, and chanting a dismal dirge. As you pass, you will say to yourself, "What a fine funeral!" Follow them to the church, however, if you would see all. See the body pulled from its grand coffin, stripped and tossed into the pit, where a hundred festering car-

* The average of illegitimate births in the Two Sicilies is about one in five. In England, I think it is one in fourteen.

cases already lie, and then you will learn it was, after all, but the jackdaw in borrowed plumage. The society keeps its own priest, its own chapel, and sacristy. The annual revenue goes to pay the parson's stipend, with so much extra for masses for the dead, and to keep the gilded bier in order, and pay the incidental expenses. A very rich brother lies in state in his own house, when the rest make a point of attending, and are treated to a substantial lunch out of the defunct *fratello's* money. I should say the greatest sensation anybody could cause would be that arising from his having a private funeral, such things being quite unknown. So dearly does a provincial Italian prize display, that I really believe the happiest moment of his life is when, in dying, he recollects he will soon be in undisputed possession of the grand sarcophagus he has admired so much.

The time Italy will require to adopt the same laws and customs will be very different to the period which, in all likelihood, Count Cavour will take to unite her in one kingdom. In Piedmont, in a court of justice, you might fancy yourself hearing an argument before the judges *in banco*, at London, so staid and sober is the whole proceeding, and at last, when judgment is pronounced, the breathless silence tells you the audience have that respect for the *genius loci* we English understand so well. A trial in the Neapolitan dominion, on the contrary, considerably resembles a Christmas

pantomime. I heard the case of a man who had beaten his mother vindictively with—a kitchen chair, the woman's head, a gangrenous lump of contused wounds, being exhibited in court; and though I went at ten and staid till four, the wrangling on both sides, often simultaneous, had not exhausted either evidence or ability, and the cause was adjourned. The verdict afterwards—I mean the opinion of the judge, was "Guilty," and the sentence a fortnight's banishment to the neighbouring province. Most likely, when the prisoner returned after his pleasant little excursion, he smashed another article of down-stairs furniture.

One of the greatest of the many blessings Garibaldi conferred upon the southern portion of the Peninsula, the freedom of the press, has as yet hardly had time to develope itself. If the present Neapolitan journals are violent, and often advocate views that would be dangerous to the bonds that hold society together, they are at any rate better than the one sickly official Gazette in Bomba's time, stuffed with loathsome adulation of its "adored and pious Sovereign." Out of the present mass of free thought, the public will, ere long, be able to sift the chaff from the wheat, and the universal contempt the inferior papers will obtain will be quite enough to terminate their existence without *avertissement* or state prosecutions. The ex-government, determined that no knowledge should be disseminated whilst it held the reins of power, put

a tax of 6*d.* on every foreign journal entering the country.

I am afraid the principal obstacle to overcome with the Neapolitans will be not so much the making them sensible as honest. After such a long period of misgovernment, the iron of corruption has entered into the soul of every individual. At the post-office, if you paid a letter, the money was retained, and the letter sent unpaid; and when stamps were introduced to check this shameful practice, the *employés* contrived to get many off to sell again. Nor was it any better at the Custom House; there the government knew its servants were cheats, and paid them in proportion, namely, hardly anything; the officials in return considering themselves thereby privileged to take every feasible advantage of the State. Ships used to come in and actually land the entire cargo without paying one sixpence duty. The captain had been on shore the first thing, and a sum agreed to be paid the *douaniers* cleared everything on board.

In the district in or around Naples, one class alone can be trusted—the "*Marinari*" of the Piano di Sorrento. As the Bedouins of the desert—in other respects savage and barbarous, thieves and murderers—yet keep their plighted word, so these boatmen of that particular place, though they would cut your throat without a scruple, act with entire good faith. To be sure they have a greater inter-

est in being honest than the contrary, as they live on the fourpences given them by the inhabitants of Sorrento for each commission they correctly execute on their behalf in Naples, nevertheless the same pay would not ensure much honesty in any other quarter. I have frequently sent a common *Marinaro* to my banker for £30, and he has returned with the money correct to the last farthing. To this oasis of virtue shining brightly in the arid waste of vice, we must look to build our hopes that the day may yet arrive when the Bay of Naples will be inhabited by a people worthy of a soil so beautiful.

There are many who say the Italian's passionate cry "L'Italia una" must always remain a dream, —yet why should that be? During the last year, we have seen Italy rise from the tomb, and her sons' deeds of arms gain universal applause. It never was written in the book of fate that the oppressor's power should be eternal, and we ought rather to turn to other countries that have thrown off the yoke of bondage, and read how they conquered. If Victor Emmanuel's government be unpopular, which one would be less so? A French Napoleon nominee could hardly gather sufficient courtiers to stand around his throne; and the ex-king is so entirely out of the question, that he had better make a merit of necessity, and say with Sardanapalus, "I wish I could lay down the dull tiara, and wear no crowns but those of flowers."

A few want a Republic, but as many could be mustered to vote for any extravagant system that history has ever recorded. There is now, throughout the length and breadth of the land, but one party deserving of the name; here and there an eccentric or interested individual may occasionally long for the good old Bourbon times, but the mass of the people, as the ballot proved, were a hundred to one against the tyrant's return. I cannot, indeed, express too strongly my conviction that there is literally no one in favour of Francis. If a reactionary feeling exists anywhere, it does among the higher ecclesiastics, who would gain immensely by a restoration; but even among these there are defaulters, since the Bishop of Ariano performed a service before Victor Emmanuel, in San Lorenzo, the day after his Majesty arrived at Naples.

CHAPTER XVII.

ST JANUARIUS.

Superstitions. — Miracles. — Church of Santa Chiara. — Grand procession.—The reliquary.—The liquefaction.—The miracle repeated. — Historical facts. — Miracle days. — The melting point.—No deception.—Public opinion.

AMONGST the most deeply-rooted superstitions of the Neapolitans, excepting religious ones, are those connected with insects. As far as I can discover, they seem to think every insect bites or stings, and they believe in all the nonsense about tarantulas, centipedes, and scorpions, as much now as they did a hundred years ago. I have caught many a tarantula, and never found any more offensive inclinations in it than that of trying to run away. It is true the tarantula has a poison gland in its mandibles, in common I believe with all spiders, and, owing to its being the largest of the European species, its bite would perhaps be the worst; but that there is the slightest danger to be apprehended from it I never heard any reliable evidence. In some parts of the country, the inhabitants say you dance to death after being bitten, in others that you run about like a mad dog, tear-

ing every one you meet, and howling as a wolf. Another absurdity finding universal credence among the poor is, that the common black salamander creeps into your bed at night and sucks your blood, by which it acquires a power of resisting fire.

The faith placed by all classes in the general efficacy of bleeding does not so much surprise anyone who recollects it is not long since we were under the same delusion in England, and that the Neapolitan doctors still advocate it. Women when *enceinte*, think it necessary to be bled three times from the back of the left hand; consequently if you want to know how many children a lady has had, you have only to count the little white scars and divide the number by three.

The worst superstitions of all, however, are those the swarm of monks, nuns, and priests do so much to encourage. Without reckoning occasional and special miracles, there are at least a score of standing prodigies implicitly accepted as manifestations of divine interference with the laws of nature. At Naples, the blood of St Januarius liquefies miraculously no less than seventeen times per annum: St Pantaleone's blood, in the Cathedral of Ravello, not quite so often. At Pozzuoli, in the Capuchins' church, the slab of stone on which St. Januarius' head was chopped off, begets a miraculous dew upon its stains at the instant the liquefaction commences in the capital. In the tomb of St Nicholas, at Bari, a kind of juice, called manna,

said to heal all diseases, fills little earthen vessels on the Saint's birthday; and, as if one miracle of the kind was not enough, opposition mannas are distilled in the tombs of St Matthew the Evangelist at Salerno, and St Andrew at Amalfi. Another church on the same coast possesses a marble column, sanctified by the blood of some martyr, that sings.

I could mention many other miracles equally believed and equally credible, but it is hardly necessary that I should do so to prove the superstitious tendencies of a people, who only the other day gave oath of having seen St Alphonso de' Liguori in two places at once, and instantaneous cures performed by Bomba's Queen.

As it may, however, interest my reader to understand the *mise en scène* of a miracle in 1860, and also as the liquefaction of the blood of St Januarius is of world-wide renown and no account of it has been written by any near spectator,* I

* All the authors who have hitherto published anything concerning the liquefaction, either take it for granted that it is a cheat, or else accept it implicitly as a miracle, and it seems to have occurred to no one that it might be neither. Even in the pleasant article on Naples in "Vacation Tourists," Mr Clark, after admitting that he merely stood in the crowd and neither saw the solidity of the blood at first nor its liquefied condition afterwards, nevertheless, without assigning any reason, at once ascribes the change to "a little manual dexterity." He is also in error when he says "the secret is known only to the priests of San Gennaro and Mr R. Monckton Milnes," for the Cardinal Archbishop of Naples, at all events, must be acquainted with it, as he always holds the relics on the first day of the May festival; and how Mr Milnes should have "performed

purpose to devote the remainder of this chapter to a narrative of what happened on two several occasions when I was inside the altar railing, and within a few feet of the bottles, during the performance of that miracle; premising only that it was in the spring of the year, and during a visit I made to Naples expressly to be present at the spectacle, that what I am about to relate took place.

At 11 A. M. on the 5th May, I went to the church of Sta Chiara, to see the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St Januarius (in Italian S. Gennaro), the patron saint of Naples. By the help of an Italian friend representing to the nuns, to whom the edifice belongs, that I was a "forestiere Inglese," they very kindly escorted me through the line of soldiers, and placed me in a seat at the south-west corner of the altar rails, whence I commanded a complete view of the body of the church. A portion of the nave was open to the public, and was crammed with poor people; a

the miracle," when the blood is preserved under a double lock, and one key is kept by the Syndic and the other by the Cardinal, I cannot conceive, unless he bribed them both. This vague kind of statement, unsupported by a tittle of evidence, I consider extremely unfair; and, moreover, if believers in the liquefaction are to be converted, they will require stronger proof than the bare assertion it is a deception. I have purposely sacrificed dramatic effect in my account, and entered into details at the risk of being thought prosy, that my reader may not accuse me of committing the very fault of which I have just complained, that of generalising on a subject requiring circumstantial minuteness.

broad passage from the great west door being kept clear by infantry as far as the altar. A gallery near me contained a numerous band; and behind the gilded lattice-work of others, on either side, I could distinguish groups of Poor Clares peeping at the scene beneath.

I waited till nearly one o'clock, without anything happening but an inaudible mass, and an occasional performance on the instruments above; at last, just as the hour struck, a military band, playing a march with all its might, upon rather cracked-sounding trumpets, entered the church at the head of a procession. Behind the musicians came soldiers, crowds of priests, choristers, and acolytes, bearing mystical banners and ornaments; the rear being brought up by a silver bust, the size of life, of St Januarius himself, wearing a brilliantly-jewelled mitre. The image being brought to the foot of the altar, flowers out of fanciful baskets were thrown over it by a score of wrinkled hags—supposititious relatives of the Saint, and it was placed on the opposite side of the altar; whilst a number of birds were let loose in the church by girls in white, and a reserve of old beldames screamed out congratulatory sentences, or prayers to the Saint, for some minutes, in the most discordant tone. Then a canon of the Cathedral, who was present on purpose, came from the chair of state, where

he had been sitting, and formally welcoming the bust in the name of the great ecclesiastical dignitaries, ordered it to be carried up the steps and placed on a stand specially prepared, amidst blazing tapers, at the northern corner of the altar. The altar itself was of course loaded with candles and flowers in the manner usual in the South when there is a festival,—indeed, it would have been difficult to have found standing-room for more,—and, throughout the body of the church, countless lights in clusters helped to make the *coup d'œil* regal in magnificence. Here the morning ceremonial ended, and every one left on St Januarius being comfortably settled; for his miraculous blood does not arrive at the church till later.

At six in the evening I returned, the procession with the sacred relics having just reached the porch as I took my seat. Again the same display of flags and ornaments, soldiers, *lazzaroni*, and corpulent monks took place. But a novelty soon presented itself in the appearance of forty-five other silver busts of saints—friends of St Januarius—who, after being taken in front of the high altar, to make their salaams to the Cardinal Archbishop of Naples (now present), were carried round the church to be abused by the old women, pelted with flowers by the girls, and inspected by the general company. Some persons wept at this junc-

ture, but, instead of religious fervour, the only idea predominant in my mind was, that a little plate powder judiciously applied would have added materially to the brightness of these celestial countenances. Every saint was attended by his separate household of priests and servants, in many-coloured garments, and well lighted up; each being also entitled to have one flight of sparrows liberated while making the grand tour.

It was an extraordinary spectacle to see the busts promenading round the church; seven or eight could be seen coming, and as many going away at the same moment. All were different, except in so far as most of them wore jewelled mitres; and you might know a favourite by his being welcomed with violent gesticulations and screams from S. Gennaro's relations. I found it difficult to divest myself of the idea that the images had legs and were walking; for their being carried palanquin fashion on poles resting on men's shoulders imparted a swaying motion, and the crowd prevented one from seeing below the chest.

At last, under a grand canopy, when the busts had made their exit, came the miraculous blood, contained in two vials, placed in a reliquary, suspended in the middle of an elaborate gold monstrance, such as Catholics use for the host, only larger.

The reliquary containing the bottles consists of

two circular panes of glass, of about five inches diameter, united by a rim of gold, so that they approach one another within an inch and a half or three-quarters. A short tube, projecting from the bottom, serves for a handle; and on the top there is an ornamental gold crown and cross.

The vials are between the glass. One is nearly round,—very much like the small flat scent-bottles ladies use,—and three-quarters full; the other resembles a roughly-made narrow two-ounce bottle, and it only contains a few dried stains on the sides. Both appear hermetically sealed, and rest on a bit of some soft substance resembling a morsel of tow or a coil of fine twine, but so discoloured by age and so dusty and dirty that I cannot exactly say what it was. A piece of catgut twisted round the top of each, and fastened above, prevents their clashing or moving, and others, I think, are fixed to them below, or else the bottles are themselves sealed to the substance on which they stand. The whole—both reliquary and vials—looks unmistakeably ancient; and the smaller bottle is the very counterpart of the rudely manufactured Roman glass still found in Pompeii.*

* It must be understood that though there are two bottles the

Just as the blood arrived at the foot of the high altar, I succeeded in clambering over the railing to the reserved space where the Cardinal Archbishop of Naples stood, surrounded by officers of the royal household, princes of the blood, and those who could either by favour, bribery, or any other means, manage to get there.

The gold *châsse*, in which the relics were hanging, was deposited on a table at the bottom of the steps, and presently the Cardinal advanced and placed it exactly in the middle of the altar. After allowing it to remain there a moment, whilst a few collects were recited, he took the reliquary containing the bottles of blood in his right hand, and moved to the epistle side, where he remained with his back to the people, apparently absorbed in prayer. A dead silence of a few minutes ensued, and then the first words of a litany for the fulfilment of the miracle reverberated through the stillness. The Archbishop held the blood before him, just above the top of the altar. Immediately around him were all the great people, but as most of them were below the highest step, I every now and then caught glimpses of the bottles. Perhaps three or four people intervened between the Cardi-

liquefaction only takes place in the larger one. The other, containing the few dried-up drops, they say was taken to Spain some centuries ago, where the greater portion of its contents was stolen, and the remainder so tampered with that it would never liquefy afterwards.

nal and me. The litany was gone through once, without anything happening; the immense multitude keeping profound silence except when repeating the responses. In the middle of the second litany, however, and precisely twenty minutes after the commencement of the first, there was all at once a general murmur amongst those at the altar, and when it ceased, the Cardinal, turning abruptly round, suddenly held up the blood — liquefied. Immediately, the whole assembly began to talk or pray aloud; the bands struck up a deafening hymn of triumph, and many knelt down and wept; whilst those nearest his Eminence had the relics offered them to kiss. After a short pause, the Cardinal, pressing the reliquary to his breast, with crossed hands and downcast eyes, went slowly through a door behind the altar, leading into the convent, to show it to the nuns of Sta Chiara. I waited till he returned, but he passed me and disappeared in the sacristy too quickly for me to see more than that he was still holding the bottles in the same position. So ended the first day's ceremonies connected with the liquefaction.

I ought, however, to have mentioned that, before the relics were removed from the gold monstrance, previous to commencing the litany, some one reversed the bottles several times, and I then distinctly noticed that the contents of one were *already* partially dissolved. A priest near me, on my expressing surprise, explained that the miracle

had, to a certain extent, taken place as the blood was being brought down the Cathedral steps, to be carried to the church of Sta Chiara.

I was extremely disappointed at the result of my day's labour, as, after all, I had not seen the actual process of melting take place, and had more than once lost sight of the bottles. Nevertheless, I believe I saw more than most visitors on this anniversary, for every one tells me it is always impossible on the first day of the liquefaction, at this time of year, to witness the miracle closely, the attendance of the Cardinal in state always drawing so many persons of high rank, to whom, of course, precedence is given. I do not think more than five or six persons altogether could have seen well; though what provoked me most was my being within two yards of the relics, and that then a few spectators beyond me should have obstructed my view.

On the 16th, not being satisfied at what I witnessed the previous day, I resolved to see the miracle again. At eight A. M. I was at the Cathedral, whither the bottles had been transported during the night (for they never sleep out!), and, after asking more than once, found out the liquefaction would come off again in the Capella del Tesoro, or chapel of St Januarius, so thither I accordingly went.

Though an hour before the time of the miracle, the chapel, which is as large as an ordinary English

church, was full. Seeing a man, in the Royal uniform, guarding the door of the altar-railing—no one being then inside—I applied to him to let me pass, but he said I must go to the sacristy and speak to "the Prince." To the sacristy I therefore betook myself, and asked the first grand-looking man I saw for the requisite permission; the answer I received was "wait." "The Prince," it seems, was one of the clergy, but what he was prince *of* I did not discover. After a delay of ten minutes, several people, "The Prince" among them, walked in a sort of procession towards the altar; and joining them I was admitted with them inside the enclosure of the altar. I suppose it was fancied I belonged to them, or had leave, as no one stopped me. There were now perhaps eight or ten persons within the railing, and of that number I obtained the very best place, facing the altar, at about six feet from it. On the gospel side was the silver bust which I saw at Sta Chiara, and which, like the blood, had been returned the night before. On examining it narrowly, I discovered that the silver head contained the Saint's real head, and that the mitre and massive golden cross, hanging from a collar of diamonds, were both studded with precious stones.

At ten minutes past nine A.M. the chapel, which would contain many hundreds, was so densely filled that one could have walked on the heads as on a wood pavement.

Immediately in front of the crowd were the same old women who made the screaming before, and inside the altar with me our party had increased to about twenty people. Five minutes later two ecclesiastics, one carrying the relics which they had just taken from an iron safe in the wall, and the other a lighted candle, accompanied by two gentlemen of the king's household, ranged themselves in front of the altar almost touching me.

Before commencing the service, the priest who held the bottles, a man of seventy at least, exhibited them to each person near him separately, turning them over more than once, both slowly and quickly before every one, and afterwards holding them up and reversing them conspicuously for the benefit of the congregation beyond: indeed, he seemed to take a pleasure in scrupulously showing us the blood closely, and everything he did; as much as to say, "At all events, you shall not leave with the impression any chicanery or concealment has been practised by *me*." The other priest held the candle so that the light shining on the blood might allow us to observe its perfect congealment.

The blood itself—or rather the liquid—was either an exact imitation of human venous blood, or actually so, and it was clotted in that curious congealed state which exposure to the air causes, and which is more properly termed gore, or "black blood," by the ancients. When the

candle was behind it, it was barely transparent, and there was no appearance of any tendency to liquefy, or any sign which gave me the slightest suspicion of deception.

After every one near had satisfied his curiosity, a third priest entered and commenced saying mass; whilst the aged priest, before mentioned, held the reliquary in his right hand by the handle, upright or nearly so, not more than three feet from me (no one intercepting my view), and occasionally turned the case upside down to see if the blood showed signs of melting. The first mass having finished, and neither it, nor the screams of the old women, nor the prayers of the crowd, having had any effect, the priest carrying the candle made a gesture for us all to kneel, and as we did so the second mass began. At half-past nine exactly, having never taken my eyes off the bottles or lost sight of them for a single moment, I saw the blood suddenly begin to dissolve next the glass, and the priest seeing it also, tilted the reliquary a little, when the congealed substance slipped partially round, so as to bring its surface level again,—just as an ice, melting in a glass, can be turned over and over when the exterior thaws. Observing how eagerly my eyes were rivetted on the reliquary, the old man held it out to me, and as he did so, at that instant, when quite close to me, the blood became in a second almost wholly liquid; only a small lump, the size of a filbert, remaining

undissolved, floating in the middle.* The Prince, who was kneeling next to me, waved a white handkerchief over his head, as a token the miracle was accomplished; which was responded to by groans and sobs, prayers, congratulations, and general confusion, lasting some minutes. The bottles were then shown, at least three or four times, to every one inside the altar; and the candle being placed behind the glass, the liquid was exposed to the view of the crowd. After our first astonishment had abated, the relics were presented in rotation, to be kissed by the favoured few of the Prince's retinue; the glass being pressed first on the forehead, then on the lips, and finally on the forehead again; the donor of the kiss of course kneeling. When those around me had finished their devotions, the priest allowed me to have a deliberate examination of the reliquary and its contents; but I could discern nothing more than I had already observed, and the lump in the blood was still unmelted. As we left our enclosure, to force our way out through the dense crowd struggling to reach the altar, the old women were just commencing their kissing; and I was amused at the tremendous salutes they gave, accompanied by a torrent of exclamations to the Saint.

Before entering on the question of the genuineness of the miracle, it seems to me that it would be

* It is remarkable that on both occasions the miracle occurred precisely in twenty minutes.

as well to state briefly a few historic facts concerning the Saint himself and his supposed blood.

St Januarius was beheaded, on the hill of Solfatara, near Pozzuoli, A. D. 299, or A. D. 305. During the reign of Constantine (A. D. 306 — 337) the body was removed to Naples, and there the blood, which a Roman lady is said to have collected, at the martyrdom, in the bottles we now see, and to have preserved ever since,—when shown to the bishop St Severus, first liquefied. In the ninth century, the body was deposited at Benevento, but no mention is made of the *liquefaction* after the fourth century till the eleventh, or from the eleventh to the fourteenth, when the Saint's remains were a third time exhumed, and transferred to the Abbey of Monte Vergine. Here one would imagine they would have been carefully preserved, but no, the monks, strangely enough, forgot all about them till 1480, when the removal of the high altar for repairs accidentally brought them to light again. In 1497, from which date only any really trustworthy record descends, all the relics then existing—for the bottles of blood, since the lady bequeathed them to St Severus, had become the property of the Church—were finally deposited in the Cathedral of Naples. At present, St Januarius is divided into three distinct portions. His blood is in the vials, and his head in the silver bust, both of which are preserved in the Cappella del Tesoro, built, in the sixteenth century, on purpose to re-

ceive them; whilst his body lies in a gorgeous tomb, under the high altar of the crypt beneath the choir. From 1497 to 1861, the liquefaction has gone on with the greatest regularity.

The miracle takes place annually seventeen times, as follows;

1. On the anniversary of the translation of the relics from Pozzuoli to Naples at the beginning of Constantine's reign, about A. D. 306-7, which the Church celebrates on the Saturday preceding the first Sunday in May.

2. On the 19th September, St Januarius's birthday and day of martyrdom (A. D. 299, or 305), which is considered the greatest of the festivals, and accordingly honoured by salutes from the Artillery at St Elmo.

3. On the Saint's "*Patrocinio*," or patronage day of Naples, the Sunday following the 16th of December.

In May and September the miracle is renewed daily during the octave; the blood re-congealing within a short time after the liquefaction, and being melted again with fresh prayers the following morning.

The December commemoration, when the miracle only occurs once, celebrates the Saint's having on the 16th of that month, A. D. 1631, averted by his relics an eruption of Vesuvius which threatened to destroy Naples. The liquefaction used to be accomplished on the 16th, but the Archbishop,

in 1834, postponed it to the following Sunday, on the ground that more of the poor would then be able to profit by it; an arrangement the blood appears to have accepted without any scruples, as it dissolved just as well on the new day as on the old one.

The first liquefaction in May takes place in the church of Sta Chiara (St Clare); the others, on all occasions whatever, in the Cappella del Tesoro in the Cathedral.

Besides merely liquefying, the blood has other properties no less valued by its votaries. By its colour, degree of fluidity, and a hundred other minor changes, both during and after the ceremonial, good or evil is prognosticated to the Neapolitans. Sometimes the tint is black, sometimes red or purple; occasionally the blood will not melt at all, or it is too fluid, or covered with foam; and connoisseurs consider it a very bad sign, when a ball of clotted blood remains to the last unliquefied in the centre—defying both prayers and tears. The Canon Maresca, of San Giovanni, near Sorrento, otherwise a most enlightened priest, assured me that the ravages of the cholera in Naples, a few years ago, were clearly predicted in this manner, but the rulers hardened their hearts and would not see it. And in a book, I found it seriously recorded, that the eruptions of A. D. 685, 983, 993, 1401, 1631, ceased immediately the blood was unveiled at the burning craters.

And now, having detailed all the principal particulars about this famous blood itself, let me, in all humility, offer my readers my own explanation of its liquefaction. In the first place, then, I am quite convinced that it is no miracle, and, in the second, that the clergy do not knowingly practise a deception. Concerning the former, I need hardly say anything, for all sensible people will surely agree with me in thinking the age of miracles, or at all events of those occurring regularly seventeen times a year, has passed away; and that even if it had not, such an unmeaning trifle as the softening of a few spoonfuls of blood of an obscure saint would hardly have been selected by the Almighty as the chief miracle by which to manifest his power.

In addition, many facts tend to prove that the liquefaction depends neither on prayers nor ceremony, nor any particular day. The sacristan of the cathedral, who is always present when the bottles are taken out, informed me it was not at all an uncommon occurrence to find the blood in a liquid state when the reliquary is opened at other dates than those of the three festivals; and that often it will partially or entirely dissolve immediately it is moved. But if it is neither a miracle nor a deception, how is it to be accounted for? I believe in this manner. I think the matter in the bottle is some gelatinous composition, outwardly resembling blood, which is soluble at a moderately high temperature; and I have no doubt that the substance is only

found fluid, as the sacristan said, during spring or summer, or when the chapel is crowded for some ceremony. If I am asked why it liquefies on the 16th of December, in such a cold month, I reply, first, that it must be remembered that December in Italy is not like December in England; secondly, that the air of the chapel, even if not warmed by hot pipes under the flooring, is sufficiently increased in temperature by the densely-packed multitude who have been *waiting for hours;* and, lastly, that there is the heat of the priest's hand. If a register were kept of the time the blood required to liquefy on each occasion, and of the readings of thermometer during the interval, I should expect to find the former shorter just in proportion as the latter was higher; and consequently to an unusual coldness of the weather I attribute some persons having had to wait hours for the miracle. The precise degree at which the mixture is soluble I can of course only guess; it cannot be a very low one, or in summer it would be always fluid; neither can it be a very high one, or in winter it would be always hard. Probably the melting point is about 90° Fahrenheit. In the cathedral, the temperature would be tolerably even throughout the year, and I imagine that, as a general rule, merely the additional warmth produced by the crowd and the priest's hand has the desired effect. I am borne out in my opinion by what happened on the day I went to Sta Chiara,

when, as I have previously stated, the blood partially liquefied on being brought from the cool church into the sunshine on the piazza. It is moreover corrobative evidence, that it melts first next the glass, and not in the centre. The handle of the reliquary, a hollow gilt tube, open at the lower end, and pierced by two square holes a short distance up the stem, is constructed in such a manner as to admit of the air acting directly on the bottles; the hot atmosphere of the chapel passes in at the bottom, and is heated still more by the warmth of the holder's hand through the openings. The last alone might even suffice to work the miracle, for a Benedictine monk told me he knew it to be a fact that when Pius IX., during his exile in 1849, took the reliquary in *his hand*, the blood—which was given to him solid—instantly liquefied. "Full proof," continued my pious informant, "of the Holy Father's angelic goodness, and, alas! perhaps an indication that he is destined one day to receive the martyr's crown:"—or, at all events, a "full proof" of the unusual warmth of the Pope's fingers.

I am certain there was no deception on the part of the priest, for I was not more than a yard from him the whole time; he never turned his back on me for an instant, and I did not take my eyes off the bottles. Besides, it was manifestly the simplest affair in the world, and not as if the blood had been pompously moved about from

one part of the altar to another, and occasionally lost sight of. The priest merely held the reliquary by the handle quite naturally, and he took scrupulous pains to let every one inside the altar railing look at every part of it to his heart's content. Another reason why I think there could be no deception is that Cardinal Sforza, the present Archbishop of Naples, is a man of distinguished piety and learning, who has made himself noted for the severity with which he has put down superstitions and abuses, and he himself held the relics at Sta Chiara the whole time. How then can one believe that a man of his great reputation and high position would lend himself to an infamous and dangerous imposture? and, to make it still more conclusive, a different priest officiates on every day of the miracle, which would involve the necessity of the trick having been communicated to hundreds, or rather thousands, of ecclesiastics, one of whom would have divulged the secret long ago. In fine: against the notion of the liquefaction being a mere deception, one must surely take into account the presumed honesty and virtue of the priests who for some centuries have conducted the ceremony, and who could hardly have been *all* deliberate cheats, wicked enough to palm off a vulgar trick as a miracle, when they would gain nothing by it. Some weight likewise—slight if you will, but still some—must be attached to the universal belief of all Catholics, that the

liquefaction, if not a miracle, is at least not a fraud of their own clergy.

In my opinion, the change is produced by the air attaining a certain temperature. Most of the priests in Naples are too ignorant even to form a conjecture about the St Januarius miracle, and those who surmise that it depends on natural causes, having no means of verifying their suspicions, are compelled to receive in silence the explanation tradition has handed down, and the church sanctioned. That those in authority should shun investigation, and decline permitting the contents of the bottles to be analysed, though severely to be censured, can astonish no one; for they well know that the miracle, and the belief that the liquid was martyr's blood, science would probably set aside for ever; and then, in what light would that Church appear which had placed implicit faith in both, and inculcated it so long on others? But irrespective of those having the power to order a chemical examination, the immense majority of the whole Catholic Church would be opposed to such a scrutiny as profane. Catholics, believing that God constantly works miracles in these days, and profoundly reverencing the tradition and opinion of their Church, neither seek nor require an explanation of this wonder, any more than of numbers of other equally marvellous things which could only be investigated narrowly by altering the spirit of their

religion, admitting the right of private judgment, and perhaps causing a convulsion in the Church that would sap the entire fabric.

As a miracle, I should look upon the liquefaction of the blood of St Januarius with profound contempt, since it can be explained so easily by natural means; but, as a deception, I should consider it, from its simplicity as well as the fairness and frequency with which it is exhibited to every one, the very best and cleverest invention that ever deluded mankind.*

Public opinion in Naples seems about equally divided in favour of and against the miracle. I have found many educated men who believed it, and many who did not; but, oddly enough, I have met with more scepticism among the lower than the upper classes. One very common reply I received was, "Oh! I hate that miracle—they shut the theatres nine days before it comes off."

By far the greater number of Neapolitans are either apathetic altogether about religion or else grossly superstitious, and neither party takes the trouble to think. During the Bourbon times, however, the police allowed no doubting, and I talked to a cabman who had been in prison merely because he said in the hearing of a *sbirro*, that discussing the miracle was a "*seccatura*."

* See Appendix No. 2.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NAPLES.

Naples deserted.

NAPLES, though it may be a paradise, is nevertheless so spoilt by its inhabitants, that after a stay of a couple of months few people care to remain there longer. My own intention was to leave for Sicily shortly before Victor Emmanuel, in order to be in time to see him land there; but when I found the reports of his Majesty's departure on any particular day were invariably contradicted somewhat later, I began to be quite tired of waiting, and determined to be off by the first available boat.

People said Victor Emmanuel had a horror of the sea even greater than that entertained by him for his new subjects, and that no day had been calm enough to suit him; and scandal whispered that one of the Princesses at Capo di Monte—*not* in the Gotha almanac—viewed the expedition with such displeasure as to have flatly refused to arrange

her luggage by any time at all, and that the soldier-king succumbed beneath the frowns of this imperious beauty.

Naples became dull in December, the same thing perhaps as saying order was then restored. His Majesty, considering himself sufficiently stared at by every one, had taken to shooting; and the Garibaldians, deprived of their play-ground before Capua, and snubbed by the Piedmontese police in the metropolis, began to disperse or resume their discarded trades; even the *Francesi* * seemed to have quenched their thirst for volcanoes and antiquities and to have departed.

The quays grew daily more deserted, but, in spite of bills and Companies' assurances, no boat arrived to bear me to the promised land, and an overpowering *ennui* was fast getting hold of me when—my reader shall hear in the next chapter—I at last escaped.

* "*Francesi*," literally Frenchmen, is used at Naples to denote all foreigners.

PART II.

SICILY.

SICILY.

CHAPTER I.

PALERMO.

Voyage to Palermo.—Landing at Palermo.—Description of city.—Nunneries.—Triumphal arches.—Conversation *cafés*.—Bad government.—Storming of Palermo.—Bombardment.—Effects of bombardment.—Popularity of Bourbon Generals.—Anecdote of Garibaldi.—The Capitulation.—Entry of Victor Emmanuel.—Statue of the King.—Storm.—The Cathedral.—La Martorana.—Monreale.—The Capuchin vaults.—A lively fresco.—Santa Cecilia theatre.

A SMALL screw steamer one day left Naples for Palermo; she was old in her hull and feeble in her engines, and, as her proper crew had deserted to Garibaldi's army, she was manned by *lazzaroni* mariners, recruited at hap-hazard from the tops of walls and sunny corners. Why then was I on board her?—in fact "*que diable allais je faire dans cette galère?*" was precisely the very question I asked myself. Because I despaired of otherwise getting away at all, four ships having been deri-

sively advertised in the past fortnight, none of which had gone.

Off Capri we bumped upon a rock, and in bumping off again our sails were torn to tatters by the storm; but, worst of all, the land-lubber stokers got helplessly sick, and afterwards, through attempted cure by brandy, drunk. Hence arose the ugly consequences of the engine being stopped by the fires going out, and the mate's amateur stoking letting us drift a long way West. However, "all's well that ends well," and though the Captain upheld the custom of his profession by saying it was the worst sea he had ever seen in thirty years' experience of the Mediterranean, and by giving dark hints his boat could not be expected to float through everything, we reached the "*isola del fuoco*" at last, with no more serious mishap than being thirty hours instead of the usual sixteen.

My first impression, on seeing the jagged snow-covered island floating on the waves in front, was that we were running full tilt against an immense iceberg, and the idea kept haunting me till the sun's warmth, removing her thin white garments, allowed Palermo herself to be distinguished.

After Naples, especially the Naples of 1860, any other city must necessarily appear quiet, but the Sicilians of the metropolis, it is consoling to know, are bidding fair to become as noisy as their

Neapolitan brethren; so much so that when I landed I might easily have fancied my voyage was merely a nasty dream, and that I was listening to the cries of porters, beggars, and rabble that I knew so well elsewhere. Nevertheless, one sensation unknown in the Italian peninsula, and luxurious as Eastern *haschisch*, which steals over you after your introductory wash and meal at the new-found inn, is the consciousness of personal freedom, acquired by coming to a land where Murray's fiery volume is not. Happy mortal! here no "historical topography" need be crammed to make you bold enough to face at *table d'hôte* the erudite young ladies—sure to have learnt it all. Here, if, alas! you miss the very Church alone worth seeing, no handbook, blushing in a vermeil cover, will taunt you with neglect. Knowing, therefore, that I cannot from that official authority be quoted down, I am going, gentlest of all readers, to ask you mentally to look over my shoulder while I draw before you a sketch of Palermo.

You doubtless recollect that "thing of beauty" —if not of taste—in English termed a hot cross bun; well, I assure you, it will convey a very good idea of the simple ground plan of the city. The circumference is a circular wall, and the cross two large streets intersecting each other at right angles, dividing the town into equal-sized quarters. If you stand on the small octagon piazza in the centre, the four gates in the ramparts are just

visible, through three of which you distinguish rocky mountains a mile or two beyond, through the remaining one the indigo-coloured Bay close by. Few streets are more picturesque; the Spanish ones resemble them a little, but they are wider and more joyous with their coloured blinds and brilliant goods hanging from the balconies; these are sombre, it is the mournful decay of Venice, a dull, cheerless beauty, rather than festive ruin sparkling as it crumbles. The shops, low, as if crushed by the weight of the tall houses over them, are chiefly for the sale of sweetmeats made in the convents above, for nearly all the upper stories of the buildings here are nunneries, and those latticed balconies, projecting like so many suspended aviaries, and curved outwards to admit a view upon the pavement, are the daily walk of many a poor girl, the bride of heaven by another's will. Who knows if the architects may not have wished expressly to provide for such aching hearts by making *Ponti dei Sospiri* where longing eyes could see a world they had renounced if not forgotten,—was it, however, kind? As you go along, you may look up at the dark eyes peering through the bars at you, but do not fall in love; for do you know what happened once when an amorous Palermitan carried off one of these veiled houris?—they cut out his tongue.

In walking about the town, you soon begin to wonder why the streets and piazzas are so often

ornamented by triumphal arches—excuse the paradox—without an arch. In many imposing situations, where, if completed, there would be a splendid gateway, you find only sculptured piers with just a fragment of an elliptic top commencing, yet not unfinished as if the work had broken down for want of funds, but evidently designed in this form. At first I supposed the inhabitants, led by some great Vitruvius of their own, had invented this novelty to mark their hatred of everything Papal Rome admires. If the arches of Titus, Antoninus, and Severus were all monuments approved by Popes and Cardinals, that alone might be quite enough reason for a new pattern at Palermo. It turned out, however, that once a year the bones of Santa Rosalia required to pass with a carriage, sixty feet high, drawn by forty oxen,—in rivalry of the more ancient car of Juggernaut,—and therefore, since either the dignity of the vehicle or that of the arches had to be disregarded, the latter alternative was adopted by the unanimous vote of the people.

It struck me also, the first day, that there was an odd look about the *cafés;* they were too tidy by half, and nobody ever seemed to eat or drink in them; but I thought them odder still when on walking into one of them to take a cup of coffee I was rather rudely told to walk out again. On inquiry I learnt they were private *cafés,* and that you must be a subscriber to enjoy the *entrée.* The

advantages are said to be numerous, one in particular, no members are to take any refreshment except conversation. Perhaps our West End Club committees would like to adopt, from the Sicilian code, the rule that thirst and hunger be satisfied at home.

However interesting the ordinary sights of Palermo may always be to the traveller landing there from another country, yet, in these revolutionary days, whatever relates to the achievements of Garibaldi, or the atrocities of Francis, is a far greater attraction; and, therefore, I need scarcely say that I passed a considerable portion of my time in examining everything in any way way connected with recent events. Generally, Messina has shared with Palermo the honour of being victim for the cause of Italy, but this time she was fortunately spared, and her sister city offered by herself the last holocaust freedom exacted. The Neapolitans, dastardly themselves, maligned the Sicilians sorely when they called them cowards, for owing entirely to their efforts has the spark of Italian liberty smouldered through many a period of despair, and burst at length to vivid flame.

That which enfeebled the Bourbon government so much as to cause it ultimately to collapse before a mere handful of desperate men, was the spirit of disaffection kept alive in the servants of the state by the perpetual insurrectionary outbreaks of the

Sicilians. When martyr after martyr died, and blood shed in torrents still could not quench the patriot's cry, then the Neapolitans took heart by the example to aspire and to resist. Discontentment ate into the very core and marrow of the state, and when ultimately concessions were granted, it was, in Sicily at least, too late. Goaded and exasperated, no one was grateful for amnesties that were simply instalments of the justice demanded as a right long before. If a fellow-countryman was wrongfully sentenced, what thanks had the Sicilians to render for his gratuitous pardon? they wanted protection of their privileges as free men, not forgiveness as convicted felons. But notwithstanding all this ripeness of rebellion, if this

> "——mala signoria, che sempre accora
> Li popoli suggetti, non avesse
> Mosso Palermo a gridar: Mora! Mora!" *

Garibaldi would never have flung his sword into the scale, and to Palermo, therefore, are due the laurels of Italia's bravest sons.

A more forlorn chance of success than the thousand invaders ran can hardly be imagined; for although they had landed unopposed at Marsala, and had won an important advantage at Calatafimi, still it was indispensable they should take Palermo, and there 15,000 troops of the line held possession of all the commanding points of the

* Paradiso of Dante, c. viii.

city. Any assistance the inhabitants could give, being only effectual within the walls,—for arms they had few, and their main help would be rendered by hurling missiles upon the soldiers from the houses, and in erecting barricades,—in no way solved the difficulty of Garibaldi storming the gates. Whilst they were puzzling, however, the Dictator was acting with his usual lightning speed. Approaching in a totally different direction to the one in which he was expected, and overpowering, almost without a shot, a body of men in a strong position, by deceiving them into taking his advancing columns for friends, he made a sudden rush at the Porta de' Termini, and, before the Neapolitans had recovered from their utter astonishment, carried it by a *coup de main*. Once inside, the struggle became more equalized. In an instant, the whole city was an enemy's camp for the garrison; no valour in the streets, even if they had displayed it, could have availed them now; some retreated to the Palace and others to the Castle. Then ensued from the guns of both these places a murderous bombardment of the defenceless town, while ships of war, anchored off the Marina, threw shells indiscriminately in every direction, crushing the houses and burying whole families in their ruins. Garibaldi himself took up his residence in the Palazzo Senatoriale, as nearly as possible in the centre of the city, whence he directed everything till the fight was over, and

the armistice, preceding the complete capitulation, concluded.

I have given this very brief sketch of the taking of Palermo, now a thrice-told tale, in order that those of my readers who do not happen to recollect the accounts at the time may the better understand the scenes connected with it that came under my own observation. The greatest destruction had taken place in the districts adjoining the Royal Palace and Garibaldi's head-quarters; in those, entire blocks of buildings between streets had been levelled to the ground in shapeless heaps. His Majesty of Naples would have earned well his title of "Bomba," if he had not already gained it, since his bombs demolished here no less than 700 houses. In many places, I saw portions of flooring still adhering to pieces of upright wall, and on them various fragments denoting the purpose the room had served. The shells seem to have fallen from such a height as to pass through every story, for, where the paper still remained, I noticed by marks upon its surface they had burst in the basement. The ships directed their fire entirely upon the palace where Garibaldi was, and, strange to say, they never hit it once. Every house around was injured seriously or utterly destroyed, yet nothing touched the proper mark; a colossal marble fountain crowded with figures, on the square in front, escaped, in the same miraculous manner.

The English consul told me the shells from the ships aimed at this Palace flew over his house in flocks during nineteen hours without intermission. At the King's Palace, the troops appeared to have been having a rifle shooting-match with their opponents in some buildings near, the object of each having been to send their bullets into the rooms, since the plaster round the windows was scarred by balls as thickly as if by charges of small shot. A very large convent, occupied by White Benedictines before the disturbance, came in for a full share of the missiles from the Palace; now it is only a gutted carcass, blackened and tenantless. One would think the pious King of Naples must have been convinced by the poet who said "Carnage was God's daughter," else it is hard to understand how he could have rewarded the officers who murdered in his name. When the firing stopped, parties of citizens turned over the rubbish of mortar and bricks and found 608 dead bodies of non-combatants. Numbers of women and children met their death by being burned alive or buried in the cellars whither they had gone for safety. The Castello Nuovo, the guns of which played a considerable part in this terrible tragedy, Garibaldi ordered to be razed to the ground, and the poor were working away at it in crowds whenever I went by.

I mentioned before that two main streets crossed Palermo in different directions; one of them, the

Corso, leads straight to the Royal Palace, and for many a day to come will afford considerable information to the curious about the power and effects of cannon-balls. Over its door-way you may see an iron balcony twisted and rolled into all kinds of fantastic shapes by a shot having struck it laterally. On the opposite side of the road, a marble column is nearly cut in two; further on a step or two, and you come to a lamp-post grovelling in the gutter as if under epileptic seizure. Now the street brings us to the Cathedral Square: round it are marble figures of solemn bishops with very big noses, and saints with brooms—no—palm-branches; but some of the Right Reverends have had their prominent nasal organs amputated, and will no longer smell the sweet odour of sacrifice in the adjacent temple; and some of the saints will have difficulty in substantiating their claim to a seat in the martyrs' choir whilst their broken palm-boughs lie waving over episcopal noses on the earth.

Opposite, a convent invites a scrutiny because the door hanging in splinters seems to ask you to walk in. Look close, and you will notice how the fight at one time raged even in the threshold of those hallowed precincts; bullets are sad democrats, they enter everywhere, spattering new walls, and ruthlessly smashing wood-work. The Cathedral itself received a few stray shots, but nothing worth mentioning in comparison. It was particularly

unlucky for the Palermitans that the Corso was completely commanded by the guns in the Royal Palace, for every discharge of grape and canister, in sweeping from end to end, did so much more damage than it would have done in a less wealthy neighbourhood. If you walk down this street now, you may exercise your ingenuity in tracing the same ball from house to house, till you finally run it to earth in some solid wall. Every projection, such as cornices, balconies, and columns, or the side of any building standing a little further out than the rest, I found shattered to pieces, and not yet restored. Firing down the Corso must have been very like firing down a tube, the houses are so high that the shot rattled along, first striking one side and then the other, till spent. In the middle of the street, a portion of the flight of ten-inch shells from the ships and Castle crossed that from the Palace, and precisely at this agreeable junction the nuns of St Catherine resided, the result of which piece of luck, I need scarcely say, was the absolute vanishing of their establishment from top to bottom. The gap here extended even further on each side, including many of the very best warehouses — the pride of Sicilian shop-goers. Marshall Lanza, Commander-in-chief during this reign of terror, afterwards boasted, that if he had not "made a garden of Palermo" as his sovereign ordered him, it was not for want of digging, as he had pitched nearly fifteen hundred bombs into the

town within twenty-four hours. I never could find out which of the Regi Generals was hated most by the people; Landi, Lanza, and Salzano were about equally beloved. "In short," said a Sicilian to me one day, "they 're Moloch, Satan, and Beelzebub; and Maniscalco (the Director of Police) is all three."

Amongst the events occurring at this period, I dare say it will be remembered that, on the 30th of May, just nine days after the landing of the patriots, an interview took place on board the "Hannibal," Admiral Mundy's flag-ship, between the Neapolitan General Letizia and Garibaldi, in order to come to some arrangement for a cessation of hostilities. Of this meeting, the American Commander, who, together with the French Admiral, was present at the conference, gave me the following details.

General Garibaldi entered cheerful and smiling, speaking excellent English to Mundy and French to De Tinan. General Letizia entered glum and silent. Being all seated round the table, the latter produced six points ready written for the Dictator's acceptance. Garibaldi ran his eye down them, and said in a moment, pointing to each in succession, "Je vous accorde ça, et ça, et ça, et ça,—numero cinq c'est absurde—et je vous accorde le dernier." The Neapolitan bit his lips at clause five (which said the Palermitans should present a humble petition to the King for mercy), being flatly

termed "*absurde*," but instead of giving in, began to assume a high tone. "Oh!" continued Garibaldi, coolly taking his hat and rising, "en ce cas, et qu'il soit question de pardon et de telles bêtises, la guerre continuera." General Letizia, however, did not like the idea, for whence would provisions come? So he at once adopted a much more humble tone, and soon withdrew the rubbish in question altogether. After the business, which only took a minute or two, was over, Garibaldi sauntered up to my American friend in as unsuspicious a manner as possible, while Admiral Mundy happened to be speaking a word or two to the Neapolitan, and whispered in his ear, "Can't you let me have a little powder?" but this would have compromised the neutrality of the United States, and Captain Parker therefore replied, "I'm sorry I can't; but I think I can tell you of a friend of mine who can," at the same time indicating with his finger an American merchantman that chanced to be in the harbour. Garibaldi took the hint, went to the vessel, and obtained what he wanted. Later he confessed that, at the time he was threatening to go on fighting the overwhelming force of his enemies, he had scarcely a cartridge left.

The formal signing of the capitulation of Palermo, by which the Bourbon rule in Sicily was finally extinguished, took place in a little room over the Porta Nuova, one of the gates of the city; and the Municipality have since decreed

that an inscription recording it shall be affixed there, and the apartment, with a bust of Garibaldi, be preserved as a memorial in the same condition for ever.

People in England, however mechanical a talent they may have, at all events do not understand one thing, namely, the mechanism of street ornamentation. After my experience of Neapolitan prodigies, I fancied I had quite witnessed the seventh circle of perfection in arch, transparency, and illumination; but no, here was an eighth, I found myself in an empyrean I had not conceived. Lucky it was for Victor Emmanuel he went first to Naples, for the glories in laths and leaves, rainbow-hued pictures, seraphic statuary; all, "like an unsubstantial pageant faded," must have "left not a rack" in his memory when he beheld the greater triumphs of Sicilian genius. Let us follow his Majesty as he steps from his boat. At the landing-place, where he first sets foot upon his new kingdom, a luxurious carpet hides the bare shore so closely the very waves lap over its outer edge. Passing along it, possibly, though a king, with almost painful consciousness his tread is sacrilege on such a velvet surface, he comes to a flight of stairs beneath the Doric columns of a classic pavilion. Beyond the portico, antechambers blazing in crimson satin, mirrored, and festooned with flowers, lead into a hall of audience more resplendent still. Here he pauses to listen to an address, and make a short reply. Pro-

ceeding onwards, another door is opened, and traversing a passage flanked by glittering boudoirs, he emerges from beneath another growth of columns on a terrace, where the royal carriage waits. One turn to the right between Rosalia's pillars, for once converted to a perfect arch, and the King is in the grandest street Palermo owns. Wave! all ye banners, thousands strong; flutter! white handkerchiefs; fall! flowers and wreaths: this is the soldier King. The air seems to swell with *vivas*. On a conspicuous balcony is a woman shedding tears, who holds up a baby as the cortége passes, and throws something down. The King sees her funereal dress, and lifts his hat: he can guess her sorrow without reading on the *immortelle* that dropped beside him, "His father fell for Italy — be just." Now the carriage passes the opening to the Piazza Marina; there, in its centre, the column of Trajan, ghostly from its plaster substance, supports Garibaldi's effigy waving his sword, and looking as if he said, "Manus hæc inimica tyrannis;" and round the shaft are twined phantom files of "Hunters of the Alps," glaring in gypsum fury. Naples had nothing to equal that: but more comes yet. Where the Corso and Strada Maqueda cross, four arches form a group in triumph; pictures there are of battles, sculpture, and medallions, till scarcely a scene of Vittorio's life, from the cradle to the moment when the diadem of united Italy flashed upon his brow, is undepicted. The laurels of Naples fade more and more.

Fountains jetting their waters, flags and arms, ranged in patterns, mottos, and emblems, with, dearest of all, the Savoyard white cross on its crimson ground, make a spectacle as admirable as gorgeous. Would there were no contrast near, but no other road will serve, and the King grows graver as he glances where cumbered ruin, channelled as a river's rocky bed through the densely packed city, marked out the course the death-tide flowed. Perhaps he thanks God the blood spilt in these desolate gaps is not his shedding, or—who knows?—he may deplore the purple life-streams were poured at all for him: however, that is momentary, for the Royal Palace decorated in gayest tri-colours, already within view, dispels reflection. Before he arrives, however, he must pass one other masterpiece, the *chef d'œuvre* of everything. Upon a step-cut pyramid—large enough for the tomb of a Pharaoh—rises a choragic temple, supporting on its roof a massive pedestal, crowned by Victor Emmanuel on horseback, in all the inappropriateness of mediæval mail. Round the base, clusters of stucco figures represent incidents from Italian victories; some plaster heroes strike, some die, but all look mere pigmies, though the size of life, when compared with the King above. It occurs to me the artist made his Majesty so large to give an idea of extra goodness, as they used in Gothic sculpture where a priest was introduced.

When the King comes in face of this mul-

titude of figures and sees himself their Colonel at the summit, he stops a moment to look round. He is evidently bewildered now at the Sicilian intellect. If the crowd were limited, most likely he would go nearer this army, were it only to recognise his friends; but the mob seem bent on scaling his carriage, they are on the steps already, and, therefore, as the Palace forms a side of this piazza, and from it he can enjoy all at leisure, he gives the signal to drive on;—and a last long wild hurrah spreads far and wide as the royal gateway shuts him from his excited subjects' view.

In running the gauntlet with the King, like this, we should not all the same see nearly everything with which the frenzied enthusiasm of the inhabitants has thought proper to adorn Palermo. In every out-of-the-way corner where there happens to be a little space, a *pose plastique* springs up to greet you; and though there are not so many painted battle triptychs as at Naples, and fewer arches, the deficiency is quite made up by the glorious collection of plaster braves.

Victor Emmanuel, the priests declare, is, on all occasions, pursued by the vengeance of some rainy demon, since it has been dreadful weather every time he made a grand entry into any new-gained province. It may be so; only if the demon came over to Sicily, he must have been in a hurry and could not wait, for the sun was bright when the King landed, but a terrific storm burst over

the city a day or two before, and washed away nearly all the still life on the monuments. On the Piazza Reale, in front of the Palace, when morning broke, the equestrian statue of his Majesty and his attendant satellites, struggling and killing one another, were overthrown,—

> "The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
> Rider and horse—friend, foe."—

Some were so badly melted they could not be set on their legs again.

To describe all the regular sights of Palermo would be unfairly anticipating the guide-book over which some future, plodding, pains-taking author may spend his energy: suffice it for me to say there would not be very much to see in peaceful times. A church or two, and a few dilapidated palaces, may kill a short time pleasantly; but if you merely visit the environs, and leave the town for next year, you need not fret. Even about the Cathedral, if it is proper I should not skip it altogether, a word will be enough. It is fine outside, amber-coloured marble, worked into marvellous Saracenic ornament; and whitewashed ugliness within. There is a silver chapel—Santa Rosalia's, of course—probably worth all the coinage in Sicily, if genuine: the worst of all these things is that Italians have no hall-mark, and therefore we are not sure about the proportion of alloy; anyhow, a little judicious cleaning in nearly

all these shrines would do wonders towards convincing unbelieving Protestants of their value. I, one day, accidentally heard a sermon here that to my mind was far more wonderful than anything in the place; the flow of language, the elegance of expression and sublimity of idea, with perfect delivery, rivetted me to the spot.

Far better worth seeing than the Cathedral is the Martorana, once a Greek church, now serving for the Roman rites. If you love Byzantine mosaics, inlaid marbles, porphyrys, and precious stones, there you may revel in all; and in case they do not satisfy your epicurean appetite for treasure, go to Monreale, and behold "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind" outshone, or rather veil your eyes before excessive splendour;—arabesques and bronzes, walls covered with frescoes on dazzling gold, *vermiculato* pavement, balustrades of symbolic marqueterie, altars radiant with tesselated gems, such harmony combined with rarity, that the fabled adornment of the genii's palace, if realized on earth, would scarce equal the climax of profuse magnificence that here almost cloys the sense in gazing.

Very much the same kind of burial is in vogue in this country as that which I found at Naples and Mota. A little beyond the city, a Campo Santo, divided into pits, only on a smaller scale, receives the paupers daily; and at the Capuchin monastery, a subterranean cemetery, airy, and well-lighted, claims to be the pride of the aristocracy.

Some slight differences, showing the Sicilians have a more refined taste in these matters than their rivals, the Neapolitans, deserve notice. The ladies generally have silk gowns and lace collars, instead of cheap *barège* and cotton, besides rarely appearing in anything but white kid gloves and satin shoes, and to show how much etiquette is studied, the crevices of the latter are scrupulously filled with wool, to make them a good fit, when the feet unfortunately have shrunk beyond the smallest size the shoe-shops sell. Likewise an artificial bouquet on the bosom is deemed becoming, and when I was there, the rivalry in flowers was running high between contending belles.

A French writer has remarked—"être condamné à revoir ainsi défigurés les traits d'une femme que l'on aurait aimée ne serait-ce pas un supplice oublié par Dante?" from which I conclude he had no intention of interring his wife at Palermo. Thinking the people were marvellously upright, considering their feet were so unsound, I examined closer, and found they were all ingeniously tied to a nail by a string passed round the cervical vertebræ under their neck-handkerchiefs,—certainly a most superior method, highly conducive to old age, and which quite explained how one venerable lady had been there since 1695. By-the-bye, for the scientific, the *custode* assured me that drying in powdered chalk, as practised in his laboratory here, was infinitely preferable to the exploded plan of using

sand, employed still in benighted Naples; also, for my own information, I have learnt, that I can be cured, with attention and despatch, in the best manner, and get a first-rate position near a window afterwards, for the small fee of ten piastres (£2 2*s.* 6*d.*).

Over the staircase leading to these galleries, by way of freshening you up for what you are to see below, there is a fresco of hell, crammed with people of all kinds, bathing in sulphur and flames, a coloured copy of which might with advantage be introduced into an illustrated edition of Tertullian, opposite the awful passage, "You are fond of spectacles: expect the greatest of all spectacles, the last and eternal judgment of the universe. How shall I admire, how laugh, how rejoice, how exult, when I behold so many proud monarchs, so many fancied gods, groaning in the lowest abyss of darkness; so many magistrates, who persecuted the name of the Lord, liquefying in fiercer fires than they ever kindled against the Christians; so many sage philosophers blushing in red-hot flames with their deluded scholars; so many celebrated poets trembling before the tribunal, not of Minos, but of Christ; so many tragedians, more tuneful in the expression of their own sufferings; so many dancers."

"De Spectaculis" reminds me of an amusing piece I saw at Santa Cecilia theatre one evening. The story represented the Austrian government as

the father of lies and all evil, and the Italians as the noble and virtuous victims. About every five minutes a hit at German spies or Maniscalco's police brought the whole house down with thunders of applause, and when a couple of very unwashed Counts got a good beating with cudgels, which they richly deserved, the executioners were literally obliged to stop the course of justice, owing to the storm of execrations, groanings, and anathemas hurled at them. The Italians are so excitable they make no allowance for it being only acting; a man who plays an Austrian is hated as an Austrian. The poor actor who had excellently represented one of the worst characters, on coming before the curtain, at the end, was howled at frantically; in fact, he did his part so well that nobody could forget his assumed nationality. If such a piece as this had been performed a short time ago, author, actors, and audience would have been walked off *en masse* to the Vicaria prison directly; therefore, exaggerated rubbish as the piece was, it is all the same agreeable as a proof of the liberty the Palermitans now enjoy. An adaptation from the French concluded the entertainment, and restored the Austrian to favour.

CHAPTER II.

SANTA ROSALIA.

Sicilian beauty.—Monte Pellegrino.—Santa Rosalia's shrine.—The ruined oratory.—The Conca d'Oro.

EVER since the famous Sicilian Vespers, which, if you recollect, were caused by a woman's face, the ladies of the island have increased in charms, till now they may fairly be reckoned handsomer than any Italians. Italian beauty, in modern days, is, in most places, a myth; for one good-looking woman in Italy there are ten in England. It is no use talking of liquid melting eyes unless the liquid melting eyes are backed by some neighbouring feature as good, and generally there is none. Naples possesses the smallest quantum of loveliness in its female population of any city of the peninsula; possibly it has so much itself in its bay and surrounding scenery that it has none left for its inhabitants. You may pass a month there and never feast on anything but ugliness—and worse than

that, a Jewess type of ugliness; but if you cross to Sicily you will soon find something pretty to admire without going far beyond your hotel door. The Sicilian face is of a much smaller, more refined stamp, often blonde, for there is a mixture of German and Norman blood in these people, and there are none of the amazons with immense mouths so prevalent south of the Roman States. In Palermo one could soon fall in love; in Naples, never. When Victor Emmanuel went in state to the Opera, at the latter place, and all the city sent its rank and fashion, amidst the six tiers of crowded boxes I hunted with a good opera-glass in vain for one fair object for my evening worship, and at last gave up the search disconsolate.

Unless you know Naples well, you are sure to be misled by poets and painters. Every year, our picture exhibitions are full of Calabrian peasants, Italian grape gatherers, and tarantella dancers, Sicilian orange packers, and such subjects, all of which contain in the middle a black-eyed damsel with rosy Saxon complexion, and Grecian profile, bare-necked and legged, moreover of spotless cleanliness, who stands simpering at the goose who is stupid enough to look at her. Raffaelle's Madonnas are much more of the Sicilian than Roman pattern, and still less of the Neapolitan; his Fornarina, on the contrary, has quite a Roman face, and no wonder, for the painting was done from life, from the most beautiful woman in the eternal

city, but no one can look at that and not see a great difference between the kind of beauty there depicted and the more ideal and more diminutive cast of countenance chosen for the Virgin Mary. This is precisely the distinction of refinement between the faces of the two countries, except that it would require a great deal more idealizing to bring the Neapolitan up to the Fornarina, than it would the Sicilian to the Madonna. Whenever any new colonists think of perpetrating a duplicate rape of the Sabines, I recommend them to snatch some fair Palermitans; numbers want husbands, and they are nearly all good-looking.

Besides the excursion to Monreale already mentioned, one other is of equal interest. On the northern side of the town, at a distance of half a mile, a mountain rises in fantastic form, about 2000 feet. Its bleak limestone precipices would make it inaccessible in this direction were it not for a small zigzag pathway, constructed with infinite labour in a rather less precipitous place between two cliffs. At the summit, a Moorish watch-tower marks where the Carthaginians, under Hamilcar, entrenched themselves, and for three whole years defied Rome's choicest troops—at one time 40,000 strong. This fastness, the ancient Hercte, has latterly been christened Monte Pellegrino or the Pilgrim's Mount. As its name implies, it is not Roman History which now gives it a celebrity, but it being the spot chosen by Sta Rosalia, patron-

ess of Palermo, for retirement from the world. The legend says she was a niece of William the Good, and that at the age of twelve she deserted her home to spend the remainder of her life in solitude and prayer. She died in 1160, yet her body, though lying unburied close to the capital of the island, and exposed to the view of every shepherd who might pass, was not noticed till 1624, and would not have been then, had she not herself directed a certain soap-merchant where to find it. Thenceforward, her relics, which stopped a plague and warded off nearly every other evil from her votaries but Neapolitan bombardments, have been increasing in the veneration of the faithful. In Palermo, at present, everything is Sta Rosalia's doing, and, though an obscure saint in the Calendar, the traveller soon learns a wholesome respect for her name on seeing her omnipotence in Sicily. Two hours' climb brings you to a hollow, at the back of the mountain, occupied by a monastery. A monk answers your ring, and with a candle escorts you through a small church, to the holy of holies behind. At first you find it too dark to distinguish well; however, when your eyes become more accustomed to the obscurity, you find yourself in a natural grotto, the walls of which are trickling with water. Ferns cling overhead, and boughs of fig-trees, growing in the rock, tangle their leaves in a network over the entrance, making the light filter dimly through the sombre cur-

tain. Here and there, wild roses, pendant, with inverted roots, amidst long grasses, form emblematic fringes. It strikes dank and cold, and you think of going, when the monk clutches your arm and points to a brazen lattice beneath an altar. To look in, you must bend down or kneel, and, as you do so, he lowers the candle till the light shines inside. Through the bars, you distinguish a little cherub near you, fanning with some lilies wha seems to be a recumbent figure. Look closer! Yes! it is Sta Rosalia herself, reclining on a cushion, in dreamy ecstasy. Round her marble body she has wrapped a weft of gold in negligent folds, and, moving in her slumbers, has tossed the ends upon the floor. She does not sleep now; the half-closed lids, and head supported on one hand, tell us she is semi-conscious. Surely her breath stirs the locks of straying hair dropping before her lips, and we hear its cadence throbbing in the silence. So impetuously imagination rules, that the power of motion dies in us. Not often we can abstract ourselves, even in mind, from earth to a pure, sweet vision of the Blessed. Peace! therefore;—whilst the sensation lasts let us enjoy it. In vain we know it is but an image on which we gaze, the stillness, stiller as each drop patters on the stones, begins to work resistless spells upon our heated fancy. Though kneeling at the shrine where thousands have laid bare their hearts in prayer, and even now the pilgrim prostrate at our

side with clasped hands is asking aid, we cannot pray; for that we must bo calmer, and the undefinable emotion in our breast soars high above thought of self, in raptured contemplation of the beautiful: it is more an adoring longing towards heavenly perfection—combining a spirit-passion, like angels' loves, with smothered pain,—that touches and oppresses us. The enchantment ceased when my companion rose; the noise scared all such phantasies away.

Some of the devotees had tied pieces of paper to the lower portion of the trellis, and, on looking at them, they turned out to be chiefly scraps of poetry, and prayers of their own composition, written in pen and ink, and occasionally printed leaves torn from religious books. Several of the most recently added of these *ex voto* valuables were very likely put there for a joke by the Garibaldians, for they were more political than otherwise; for example,—

"Sono, Italia, per te discordia e morte
In due nomi una cosa; ed a si gran male
Un mal s'aggiugne non minor, che frale
Non se' abbastanza nè abbastanza forte."

This one, of the serious kind, was in a female writing,—

"La sua voce ancor quaggiù rimbomba:
O voi, che travagliate, ecco il cammino;
Venite a me, se 'l passo altri non serra.
Qual grazia, qual amore, e qual destino
Mi darà penne in guisa di colomba,
Ch' i' mi riposi, e levimi da terra!"

About a quarter of a mile beyond this grotto you reach a ruined oratory on the edge of the cliff above the sea; in it a colossal statue of Sta Rosalia is erected as a beacon for sailors. The view from here includes Etna, distant about a hundred miles in a straight line, and all the Lipari islands; the clearness of the air making both seem quite close. The entire coast, from the Cap di Gallo to the Cap d'Orlando, lies before you a living map; if you were a giant you might step along from peak to peak, by the sea border, all the way to Messina, without once descending to a plain. The Palermitans come here to pic-nic, and a large party, who were just unpacking the good things of this life as I arrived, invited me to join them. I declined, but own to have regretted my precipitancy immediately I saw the contents of their hampers, and still more when the first days of my Sicilian tour were over, and I discovered the scarceness of such luxuries.

In returning by the same route, down the steep mule-path, you have another prospect equally beautiful,—Palermo basking in sun-light on a crescent-shaped slope hemmed in by mountains. They call this amphitheatre, from its form and fertility, the shell of gold (Conca d' Oro); whence I infer that Horace foreshadowed Sta Rosalia's influence round her native city when he sang so indefinitely,

> "O, *testudinis aureæ*
> Dulcem quæ strepitum, Pieri, temperas!"

though she did not "moderate the sweet sound" of the bombardment, but went snugly to bed in her cave.

When I got back to my hotel, I had still further occasion to remember the words "testudinis—dulcem—strepitum," and in a more novel signification, for the people had just sat down to dinner, and were busily eating turtle-soup. Don't laugh, unbeliever, it is quite true, and there are turtles enough swimming about off the harbour for you, too, if you like to make a trip to catch them.

CHAPTER III.

THE INTERIOR.

Complete guides.—Scarcity of travellers.—Mode of travelling.—Scenery.—Palermo to Catania.—Laziness of inhabitants.—Flocks.—*Villeggiatura.*—A Sicilian diligence.—Adventure.—Bandits.—Compagni d'armi.—Cottages.—Costume.—Weapons.—Carrette.—Superstitions.—Pigs and mud.—Character of people.

On quitting Palermo, I wandered about the country, seeing whatever was interesting and a good deal that was not; but it will, I am sure, afford general satisfaction when I say I by no means purpose giving a detailed account of my journey round the island. If anything would tempt me to expatiate on the sights I met with, it would be the famous temples of Girgenti, but even these decay so slowly that they have not altered enough to warrant another description in print just yet; and moreover as an author, of pretention, in a work avowedly written to give "hints for dissertations," and record "facts which suggest reflections," informs us "that though they be the monuments of Agrigentum, the sight of them is hardly

worth a sabbath-day's journey," and that "the Church of St Martin's-in-the-Fields, London, is larger than both of them put together, and infinitely more magnificent," I am duly warned not to waste words in praise of buildings wanting steeples, clocks, fire-engines, and even beadles, —and especially when my reader doubtless passes Charing Cross continually. Now-a-days—let me whisper it softly to you only—adventures worth recording seldom occur on beaten ground. You must go to Japan or Tartary, at least, to claim a hearing. Sicily is certainly a very uncomfortable place, yet in that it does not stand alone in the world, for is it not more or less so everywhere abroad? And many of its annoyances might be cured at once if authors of "Complete Guides" would abate a little of their zeal for Saracens and Normans, and condescend to sing in a lowlier strain of topics that would make it plain sailing for the more prosaic travelling public. When I made the regular tour in sixteen days from Palermo, *viâ* the coast, to Messina, none of the books I had gave me any practical directions about the means of getting from place to place, they merely told me what there was when I got there, and left me to take the word of my landlord about distances and prices, which unless you travel post with a courier—when it does not signify—is not the most agreeable way of managing. Couriers, by-the-bye, are very often sad rogues, although they may be-

long to a club and be highly recommended. A gentleman lately told me that he paid the faithful Swiss, who served him, £32 for post-horses between Rome and Sienna, and was under the impression he had done it cheaply.

Sicily I consider a capital corrective to the stimulants of Naples — the soda water after champagney port. You escape from the fashionable turmoil of that noisy town into a region where you will hardly find an Englishman except yourself. I conclude that generally the bad inns are sufficient to frighten *Milord* from penetrating beyond Naples, or at all events farther than that most orthodox turnstile, Pœstum, and therefore, in 1860, scarcely anybody but those connected with Garibaldi's army liked to face a revolution as well. The fair sex, usually so bold, feared to cross the Alps; only a few unprotected females went to Rome, and a venturesome straggler occasionally to Naples; none, however, to Sicily,—a fact painfully felt by the officers of our ships of war and others, who define a lady simply as "a creature that loves." In Syracuse, they said at the hotel, only three English parties had been there during the year; whilst at more out-of-the-way places still no Englishman had shown himself at all.

The only enjoyable method of travelling in the island is to ride. Besides a mule for yourself, you must take one for the guide, and another for cooking-utensils, food, and such luggage as may be re-

quired; with a boy to drive and attend to the animals; the last a very necessary precaution, unless when you are five miles on your road you would have your beast suddenly turn round and gallop home again, in spite of all the tugging you can bring to bear upon him. The expense of journeying in this way, everything included, will be, for two people, about 50*s.* a day, and for one, at least 30*s.* If any one asks me—why not walk?—I reply, in the first place, that the distances between the night's resting-places would be too fatiguing, even without reckoning an expedition every now and then to some attraction off the route; and, in the second, that the tracks over the turf, substitutes for roads, become a foot deep in mud when it rains, and one is perpetually coming to "*fiumare*"—or the beds of rivers, which, though they are only full in winter, yet have quite enough water in summer to render fording on foot a disagreeable operation.

The scenery of Sicily may easily be described, for it consists almost entirely of grassy hills, on the average about 3000 feet above the sea, utterly destitute of wood, and partially cultivated. Certain tracts along the coast are exceptions, yet they form but a small proportion. The main ranges of mountains, from Ætna running north, and from Palermo east, and joining at Messina, are continued as a single chain, through Calabria, as far as the Gulf of Sta Eufemia. It is a common error to

suppose the Apennines, which are quite different in structure, extend as far as C. Spartivento, for they terminate between Squillace and Pizzo, where only a few low hills strewed over the isthmus connect them with the Sicilian mountains.

The flat part of Sicily might be defined more exactly as being a narrow strip of the island, south of a line drawn from Paternò through Lentini, S. Paolo, Ragusa, and Calta Girone to Girgenti, and the immediate environs of Trapani and Marsala; yet here and there spurs descend from the background of hills cutting this border into sections, as at Lentini, for instance, and again more than once beyond Syracuse. Looking from the summit of Ætna, the whole island appears a vast mountain plateau, traversed in all directions by bare winding gullies.

In the journey from Palermo to Catania, a distance of 202 English miles, you will understand how it came to pass the country was called the Granary of Italy, and in other days dedicated to Ceres. The downs—for though three or four thousand feet high they are too smooth and round to be termed mountains—are covered with corn, rarely varied by other crops. Statistics say, one half of all the tilled land is devoted to this purpose. One cannot, however, fail to be struck by the laziness of the inhabitants even in making the most superficial examination of the manner in which the soil has been employed. Everywhere in the interior, only

the best portions of the ground have been cultivated at all, and wherever there is a piece that requires a little labour to render it fruitful, the Sicilian has avoided touching it. It seems to me the island is too large for the number of its inhabitants, and that they are too idle to procure assistance to help them to fertilize the waste surface, in spite of the additional wealth they would thereby acquire. Throughout the central districts you find the ploughed fields scattered on the mountain-slopes only where the farmer has fancied having them. Between one patch of corn and another there is very often a space left, with the natural turf, unused and untouched, although the situation and quality of soil are precisely the same as the rest. The indolent owner thinks, "I obtain sufficient grain from a portion of my land to give me as good an income as I want, so I will leave the rest alone." Moreover, much of the soil belongs to ecclesiastical communities, who take no interest in it and leave it neglected. In addition to this, the peasants, possessing no property themselves, and being merely tenants on the large estates of non-resident proprietors, care nothing about the quantity they can produce, and therefore the fields, wretchedly cultivated, overgrown with weeds, and exhausted by the constant succession of wheat, bear crops such as would be a disgrace to the most sterile valley in the Highlands. In many places I could literally walk round each stalk of corn. If English

farmers had the land, I do not for a moment doubt that the harvest might be easily doubled. Most likely Sicily was altogether far more prosperous under the Grecian and Roman dominations than she has ever been since. In the middle ages, a great deal of fine timber clothed the mountain-sides, it disappeared, however, by degrees during the various revolutions, and now there is probably hardly a more bare country anywhere. In a word, three-fourths of the island is composed of valleys and rounded hills, treeless and poverty-stricken, sometimes thinly covered with corn, but more often wild as Nature first created it.

A very fair idea of the interior of Sicily may be obtained by a walk from Kemp Town, Brighton, up the Long Valley. The South Downs, where barest and bleakest, are a good deal like the wretched provinces north of Caltanisetta.

The only animals I saw were a few flocks of black sheep, some pigs, and occasionally a half-starved cow; I could not say to myself,

> "Te greges centum Siculæque circum
> Mugiunt vaccæ:"—

and how a Sicilian gentleman, who travelled with me, was going to pass his *villeggiatura*, I never could manage to make out, notwithstanding repeated explanations. *Villeggiatura*, freely translated, means the shooting season, more literally country life; but to my mind it has always been a mystery why an Italian ever stirs out of his native

city. He hates scenery, he cannot shoot or fish (there is nothing to fish in but a very salt sea, full of sardines); the country houses have no gardens, and the villages no *cafés*. I believe he really goes merely because it is the Italian custom for everybody to be uncomfortable at a particular time of year.

The more dismal the rat-eaten old palazzo of his forefathers is, the more certain the Italian Count is to be found there during the autumn months. Of course he does not go out, for where could he go? there are no roads, not even a path fit to walk on, neither is there shade or society; so he sits in-doors smoking cigarettes, or playing his guitar, till fashion permits him to be seen in the haunts of man once more. My Sicilian friend bid me good-bye at a truly frightful spot, where the eye could discern nothing but corn-fields mixed with patches of coarse grass and clover; not even a shrub or a bush was in sight (there had not been one for fifty miles!); a rambling cottage, glaring in spotless whitewash, stood, stark and staring, on a dusty knoll, without a rood of garden behind or in front to separate it from the weedy waste. "Good-bye, my dear friend," he said, with a grim smile,—"if you come my way again, I shall be very happy to put you up as long as you like, and to show you the neighbourhood;" and I thought I detected a suppressed sigh as he left me, and plunged into utter desolation to commence his *villeggiatura* penance.

Between Palermo and Catania, a thing named a *diligence* runs—or rather walks—twice a week. If very lucky, your journey may come to an end at about the forty-second hour of your martyrdom; nevertheless, you are not entitled to complain if you are delivered within three days. The word *diligence*, in Sicily, means a yellow box holding nominally four inside, with broken shutters instead of windows, and panels perforated with holes. The conductor of the one by which I went insisted the last were made by the bullets of banditti, but, as in that case every passenger must have been riddled with balls, and I could hear of nobody having been injured, I entertain misgivings whether the man spoke the truth.

It is a cheery sensation that creeps over you at the approach of your third night inside. This morning how our legs ached from there being no vacant space underneath the seats where we might stretch them, and what a wind poured in at the back of our necks and into our ears through the banditti holes! To-night, nevertheless, we are sleepy—very sleepy, and hope against hope we shall fall into that desirable drowsiness in which our faculties are deadened to all but the certainty of our *companion de voyage* having brought a great many fleas with him. Presently we drop off; how long we sleep we cannot say, but a violent jerk suddenly breaks up our slumbers, and we hear a voice growling forth execrations and dozens of "*Santu Diavo-*

lunes"* in an embittered tone of reproach. Are we stopped by brigands? I burst out upon the road to see—no! thank God, it is only that one of our horses has disappeared in a hole. Whilst the guard brings a lantern out, I explore the depth of the cavity; my walking-stick will not touch the bottom, but encounters something soft in a heap, producing responsive kicks below; that is the horse I am poking, so the hole is perhaps five feet deep. The light comes, and on looking down, we see the gravel-bestrewed animal rolled up in a ball, in excessive discomfort of posture. However, he must be extricated, and how is the question. There is not a house for twenty miles, and if there were, there would be nothing in it but a Count doing his *villeggiatura*. At last, a bright idea strikes me, and I suggest the turnpike-keeper's hut, about three miles off—for the Government, whatever it forgets, takes good care to remember toll-gates. The notion being approved, the driver takes a horse and rides back. The conductor says he will be sure to get ropes in plenty, but I say he will be sure to get nothing of the kind: in an hour we shall know. Now we amuse ourselves as we best can; there are only three of us, the conductor, one other passenger, and myself. Outside,

* *Santu Diavolune* is the *patois* for *Santo Diavolone* or Great Holy Devil. His Satanic Majesty was canonized long ago in Sicily.

As far back as the 13th century the *o*'s in Italian were changed in Sicily to *u*'s.

the wind is biting and gusty; around are bare corn-hills, and no shelter,—no, not "*per 'l amor di Dio,*" a wall or a haystack; and inside the yellow box, now the excitement of motion is gone, and the drafts blow through the brigand holes with undisputed sway, it is just like sitting in the head of a gigantic pepper-box; but there is no help for it, and so in we get again and smoke. At all events, a Sicilian *corriera* is a capital invention for smoke; with the strongest shag you would never half choke the old gentleman opposite, who only snuffs; the ventilation is too perfect. Ah! here comes the driver—"Well, *cocchiere*, where 's the rope?"

"*Eccellenza!* they had n't any—they 'd nothing but a shovel and pickaxe in the place, and they made a job about lending them. Shall we dig him out, *Signore?*"

It never occurred to me to excavate for our missing horse, but rapidly grasping the force of the suggestion, and thinking it might be the custom in this country, I at once assented, and we commenced with all our might — making what military engineers term a *ramp*. At first I thought it a Munchausen kind of scheme; however, on warming to the work, I began to think it excellent fun. Possibly some day or other, I reasoned, I might have to dig a frozen pedlar out of the snow on the St Bernard, and this would be first-rate training. In an hour, we had made a monstrous hole, and in half an hour more we pulled

our horse's hind legs into our sloping trench by a trace taken from one of the other animals, and coaxed him to back out. A little patching put the harness to rights again, and by dragging the diligence over the adjoining corn-field, we reached the further side of our mine, and were able to continue our journey. I dare say a good many accidents occurred in that hole afterwards, but I never heard the number; we were all sorry we could not stay to fill it in — of course; and most likely, the next passer-by took the shovel and pickaxe we had no time to return.

Signor Marian, the conductor, said the mail, that is, the yellow pepper-box, had been stopped by bandits three times during the revolution, but that the ruffians had only ordered everybody out, and made them do the *faccia in terra* exercise, whilst they rifled the luggage. How this was reconcilable with the bullet-holes I was not informed. I particularly inquired if the passengers' boots were searched for *rouleaus* of Napoleons, and was much gratified at hearing they were on each occasion; as I wanted the precedent of Sicilian brigands invariably doing so to support the resolution I had long ago formed, of never putting anything there.

We can hardly speak of Sicily without associating it in our minds with banditti. The most famous of the Calabrian chiefs, when hard pressed by detachments of troops, took refuge there, and prac-

tised their profession by way of pastime during their compulsory *villeggiatura;* and vice-versâ with the robber captains of Sicily; whence it arises that report has assigned an identical renown to both. It may safely be accepted as an axiom, that "wherever numerous troops of banditti publicly defy, instead of eluding the justice of their country, the excessive weakness of the government, felt by the lowest ranks of the community, is the cause of it." In all kingdoms where there is no commercial activity to give employment to the masses, and where the population is divided into the very rich and the very poor, the latter are sure to attempt a forcible equalization of property. In addition to which, if each peasant has an hereditary political grievance to rectify, besides the standing one that he annually pays taxes to a despot who gives him nothing in return, it will scarcely seem extraordinary if he openly takes up arms against the oppressors he despises, and, unable from want of unity among his brethren to organize an extensive revolution, in the mean time becomes a bandit. Centuries of misgovernment had made Sicily so unsafe, that since the unsuccessful outbreak of 1820 until 1849 it was hardly possible to travel in the interior. The Neapolitan police sent there were either too venial or too few to be of any use, and in 1848 they were expelled by the insurgents in company with the other forces of the king.

When order was restored, a new system was estab-

lished with a view of putting down brigandage by the revival of an ancient corps named the *Compagni d'armi*. The island is divided into twenty-five districts, each of which has its own company, of about thirty men, commanded by one officer, called a Captain, appointed by the Royal Viceroy, from among the most influential men of the particular province to be guarded, who then in his turn selects any one he chooses as privates under him. The service is quite voluntary, and when adopted can be abandoned at pleasure. The officer receives £210 a year and the men £50, out of which each *compagno d'armi* has to find and maintain a horse. When a robbery is committed, the company of the district in which it occurred is bound to reimburse the traveller the value of everything lost; and, to make sure of this, the government requires from every captain a deposit of £960, and keeps back a quarter of each man's pay till he resigns; by which arrangement, therefore, is presented the anomaly of a military force combined with an insurance company.

During the twelve years the *compagni d'armi* have existed, they have nearly extirpated brigandage from the kingdom; and it is indeed manifest that a system which necessarily makes every bandit a personal enemy to every *compagno d'armi*—and more than that, to his pocket, cannot help attaining its object. On first seeing some of these men standing in the middle of the road in the moon-

light, and hearing them summon our carriage to stop, I mistook them for their very antipodes, the banditti they hunt down; none of them had any uniform on, nor were they armed alike. Later in my travels, I was afraid of them from a different cause. They used to mount on the roof of our vehicle, and, whilst dozing, let their loaded muskets swing about in an arc of 90 degrees, that made me expect to be shot through the head every moment, as I sat in front. Some of the men had antique fowling-pieces charged with slugs and small shot, the barrels covered with rust, and the hammers quite unequal to recognising any distinction between half and whole cock.

The indigenous Sicilian, descended from pure Sicanian blood, is as odd a creature as any European country still can show; thousands of years have not materially changed his condition for the better. Favoured by nature with an excellent climate, he is content with shelter of the rudest description. When a village is to be built, no architect from Palermo or Messina is required; the men, women, and children collect a quantity of the stones lying everywhere on the mountains, and merely pile them up, without mortar, till they form a long wall about eight feet high. Four yards in front of this, a second wall is erected in the same way to a height of five feet; a roof of thatch or rough pieces of slate, stone partition-walls, and an unplaned pine door, complete the row of cottages.

A window is a luxury only found in comparatively rich places, and then it has no glass. At night-fall, the Sicilian, with his wife, children, and pigs go into their hut, and regulate the temperature to the desired degree by opening or shutting the door. Many times I have seen a portion of the family buried up to their chins in the heap of wheat they usually keep stored against the back of their one room, sleeping as peacefully as if they were the attendants of Somnus in the Cimmerian cave; dainty people, perhaps, would not relish the bread made from this grain!

On great *festas*, one of the black sheep is slaughtered, and the master of the house, instead of selling the skin, converts it—like Brian O'Linn—into a neat pair of trousers; during the cold months the peasants, in consequence, look very much as if they were only human to the waist and some Satyric prodigies below. In no case does a Sicilian of the lower orders look particularly civilised, for he always wears a red and yellow handkerchief tied on his head in the shape of a fool's-cap, and in winter pulls over it the hood or *caputto* of a loose cloak with a tassel dangling behind. At a distance, a group of countrymen resemble Capuchin friars. It is rare to meet a man walking or unarmed; however poor he may be he is sure to be mounted on a mule, and to have a long gun balanced across the pommel of his saddle. Generally, you meet a procession of a dozen of these cavaliers

in single file, the narrowness of the road not allowing two to ride abreast with guns poised in that fashion.

The following, which I heard from the English Captain of a merchantman, shows how easily arms were obtainable lately. At about the time of Garibaldi's landing, the revolutionary committee had ordered him to anchor his ship as near in shore as possible, at a certain part of the coast, and to give one of the 2000 muskets he had on board to every man who asked for it. The population, he said, came down in crowds from the hills, and in a very short time every gun was distributed. Both in the country round Naples, and in Sicily, everybody was armed, only in the former knives were in vogue, and in the latter fire-arms.

One of the things that was a constant amusement to me was the embellishment of the country carts. These *carrette*, as they are termed, are quite unlike any known vehicle of other lands in their decoration. On a ground of Chinese yellow scenes from the life of the owner's patron saint are executed in the seven prismatic colours, in the wildest præ-Raphaelitism; a dreadful martyrdom, such as flaying alive, boiling in oil, or roasting on a gridiron, closing the series. To fill up the space between and round each picture, grotesque animals revel in a jungle of fabulous plants, or else religious or patriotic mottos wind in and out, with barbarous letters and spelling. Fre-

quently I noticed "*Viva! le Tallie*"—the Sicilian's version of "*Viva! l'Italia*"—repeated all round the cart; but more often than anything, "*Viva! la divina Providenza!*" this last had such a popularity that nearly all the fishermen had adopted it for their boats as well. What it means is not very apparent, unless it implies Garibaldi's expedition was especially countenanced by Divine Providence. Some centuries ago the same kind of readiness to ascribe unexpected events to a special interference of Providence existed in England, for I recollect seeing "God's Providence is mine inheritance," stuck up in large letters on a building in Chester, which, unless the inhabitant of that house had been cut off by his father with a shilling, was equally inappropriate.

Notwithstanding the carbonarism of the Sicilian clergy, and the universal liberality concerning government, few people are so superstitious on the whole; for instance, all Saturdays are kept as a fast out of compliment to the Virgin Mary for writing a Latin letter to the Messinese A. D. 42,* and boys and girls are christened "*Lettero*" and "*Lettera*" in the hope the document will take them under its protection. Once when one of our mules fell down and would not get up again, on remonstrating with the driver for quietly standing doing

* This letter, a translation of which, by St Paul, is still preserved in Messina Cathedral, was never heard of till the 15th century, and is attributed with excellent reason to Constantine Lascaris.

nothing, he replied, "O Signore, it's no use my bothering myself, if Sant' Antonio won't let him get up, I can't make him." Another time, on a Saturday, when I intimated a desire for something to eat after a thirty hours' fast—for Sicilian villages do not always contain even bread and water, and never much more,—I was told if I kept a copy of the holy letter in my pocket I should never get hungry on that day.

The monotony of a long journey in the interior becomes much increased by your rarely being able to get down when the horses are changed. The carriage stops in such a slough of despond, it is hopeless to dream of crossing it, and if you did, you would be jostled by such a swarm of filthy beggars and children as to be prevented walking. As soon as we entered a new batch of hovels—all with very fine names—the pigs, a curious breed, precisely like miniature wild boars, ran galloping after us, in the same manner in which sharks follow a ship, to see what they could pick up; and when I threw them a bit of bread, as often as not, the children scrambled with them for it.

If what I have written of Sicily appears a too highly-coloured picture, it is, nevertheless, a true one. The state of things I describe will not be seen by the tourist who merely lands at Messina and Palermo, but let him rough it in retired districts as I have done, and I shall be much mistaken if my censor does not immediately become my

panegyrist. Though I have no high opinion of the enlightened condition of the people, compared even with that of the Calabrese or Neapolitans, yet I prefer them very much to either. They are more truthful, more honest, and more hospitable. There is a warmth and heartiness about the Sicilian with his bright hair and German *bonhomie* as he salutes you with "*Baccio le mani, Eccellenza*"—("I kiss your hands, Excellency")—that prepossesses you much in his favour. Again, a Sicilian, when he makes a bargain, though he will try to do you, as nearly all foreigners will, usually adheres to it after the terms are once settled. But what I like above all in them is the spirit of political independence they evince so strongly; whenever an occasion — often a bad one — presented itself, the muskets and swords were regularly brought out again to strike a fresh blow at the despotism they abhorred; they did not confine themselves to talking, threatening, and fawning, as the Neapolitans. To be sure, the constant resorting to the dagger and the rifle may be called a proof of barbarous inclinations still inherent in an uncivilized nation, but it must be recollected it is likewise a sign the spirit of the race has not quite been trampled out by slavery. What use was remonstrance ever with the perjured Bourbons? —cruel when victorious, cowardly and abjectly cringing when beaten; no other resource was left for the subjects of the King of the Two Sicilies,

than the arbitrament of the sword, the risk of which the Neapolitans feared to run, even for the sake of freedom, but *not* the Sicilians, and for that I respect them.

CHAPTER IV.

SYRACUSE.

Dreams.—The fountain of Arethusa.—Vincenzo's request.—His friend's disappearance.—The Beauty of Syracuse, or Giovanni and Madalena.

WHO has not heard of the honey of Hybla, and the Muscat of Syracuse?—if you would taste them they are still to be had, as of yore, in the Ortygian isle; the former will be included in the charge for "*colazione*," the latter will be specified 2*s*. 8*d*. per bottle. They say the glory of Syracuse has departed, but my hotel bill gave no evidence of a fall in prices, corresponding to the reduction in circumference of the town from twenty-two miles to one. However, in spite of the rapacity of the landlord, let no one neglect to visit Syracuse, if only to ascertain how the classical dreams of his youth can rudely be dispelled. For our happiness it were better no traces of the past remained than such as we often find them. If we *will* see the Edens of

our early love, we must always be prepared to behold a sterile waste.

The Elysian fields are now a dusty plain, where stunted poplars usurp the room of amaranths, and a redolency of savoury beggars, instead of floral fragrance, floats on the western winds. What are the Islands of the Blest?—barren volcanic peaks, rising in trade winds and Sahara blasts, to hide their heads in mist; no spirits of the virtuous can wander there in bliss. On the Cyrenian slopes no golden apples are watched by the daughters of Hesperis; one glance at that desert shore, and your vision of years has fled. Will Syracuse be nearer to our image? There was a nereid of Elis once, and, as she bathed in an Arcadian stream, the river-god lost his heart, and rose to say he loved her. The nymph implored Diana's aid, and the goddess, changing her to a fountain, opened the earth for her to flow away. Fast through the ground she gushed, pursued by her immortal lover, and, as she burst forth in pellucid torrents from the Syracusan city, he changed into a river likewise, and mingled his streams with hers. This was the far-famed fountain of Arethusa, and that little soap-sud puddle is it. My shirts were washed in it this morning, and I am sorry they were, for there is a dead cat bobbing up and down around the spring, and I think they smell of it.

I had a very intelligent guide, named Vin-

cenzo, who took me over the antiquities and principal sights in and out of the town, and during my walks I often talked with him about the late government. According to him, no name could be too bad for it; and he related several anecdotes, of events that had occurred in his own time at Syracuse, which I certainly should not have believed if he had had anything to gain by telling a falsehood.

Last season, an English gentleman, he said, wished to engage him as guide round the island, and to take him on afterwards to Malta as courier. Accordingly, he wrote to the authorities at Palermo for the permission every Sicilian must obtain before he can stir out of his native town. After long delay, during which the Englishman, with foolish good nature, waited to hear the result, the answer returned was that no one in Sicily had authority to comply with so monstrous a request as leave to go to an English possession, and that Vincenzo must apply to the home minister at Naples. Upon this, there was no choice but to abandon the project; it would have been four months before a reply came, and half Vincenzo's small fortune would have been spent in bribing different officials to convey the petition step by step till it reached the minister, and, finally, a refusal would have been the reward of his trouble and money.

Domiciliary visits by the police had been more and more frequent till the breaking out of the present revolution. In answer to my questions whe-

ther it was true people went to bed at night and disappeared by the morning, he replied that one of his own friends had vanished in that way. The man was a very honest good fellow, only too much imbued with liberal notions to please the police. One day his lodgings were found ransacked, and the owner gone. Inquiries at the time led to nothing, but it ultimately oozed out that a copy of Mazzini's paper had been found in his possession, and therefore he had been sent off to Messina jail. No one had ever seen him since. "Very likely," continued Vincenzo, quite affected, "he died in prison from *torture* — without even a priest or Christian burial; "Santissima Madonna! questi barbari Borbonici, assetati di sangue sempre, ci ucciderebbero tutti—se potevano."

To the best story of all, however, I am quite unable to do justice. Vincenzo told it me as we were having our rough lunch on a rock by the Porto di Marmore, and during the narration, his eyes lighted up like burning coals, and he spoke with such passionate earnestness, modulating his voice to suit the scene described—sometimes as if his words were choked with pity, at others almost gnashing his teeth in counterfeit fury—that I heard him literally with suspended breath. No Englishman can, without hearing it, imagine the astounding eloquence an Italian possesses, and even then he cannot imitate it successfully; for the animation which appears natural in the inhabitants of

the South seems ridiculous in such sober creatures as we are. I shall therefore merely repeat in plain words the exact details as I remember them, omitting all the irrelevant running commentary by which he spun out his story for half-an-hour.

"You see the house close to the sea, *Eccellenza*, which wants painting so badly, where there is a green shutter swinging up and down in the breeze?" I assented. "Well, it is deserted now. Once, however, it was the home of the greatest beauty of Syracuse, and I must tell you her history,"—here he made the sign of the cross and muttered to himself, I suppose, a prayer for his heroine's memory—and then continued thus: "A certain Neapolitan, named Giovanni, nominally holding a small government appointment at Catania—secretly a *sbirro*—made the acquaintance, at a public entertainment, of Madalena, the only child of Signor B——, a respectable though poor citizen of Syracuse, and afterwards paid his addresses to her. The lady favoured his suit, but her father refused his assent, on the ground of the pay the *employé* received being too little for him to support a wife. However, after a month, seeing that in so small a town it was next to impossible to find any one richer, and also that they remained attached to one another, he withdrew his opposition, and the ensuing summer was fixed for the wedding. Everything now went merry as a marriage bell, and when the day drew near enough for the arrangements of the feast and

ceremony to be discussed, to facilitate matters, the lover—sadly contrary to our English notions of etiquette—was at his own request invited to stay some time in the house with his betrothed. Before long it began to be rumoured that there was another lady in the field, to whom he had more recently engaged himself, and that he was only trifling with the Syracusan Signora's affections till he could find a convenient excuse for breaking off the match: and as the rival fair one was said to be in Naples, whither he had been sent a short time before on a government mission, and whence the post often brought letters to the house addressed in a lady's hand, there appeared some foundation for the report. That something was wrong there could be no doubt, at least if Madalena's pale face, surprised by her father more than once bedewed with tears, and her anxiously repeated requests that the marriage should be hastened, meant anything.

"After considering what course he should pursue, Signor B—— determined on one that, under ordinary circumstances, would have been highly dishonourable, but which might perhaps be justified in the present instance by it being the only method of ascertaining the real truth (for the lady's *fiancé* of course would not own duplicity even if he were guilty of it),—he resolved to open and read the next letter that arrived. In a day or two, a letter came, bearing, as usual, the Naples postmark, and it *was* opened.

'I, Madame S——, promise to pay the Signor Giovanni two hundred *piastres* on the day he delivers Mademoiselle Madalena B—— at my establishment, Vico di ——, as * * * * &c.'

"Horror and dismay! — what was this? the paper went on to stipulate the girl's chastity was the object of bargain. She was, on some pretext, to be duped into going to Naples,—before the marriage if possible,—any how, before the honey-moon was far advanced, and there drugged and sold by Giovanni to Madame S——. Fortunately for the *sbirro* he was absent on business at Catania when this happened, so Signor B——, unable to contain his rage till he could have a personal interview, sent him the Neapolitan contract, together with a note couched in terms I need not particularize. But, either to spare his daughter annoyance, or thinking it would be useless, or from sheer Italian apathy, he made no complaint to the monster's superiors. A week afterwards the house was robbed of the few valuables it contained, and a knife, once a present from Madalena, lying on the floor in the rush-matting, disclosed the thief. Strange to say, the loss of property excited greater anger than the plot against the daughter's honour, for a statement of the facts, with a demand for inquiry, was this time immediately addressed to the proper authorities, although the same day a letter came from Giovanni (who had anticipated this), threatening

summary vengeance if any measures were taken against him. Once thoroughly aroused, however, Signor B——cared nothing for menaces, and adhered to his complaint; but took the precaution of keeping a loaded pistol, and never leaving his house. It was was well he did so, for before many days had passed he was aroused in the middle of the night by shrieks from Madalena's room, which was at the back on the ground floor. Hurrying to where she slept, he found the *sbirro*, with a mask partly torn off his face, endeavouring to drag his daughter in her night-dress through the window of her room by main force to a boat which was waiting beyond a narrow piece of waste ground between the house and beach. Upon Signor B——'s arrival, the fear of capture, and perhaps, more than all, the report of the pistol, which he had instantly fired at Giovanni, made the abductor decamp, and he succeeded in getting clear off.

"The following day, Signor B—— was arrested and thrown into prison, charged by his would-be son-in-law, who had been only slightly wounded, with attempting to murder him in the execution of his duty, when presenting himself the previous evening with a warrant to search the premises for treasonable papers; and there was a second indictment for having unlawful weapons in his possession. In vain the victim of this Satanic piece of cunning re-stated his original complaint against

his enemy, coupled with an additional account of the other facts previously concealed, the only answer returned was that he would not have accepted him as Madalena's future husband if he had been so bad a man, and that of course he had trumped up a story to damage the character of his accuser, with a view of protecting himself; moreover, that Giovanni's conduct, which allowed no pangs of pity for the friend to induce him to show favour to the conspirator, was above all praise. In the mean time, whilst the father languished in a dungeon at Monreale, the daughter gave birth to a child,—pledge of her too confiding love,—born alive, though prematurely, owing to the shocks she had received. Then grief, shame, and despair, together with the want of the commonest necessaries after her confinement,—for, her father being taken away, she was totally dependent on the charity of her neighbours, even for the means of sustenance,—worked upon the young mother's brain, and, in a fit of frenzy, she drowned the child in the harbour. The current washed the body on shore,—a *gendarme* conveyed Madalena to prison.

"After tedious delays, the trial of both father and daughter took place; and then the *sbirro*, appearing as the principal witness for the prosecution, actually gave testimony of his own infamy. The night attack and the Neapolitan arrangement he denied, but he avowed the murdered infant was

his, and that he knew the Signora's condition; in short, he declared that all the charges against him had been fabricated because he refused, in the first place, to fulfil an engagement to a woman afterwards found of fragile virtue, and in the second, because, in attempting to search the house he had, Spartan-like, sacrificed feeling to a rigid sense of duty. For the defence, amongst overwhelming proofs of this wretch's vileness, it was stated, that since Madalena's arrest he had visited her in her cell and offered to secure the acquittal both of her father and herself if she would become his mistress and live with him in *Naples*. The court found both prisoners *guilty*. The father of having by arms resisted a servant of the state, and sought to murder him in the execution of his office. Sentence — DEATH; commuted, by the clemency of His most Adorable Sovereign Lord, the King, to imprisonment, with hard labour, in the galleys for thirty years. The daughter of having connived at her father's crime, instead of denouncing it, and of having murdered her child. Sentence—to receive fifty stripes and undergo five years' solitary confinement,—a waste of trouble, for on hearing it—she—fell dead."

"And what became of Giovanni?" I asked. "He was removed to Palermo, for he was not safe from the people at Catania; and the Gazette soon afterwards contained an announcement that he had

received a decoration 'as a special reward for faithful service.' But he did not enjoy it long, for the next time he went to Messina he was waylaid upon the road and assassinated by some persons unknown. The corpse was found so terribly mutilated as scarcely to be recognisable, and on the breast a card was pinned, on which was written

'REMEMBER MADALENA!'"

CHAPTER V.

SYRACUSE.

Legends.—The Latomias.—The Catacombs.—Castello di Maniace.—The poor shoemaker.—Rifle practice.—The great port.—Prospects of Syracuse.

A VISIT to Syracuse, if not protracted till you catch the malaria, is a kind of holiday to the poetry in your nature! you let out all the pent-up imaginings actual life in the busy world represses. You may wander about among the ruins of the ancient city, the "divine nurse of heroes," and picture to yourself how Pindar looked when his odes were sung here to the Victorious Hiero, who "encircled Ortygia with suburbs as shining crowns." Or if the heat has produced unwonted languor, what is more delightful than reclining on cushions in a tiny bark, while a peasant paddles it along among the papyrus thickets of Cyane's fountain? Are you dreaming, as you lie there, listening to the rippling wavelets? Look at the lurid sunset, glistening between the columns of Jupiter, on the

transparent surface of the source where Pluto passed with Proserpine; can you not fancy it is a red flash escaping from the Hades below? If the water is not salt, it should be, for it is the tears Cyane poured for her stolen playmate. Stay, if you have time, till the dusk grows deeper, and then, as the land-wind rises through the Egyptian reeds, you will hear, upon nature's harp, amorous Æolian strains. In the gloaming we are superstitious against our will, and the sounds send a thrill through our frame which makes us wrap the boat-cloak tighter. The music is a low mournful wailing, swelling and sinking as the utterance of human anguish: now it ceases, and something rustles amid the stems. Silence! surely there was a splash and smothered cry! How we jumble things in our dozing!—we were thinking in our reveries just now, that thousands of years ago Sappho wept upon these banks for Phaon, and hymned thence her despairing lyrics, and therefore a phantom music played here still; but sleep transferred our vision to the Leucadian sea and the last plunge where the poetess stilled her wild heart in death.

Another time, you can go to the beautiful Latomias (Λατομία), or quarries, where the Syracusans dug their stone for building. It may seem strange to call quarries beautiful, but these deserve the name. They are large excavations in the flat ground near the sea, and have long been filled with luxuriant foliage; the orange and citron trees,

oleanders and caroubas, exceed the growth of those in any other part of Sicily. A corner of one latomia, called "del Paradiso," is used for a Protestant cemetery; round the graves lie fragments of Grecian marbles, strewed in an unheeded mass, midst twining acanthus leaves and violets. The thought of being buried in so sweet a spot might almost make one resigned to die.

In an adjoining quarry, a cavern is shown which tradition says was used by Dionysius the Tyrant as a prison, and, owing to the tapering shape of the interior faintly resembling a donkey's ear, it is named—I suppose as a joke by the Sicilians—"L'Orecchio di Dionisio." In a dark recess, fifty feet above the floor, a small chamber is pointed out as the hiding-place where His Majesty used to satiate his thirst for revenge by listening to the screams of his victims undergoing torture beneath. He chose this position, it is said, that the acoustic properties of the roof might, besides prolonging and intensifying each groan, also blend the discordant cries of the numerous sufferers into the concert he loved. Dante, for this uncharitable propensity, very properly placed this amateur in agonies in the seventh circle of hell. The Latomia should be called—in contradistinction to its neighbour before mentioned—"Del Inferno."

One word about the Catacombs, for few people see them, and justice has not been done them—and I shall have said quite as much of the anti-

quities of Syracuse as I dare say my reader will care to hear. Their chief peculiarity is that the passages, which are wider than those of Rome, and better constructed, though smaller, than those of Naples, contain numbers of detached family vaults. Some accommodated sixteen sarcophagi, and between them rows of smaller niches are scooped in the rock, to hold boxes resembling coarse earthenware soap-dishes, often not more than four inches long, for preservation of still-born infants; for so great a veneration had the Early Christians in this part of the world for everything pertaining to humanity, the Temple of the Holy Ghost, that they considered it a desecration not to entomb the embryo with the same scrupulous care as the full-grown man. These Catacombs differ from others also in another respect,—the galleries are frequently conducted into ancient dried-up wells, of an inverted funnel shape, and these latter, ingeniously converted into rotundas, or as we should call them circuses, are surrounded by tombs. Standing in one of these, sufficient light descends through the narrow opening above to allow you to see the corridors radiating in all directions, which is perhaps the best Catacombic effect in any of these Christian labyrinths at present known. People who were buried at this crossway paid tip-top price, as they ought, for the view; and consequently one finds all the best vaults situated there.

Since the fall of the Bourbon government, a

sight has been added to the rest, which probably for centuries has been interdicted to the stranger, —I allude to the Castello di Maniace, the principal fortification on the island of Ortygia, commanding the entrance to the great Port. Of the works that surround the modern city, this may be termed the citadel, and thither, soon after Garibaldi's landing, the royal troops, 3000 strong, withdrew. As affairs progressed, and the revolution began to gain the upper hand, the citizens were with great difficulty prevented from storming this stronghold, though the resistance of the garrison would have laid the town in ruins; and it was only after repeated entreaties from their leaders that they contented themselves with a blockade and illuminations. Eventually, the soldiers evacuated the position of their own free will, and were transported in ships to Naples; since which time the castle has been shown.

Ugly stories of the same kind are told of this, as of all the other prisons and forts in the Neapolitan dominions; but I do not myself believe one quarter of them, for an Italian is gifted with such a powerful imagination that when he once thoroughly hates his rulers, he does not stop at a trifle, if by inventing anything he can damage them. No doubt the lower classes in Sicily, accustomed from their childhood to hear every kind of cruelty attributed to their Sovereign, credit any atrocity as gospel; and the upper ones avail them-

selves of their credulity to impose fabulous tales upon them, to keep the spirit of disaffection rife. If you tell a Sicilian you really cannot conceive the possibility of such a dreadful story as he has just been narrating being true, he puts his hand on his heart and swears it is so directly. He seems quite hurt at your not thinking badly enough of his government. I was of course informed that in the court-yard of this castle military executions without number had taken place; the report of fire-arms before breakfast, according to my guide, was an every-day affair. I laughed a little, because you must recollect there are only 16,000 inhabitants in the whole town, and if they were shot at this pace there would long ago have been none left. But my informant remained quite serious, and said, "I suppose you never heard of the poor shoemaker?"

"No!"

"Why, he was sentenced to be shot for being a Mazzinian, though there was no proof of it; and just where we are standing now they brought him out one morning, and fired a volley at him. But the Divine Providence protected him, and every single bullet missed. What do you think the accursed Swiss did then? Loaded again, you'll say; no! the officer cried out that such carrion wasn't worth so many cartridges, so they fell upon him with the butt ends of their muskets, and tore him to pieces, like so many wolves."

I asked how he knew it, if nobody was ever admitted inside the walls.

"Oh! *Eccellenza*, we soon found it out," he replied. But I could not get any better explanation than that.

Some of the peasants used to bathe at the point on the other side of the mouth of the harbour, and they had to give it up because the officers (he said *officers*) amused themselves by rifle practice at them. "Was anybody killed?" I inquired.

"Bless you, Signore, plenty."

"And what became of their bodies?"

"The tide washed them out to sea; and lucky it did, or those Swiss would have eaten some of them if they had had a chance." Yet this man was a sensible, well-informed man on all other matters than politics, and had all the dates of those events in Grecian and Carthaginian history which related to Syracuse at his fingers' ends.

There is not much to see in the castle besides a ruined Gothic banquetting hall, a carved gateway, and a few dungeons, as bad as the average, that is to say, far better than those of St Elmo, which I think the worst. The government did not keep many prisoners in this fort, and the few they did incarcerate here were from other parts of the kingdom, for it was a rule with the authorities never to confine a man in his own province, if they could help it, lest an attempt at rescue

should be made. It is, however, well worth while mounting to the platform on the top for the view.

From that elevation, one better appreciates the vast size of the harbour, which permitted 170 ships of war to engage in combat on its surface, and made it in ancient times the finest in the world,—as it might be now with ordinary attention. There is no reason for supposing the depth has at all diminished since the Athenian battles, and our largest English triremes can anchor at the present day over more than half the area enclosed by a circumference of eight miles.

The absolute stagnation of all commerce at Syracuse—for I could only count fifteen fishing smacks in the port—is due to the barbarous government of the house of Bourbon having sacrificed the commercial advantages of the place in order to retain it as a fortress of the fifth class. Utterly indefensible by sea with the batteries it now possesses, and completely commanded by hills on the land-side, yet the absurdest discipline has hitherto been exercised over the unhappy inhabitants; locked in at night, and broiled by the burning sun all day, with no walks, and barely room to move; they realize the torments of the Athenian prisoners in the quarries. By constructing accommodation for unloading and loading cargoes, establishing a liberal tariff of duties, and demolish-

ing the fortifications, the city would soon become more worthy of its former fame; and the traveller might say, as Cicero tells us visitors in his time said,

"Nihil esse pulchrius quam Syracusarum mœnia ac portus."

CHAPTER VI.

CATANIA—ÆTNA.

Athenian chariot tracks.—Catania.—Catanian ladies.—The *Manto*.—Lobster-traps.—Cabmen's knives.—Niccolosi.—The old man of the mountain.—My hardy friend.—Spiritual shepherds.—The three zones.—Stolen pigeons.—A flirtation.—The old oak-tree.—Lucia and Ludovico; a terrible ghost story.—Temperature.—The snow-bank.—Our lunch.—The *Casa Inglese*.—The cone.—The summit.—The thermometer.—The crater.—The shadow.—The view.—The crater's adieu.—The wicked priest.—The descent.—Another flirtation.—Enemies.

UNLESS you are very enthusiastic indeed about Læstrygones and Saracens, and think it a profitable employment exploring the caves cut in the hills on either side, which tradition assigns to them, the fish and wild fowl of the lake of Lentini will form the greatest attraction between Syracuse and Catania. It may, however, be worth while to pause for a minute, when traversing the heights near the former city, to look at the ancient chariot tracks, which, like those of Pompeii, are worn deep into the stone. They are curious because they show, by the manner in which they cross rocks and hollows and intersect each other in every direction,

that the Athenians never troubled themselves about keeping to the roads; and they make one anxious to know if they had springs in those days that would stand such a twisting and jolting as would knock any modern carriage, or even any cart, to pieces in a week, or if they had none—in which case, no reward, I should say, would have compensated for an airing in the best of their vehicles.

Catania, the finest town in Sicily, and usually thickly sprinkled with English tourists going to do Ætna, I found so deserted that my arrival created quite a sensation, and for a couple of days the "conversation-*cafés*" had no other subject to speculate upon than the cause of my coming.

No one in the South comprehends an Englishman travelling merely for pleasure, he must have some diplomatic mission; so directly I mentioned I had been with Garibaldi, people flocked in beseeching me to tell them the reason of his never having been to Catania, and whether it was true he was to be King of Sicily. Everywhere along this coast the people had a notion that Victor Emmanuel intended to present him with the island, notwithstanding that he had long ago retired to Caprera.

The Catanian ladies wear a black silk scarf thrown over their heads in a manner most bewitching to unblest bachelors, and when a crowd of them come out of church, the rustling, as they

flit along, and the waving ends, give you the impression that they are all preparing to fly. Some costumes have the dangerous property of making everybody look handsome,—Spanish *mantillas*, the robes of nuns of the Assumption, the muslin head-dresses (*pezzotti*) of the Genoese, and these Sicilian *mantos*, for instance. There is no Divorce Court in Sicily yet, or it might be interesting to see what effect they had in giving it work.

But if the Catanian daughters ought to be held up to reprobation for ensnaring artifices, the Catanian mothers, on the other hand, are entitled to the thanks of society for inventing a machine that keeps little children out of harm's way as well as a nurse. The brat to be preserved is lifted off its legs and dropped through the top of a bell-shaped wicker cage, resembling a lobster-trap without a bottom; the upper padded edge comes under his arm-pits, and the lower one rests on the ground, far enough off to allow the inmate to walk comfortably. The child obviously cannot fall down, nor approach anything near enough to touch it; for when it moves the projecting rim below strikes every obstacle first, and arrests further progress. Whole nurseries were strolling about out of doors, in their cages, in the most delightful security, and, provided carriages did not run over them, could not well meet with any accident.

In any of the back streets, you will find men

sitting at their doors manufacturing all kinds of knives, such as I mentioned having seen in Garibaldi's camp. The way they make them, merely by filing the blade out of a rough bit of iron, would sadly upset a Sheffield cutler's equanimity. One pattern, of which they were very proud, they had expressly brought out for cabmen to fight with, and therefore every driver in the city felt it a point of honour to have it, and coachy No. 30 who struck brother coachy No. 60 with any other weapon would deservedly be scouted as an unprincipled vagabond. That the knife may be always handy for a sudden desire for slaughter, a hook enables it to be hung on the breast pocket of the coat, and consequently a man must be slow indeed who lets his antagonist gain a second's start over him. Now and then, when an unfair advantage has been taken, you find a cabman pinned on your door when you open it in the morning, like a mole or a bat nailed to a barn.

If you visit Sicily, you are in duty bound to go up Ætna; but, although I quite approve of so laudable a conformity to established custom, I cannot advise the ascent in winter except in an unusually fine season. If, however, you persist in going in December or January, prepare yourself as for a trip to the top of Monte Rosa, and do not be astonished if you never reach the summit at all.

I had been waiting several days at Catania for the weather to become more settled, and as soon as it cleared, adjourned my quarters to a cottage, known as the Albergo dell' Ætna, in the village of Niccolosi, three thousand feet up the mountain-side. It is a wild place to stay in long, surrounded only by lava fields and extinct craters, and you soon tire of the poor accommodation of the inn. The first day, bread and water and a few figs made both *entrées* and removes at dinner; and the second only produced meat of such toughness that, after repeated efforts, we abandoned all hope of masticating it, and swallowed it in chopped pieces, as people with tetanus are reported to do. When I had been up the craters of red ash named the Monti Rossi, and poked into every crevice in the lava stream near, for the chance of finding minerals, I do not know what I should have done if I had not brought a letter of introduction to Signor Gemellaro, the Doctor of Niccolosi, and "Old Man of the Mountain."

In such an out-of-the-way hamlet, whatever oddity you might expect to find, you would hardly think of looking for a man of science amongst the permanent residents; but nevertheless, in this desolate collection of huts, without society or companionship, dwells a geologist and antiquary of no mean attainments. Report says he turned hermit in his youth for the same reason as Angelina's Edwin,

but I must only whisper it, as it was whispered to me, lest the next time I go there I should see my book on his table with severe marginal annotations, as I did those of several previous visitors.

A gentleman who accompanied me from Catania spent his time in what he called "training," the main ingredient of which consisted in lying on the tiled floor at night in his clothes, instead of getting into bed, and in using his carpet-bag for a bolster, which, he assured me, at the end of forty-eight hours, made him feel quite "hardy."

We whiled away our time as we best could, till the evening of the second day, when our guide, who gloried in the revolutionary name of Salvatore Carbonaro, came to apprize us the clouds had disappeared, and that we should do well to make the ascent that night. Soon after ten, therefore, we started. It was bitterly cold but perfectly clear, and as we rode out of the village on to the black lava waste beyond, it looked as dismal as if we were crossing the threshold of the infernal regions. On passing Niccolosi church, in the outskirts of the place, I asked whether there was more than one priest there, and was told in reply there were sixteen, about one for every house. Italians need have no charity sermons for the purpose of providing additional pastors when clergy are furnished them at such a liberal rate; though, nevertheless, the State economizes, since, with few exceptions, it

very properly pays each priest only £10 a year for his services.*

The volcano has been divided into three zones; the lowest, named "the cultivated," extends from the sea to Niccolosi; the second, called "the woody," from Niccolosi to a height of 7000 feet; and the third, or "desert" zone, forms the remaining portion of the mountain.

A ride of about two and a half hours brought us to a charcoal burner's hut in the second of these, where we dismounted to warm ourselves and refresh the mules. The owner, though the cottage is not an *auberge*, received us very hospitably, and having just been stealing some pigeons, tried hard to make me accessory after the fact, by pressing me to eat them; but, as no one is bound to criminate himself, I can only tell you that I happened at that moment to be particularly hungry, and that the birds were cooked to a turn. For my guide, however, our quarters contained a far more powerful attraction than its creature comforts were to me, for when I came back after a brief absence to make some trifling alterations in the stirrup-leathers of my saddle before the animal left the shelter of its stable, I surprised him stealthily saluting the niece of the proprietor. She had been evidently sitting up expecting his arrival, but, being too shy to flaunt her affection before my Excellency, had only thought

* For the 2,000,000 inhabitants in the island there are 25,000 ecclesiastics.

proper to appear from the adjoining sleeping closet when I was out of the way. Now, nobody likes being interrupted at such moments, and still less being alarmed, half-kissed; but still I think my reader will agree with me it was hardly right of Carbonaro shortly after to propose, with fictitious *sangfroid*, that we had better stop where we were till the morning, instead of exposing ourselves to the inclemency of the night air.

During the greater part of the winter, snow lies on the ground at this altitude, and therefore, since it is fully five hours' climb thence to the top, it will be understood how laborious the ascent may sometimes be.

On resuming our course through the "dark-leaved" zone, we presently came to an immense oak, on the trunk of which a picture of the Madonna was nailed, and here our guide knelt for a minute, bareheaded, to pray. When he rose, he informed me the painting had been placed there by some pious relatives, to commemorate a painful circumstance that had occurred in his family during the revolution. A young girl, a cousin of his own, had engaged herself to a peasant lad, but while they were waiting to save sufficient money to allow of their marrying, Garibaldi landed, and her lover, bitten by the "Italia una" mania, requested leave of his betrothed to join a band of "picciotti"* going to reinforce the insurgent

* The name given the armed peasants.

army. He begged so earnestly that at last, though sorely against her inclination, his Lucia accorded her permission, but then only on the express condition that he would not remain away more than a couple of months, and at the expiration of that time would meet her two hours before sunset at this oak. Ludovico (I am not quite sure about the name) departed, and soon intelligence reached his happy betrothed of his having distinguished himself at the storming of Palermo, followed later by a letter from himself, speaking joyfully of his approaching return. "On the night of the rendezvous, therefore," said Salvatore, "my cousin repaired to the tree at the appointed time. They had fixed upon this spot because it was a lonely place and convenient for Lucia, who was on a visit at Niccolosi, and because such an arrangement spared Ludovico, who lived on the other side of Ætna, the trouble of coming all the way to the village. She waited—but no Ludovico came; an hour passed away, and then another, alike without result; till, the sun being on the point of setting, she resolved to retrace her steps. Already she had turned to go, when glancing behind for one final survey, she suddenly beheld her lover, muffled in his military cloak, hastening towards her in the gloom; with a cry of delight she flew to meet him,—but ah! Signore, how can I tell you what she saw—it was not Ludovico, but a

spectral semblance of him, with a clotted gash still trickling gouts of blood upon its ghastly, corpse-like face. In the morning a drover, passing with his oxen to the scanty pastures beyond, found my cousin lying without sense or motion near the oak, and he conveyed her first to the hut where we stopped, and then, having obtained assistance, to her home at Bronte. When Lucia awoke from her trance, she was delirious, and only one short lucid interval occurred, when she told us what had happened, before she died raving mad."

"Do you really mean to say it was a downright ghost then?"

"*Eccellenza*, how can you doubt it! Ludovico was killed by a bayonet-thrust in the head, at the battle of Milazzo, that very day, the 20th of July."

I had an opportunity when at Bronte, somewhat later, of inquiring concerning the truth of this story, and found it strictly correct as regards the girl being found at the oak and dying a maniac. But there was a difference of opinion concerning the cause of her going mad; her family devoutly believing in the apparition; others declaring she was naturally of weak intellect; and a third party saying it was a trick of Ludovico to get rid of her, and that he was well and hearty in the Garibaldian army now. Anyhow, which ever was true, that a controversy should exist at all about such a matter goes far to prove the super-

stition of the Sicilians; and when I recollect that Carbonaro himself had an intrigue of the same nature at the hut, I am more convinced than ever that these "*mantos*" the Catanian ladies wear are dangerous things.

As long as we remained in the "regione silvosa," or second Zone, though it was extremely cold, we were sufficiently sheltered by the trees to prevent our feeling it very severely; but immediately we emerged upon the desert beyond the thermometer went down to 25°, and a piercing wind from the north-west nearly cut us in two. I became so petrified I was obliged to dismount from my mule every five or ten minutes to walk, and, had the ground been firm, I should have preferred going on foot the entire distance; the soil, however, was a fine volcanic ash, over which, cumbered as we were with several heavy coats, and sinking at every step ankle deep, it was difficult to make any progress. I scarcely know indeed which was the more disagreeable—being frozen on horseback or exhausted by ineffectual struggles amid jagged lava blocks and dust. From Niccolosi to the woody district the incline had been very slight, and in the forest not much steeper, the real climbing only begins where the latter terminates.

We seemed already to be a great height above every neighbouring mountain. Looking on our right, across the sea, a brilliant star had risen so

exactly on the southernmost point of Calabria that for some time we mistook it for a lighthouse; but excepting this, and the indistinct forms of the mountain ranges, and the "pillar of heaven—Snowy Ætna," reflecting the moonlight, there was nothing to amuse us. As we toiled on and on, talking soon became wearisome in the ever-increasing wind; our chattering teeth let quite enough air into our mouths without our opening them on purpose.

Presently we come to a steep bank of snow; here we must leave our mules, and accomplish the remaining ascent as best we can. A boy takes the animals back a mile or two, where it is warmer, for they have been known to die from the cold, whilst we endeavour to reach the "Casa Inglese," which we can just distinguish as a speck beneath the summit. Before we have gone three yards, both of us are down; the snow is covered with a sheet of polished ice we had not observed. Now our poles are invaluable; with their heavy spikes, much larger than those of the Swiss alpenstocks, we dig a hole in advance of every step we take, and creep along almost as cold as the snow we tread on. Our guide soon distances us, for his nailed boots require no aid, and looks like a small black insect crawling over the gigantic hillocks; he walks so fast because he has forgotten us in thinking of Catanian *mantos;* we must forgive him. I do my best to follow, but it is hard work tumb-

ling perpetually and chopping as we go. Now and then, a more level piece comes, and then I get on bravely. But where is my "hardy" friend? He was behind me a quarter of an hour ago, and I hear nothing now; I look round, and see an oblong dot sliding rapidly down a slope in an opposite direction; he will not catch me if he progresses like that. In an hour, I reach a vast plateau, when I can run and sometimes even perform a glissade to warm myself, which is very cheering. I begin to congratulate myself the worst is over, when I am justly punished for my presumption by coming to a tremendous hill, as smooth as glass, and steeper than anything yet passed. I should like to have some brandy amazingly, I say to myself, but that love-stricken guide has taken it all on with him, and therefore I cannot. However I sit down for a minute to recruit, which is better perhaps than nothing. Above and around me there is snow as far as the eye can reach; not a rock or a morsel of lava, and I can see no view from the kind of basin where I am. All is quite still, and there are no signs of my friend or the useful guide who has deserted me just at this worst pinch of all. But I shall be frozen if I stop long, my thermometer is at 20° now, so I recommence my efforts, after a short pause, and another half-hour of tumbling, sliding, creeping, and scrambling at last brings me in front of the refuge called the "Casa Inglese."

"Salvatore!" I call out, as I arrive breathless, "quick! the brandy and provisions."

"A thousand pardons, *Eccellenza*," he replies imploringly, "but I have forgotten to bring them with me."

At this my spirits sink. I give him a reproachful look, and turn to enter the hut. "Here! Salvatore, come and open this door for me!"—we had brought the key from Dr Gemellaro, who keeps it. Salvatore turned the lock accordingly and pushed; no door opens. "What's the matter now?" "It's no use, Sir, we shan't get in to-day, it's all frozen up." I gave him another reproachful look, for I was so disgusted I could not help it, though I knew it was not his fault. The windows were all bolted on the inside, there was no hope there; and the chimney was too small or I should have entered that way.

Whilst we were holding a consultation, my "hardy" friend joined us, and having uttered his quotum of lamentation over the lost breakfast, suggested we should unite and form a battering-ram. This was such sound advice that we at once proceeded to act upon it, and retiring several paces made a joint rush at the door together,

> "But see—alas!—the crystal bar
> Of Eden moves not."

Was there no other alternative? None; then after a survey of the outside, and looking through the casements, we will make for the summit.

The "Casa Inglese," so named from its having been erected by English officers during our occupation of the island in 1811, stands on a slight eminence, at the foot of the cone forming the highest peak of Ætna: in appearance it resembles a Swiss *châlet*, and is made of blocks of lava piled clumsily together without cement. It contained four rooms and a stable till 1855, when the earthquake which accompanied the eruption of that year almost destroyed the entire building, and since that time Dr Gemellaro has only been able to collect subscriptions enough to restore the three front apartments. In fine weather, during the summer months, travellers can ride thus far, and then the refuge is very useful as a place of rest before commencing the last climb, and especially for those who wish to spend the night upon the mountain. In winter the house is very often completely buried in snow, or if not, the doors and windows are frozen so fast by icicles that all ingress is prevented. The furniture only consists of a few rush-bottomed chairs, but they are all you require if your guide brings cloaks, and a mule wood for firing. The height above the sea at this point is 9463 English feet.

On leaving the Casa Inglese we crossed a small plain (Piano del Lago), so covered with blocks of ice and snow that it much resembled a glacier, and beyond it came to the base of the cone thrown up by the great crater. Had it been

possible, it would have been a material advantage to have ascended this on the windward side, for on the other we were compelled to bear up against the volumes of sulphureous smoke which, being of greater specific gravity than the atmosphere, rolled down in our faces; but the ice gave us no choice. Nor did we even experience the benefit of the shelter to which we were fairly entitled in compensation, since furious gusts eddied round the cone like whirlpools. When a few hundred feet up, and clear above all protecting hillocks, it was only by availing myself of the comparatively quiet moments in the hurricane that I could get on at all; directly the wind returned, I had to throw myself flat on the ground, and cling to the cinders and stones to prevent being literally blown away. To make all the horrors worse, the steam from the crater brought with it quantities of fine black dust, which the wind drove into our eyes, nearly blinding us, and causing a most painful smarting, besides making us look like chimney-sweeps. In about half an hour, the guide, as I expected, made a piteous appeal to return, saying we should all be whisked into the boiling lava; and, on getting no response, began to weep. Upon this, I thought it would be better to let the coward stay where he was, for if he had deliberately made up his mind to tumble in, no doubt so stupid a fellow would put it down as an ordinance of "la divina providenza," and do nothing to prevent it; and what

could we have said to the charcoal burner's niece, if we had come back without him? Accordingly, giving him my over-coats to hold, for they acted like a sail, I left him blubbering on a rock, and set off by myself. In forty minutes more, I arrived within a few feet of the highest point, and there I sat down to recover myself before examining either view or volcano.

At this juncture, I imagine my best friends would hardly have known me. My beard and hair were full of icicles, my face was grimed with ashes, and smudges of red and yellow earth, the result of innumerable falls, had obliterated all traces of the material of which my clothes were made:—I might have passed very well for an assistant Cyclops, popped up to cool from Vulcan's forge below.

On abandoning my cloaks, I had placed my thermometer in my breast, and I now produced it; when in one leap it went from 42°, the temperature next my body, to 15°, which so alarmed me, as I had long lost all sensation in my face and extremities, that I jumped up, fearing to be seriously frost-bitten if I remained sitting any longer.

I did not dare to stand on the very narrow ledge, the actual summit, lest the guide's prophecy should be in part fulfilled, and therefore I worked myself up to the edge of the crater on my stomach, like a serpent, and looked in. No bottom was visible, but immense clouds of vapour, apparently

coming from a dark, fathomless pit, gambolled with one another in the most fantastic frolics, and hung about as if they did not like the idea of leaving their warm quarters for the piercing winds outside. Every now and then a subterranean bellows blew a blast that expelled them with showers of dust and sand, then for a minute I saw rather deeper into Erebus, and could distinguish the ashen cliffs round the crater and judge of its extent, till the steam pouring from all directions obscured everything again, and filled the cauldron ready for another puff. There was no fire, no bubbling lava-pond such as children's books depict, but a smoky chasm half a mile in circumference, where, if any one were let down, he would be suffocated rather than burnt. Outside, the traces of heat were scanty, the snow lying thickly, except in a few isolated spots where small *fumarolles* were jetting their miniature wreaths of stream.

Soon after my arrival the sun rose, and then an extraordinary sight presented itself in the shadow of the mountain projected in the form of a deep blue pyramid across the island, its apex resting over Salemi, 120 miles distant. In the transparent shade the villages stood out like little heaps of white beads, or more as if they were shells growing on the pyramid itself than houses attached to the earth beneath. Gradually the sun mounted higher, and the cerulean image decreased in length, till finally the morning rays illuminated

even the valley behind the mountain. I should have staid much longer at the summit if the cold had been at all bearable, but a temperature of 15°, with a wind and all volcanic appurtenances, is not to be endured when one has neither coat nor shelter.

In my opinion, the view is far finer than any of the celebrated ones of Switzerland or other European countries; in the Andes or Himalayas alone I should expect to find its equal. While it surpasses those of the Alps by its diversity, it equals those of Italy in softness and brilliancy; combining seas and islands, volcanoes, straits, and promontories; fertile country and barren lava wastes; wood and rock; as well as the cities of Catania, Palermo, Messina, Reggio, and Syracuse, and all the countless peaks of the Sicilian hills. In a circle estimated at 1500 to 2000 miles, nearly every kind of scenery is embraced. Moreover, another great advantage which Ætna enjoys over rival celebrities is that of being at least 6000 feet higher than any mountain around: hence no obstruction intercepts your vision. From Taörmina to Girgenti you look down upon the coast so perfectly that it is hardly necessary to visit it afterwards, and the sea at Giarre appears so near, you are almost tempted to try if you cannot pitch a pebble into it. Exactly in the centre of the island the ancient Enna (now Castro Giovanni), so often mentioned by Livy and many

others, is very conspicuous; and away to the south, Malta looks scarcely thirty miles off, though in reality it is a hundred and twenty. The whole of Sicily and Southern Calabria is so clearly spread out and so fore-shortened, it appears only to want printed names to resemble an ordnance map on a very large scale. The prospect visible on a clear day has been reckoned at 600 miles in diameter, and it is even asserted eruptions have been seen from Mount Taygetos in Greece, 352 miles distant.

However, the top of Mongibello is no place for dreaming to-day, and my friend reminds me my face looks very white and queer; we must begone, unless we wish to leave our noses as relics for future travellers. But the crater does not like to part with us, and as I rise to leave it throws a farewell present at my feet with an angry growl; however, I only glance to see if it is the other brazen slipper of Empedocles tossed up red hot, and wait to throw a boulder to return the compliment, and then run away before Enceladus comes out himself to pelt me.

A plunge or two and we have rejoined the weeping guide; he has done crying now, because the frost would freeze the tears, and when we reach the Casa Inglese, he is quite in boisterous spirits, and insists on telling me a legend. He says, a wicked priest slipped into the crater once by accident, before it was quite as steep or smoky as

it is at present. At first, he fell only a little way, and cried for help most lustily; but soon the ledge on which he rested broke down, and he slid a good deal further. Then a death-bed repentance seized him, and he began to prepare for heaven—or that other place, to which he was outwardly at least upon the road—by singing psalms. By-and-by he rolled a little lower, and so on, the melody growing fainter and fainter in the bowels of the earth, till all ultimately ended in a prolonged rumble.*

Sliding down Ætna we found much better fun than toiling up, and, except the occasional twists you give your ancle upon scoriæ concealed under the ash, it is all very pleasant. Few things probably are more agreeable than returning from a mountain climb when the expedition has been successful; the view in front, the absence of all anxiety, and—if it must be said—the prospect of being soon at the end of the affair, make it quite a different matter to journeying the reverse way.

Opposite the oak, Salvatore went through another little pious exercise for Lucia's soul, and at the hut had another little squeezing of hands and face-rubbing with the owner of the *manto;* which this time was less grating to my feelings, as I had

* Such a thing might easily happen, for the craters of volcanos after eruptions are often accessible, and I once went myself to the bottom of that on Vesuvius with perfect impunity.

recovered my lunch from the mule's panniers, and was busy eating all the time it came off.

Before we arrived at Niccolosi the sun compelled me to put up an umbrella, and mosquitoes and flies buzzed round me by myriads, with a reckless *insouciance*, as if the whole mountain belonged to them.*

* See Appendix No. 3.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EASTERN COAST.

The tour of Ætna.—The Val de' Bovi.—The last eruption.—Guy Fawkes.—Bombino's popularity.—Why don't you like the King?—Giardini.—Fancy confectionery.—Garibaldi's descent on Calabria.—Fear of bombardment.—Taörmina.—The Acanthus.—A German professor.—A waterspout.—Catania to Messina.—Scenery.

THE tour of Ætna—for the mountain is 183 miles round—is as interesting as anything in the island. At Bronte you may see the reward which Ferdinand IV. bestowed on Nelson—a lava park, near a town of beggars and ruins, which one would fancy he need not have taken so much trouble to advertise in his signature. Or, if you are not yet tired of classics, you may speculate on the reason the Sicilians have for saying Polyphemus killed Acis on a staircase, and why the Isles of the Cyclops do not in the least correspond to the accounts of Homer and Virgil. But, whether you care for such things or not, the scenery in which Galatæa's loves occurred is delightful after so much black desert elsewhere.

At a village called Zaffarana I staid some time, exploring the last eruption of 1855. On the eastern side of Ætna is a natural amphitheatre, eight miles in circumference, hemmed in by precipices, and called the Val de' Bovi. The inaccessible lava and tufa rocks, three thousand feet high, are intersected in the most curious manner by vertical dykes of trachyte and basalt, as if they were prodigious buttresses supporting the surrounding wall. At the farthest part of this gigantic hollow the latest crater burst forth. A flood of lava poured across the area beneath, converting it to a lake, and thence breaking its way out, rushed over the nearly perpendicular mountain-slope in a cascade of fire upon the fertile country, and swept on, through the vineyards and plantations, till it had run a course of fifteen miles. Though this happened six years ago, the stream is not cool yet, and I found cigar-lights a superfluous encumbrance whenever I was near it. In some places, the lava river is from fifty to eighty feet deep, and often more than a mile in width. The eruptions of Vesuvius are mere child's play in comparison to this; and indeed it would not be a very great exaggeration to say that the whole of that volcano is not much more important than some of the largest of the hundred and fifty craters encircling the base of Ætna.

The inhabitants of Zaffarana and the neighbouring villages are all mortal enemies to Bourbonism.

At Giarre, where three witches keep an inn of which no words can describe the horrors, a demonstration came off like that of a superior Guy Fawkes in England, except that the effigy in this case was Garibaldi. I believe it was some local fête, and the people thought they could not do better than dedicate it to the worship of the Dictator. First marched a band, playing on very cracked trumpets; next came a company of children dressed like angels, with rickety wire wings; then a corps of the same cherubs developed into charming black-eyed Daphnes, holding laurel boughs, who made me blush by looking so much my way; and these were followed by their chosen Corydons bedizened with tri-colours and feathers, who did not look quite so sweetly at me. On a car, in the centre, the straw Garibaldi towered aloft, bristling with barbarous weapons, and grasping a club such as bruised the Nemean lion: whilst, lastly, the spiritual directors of the sirens, in a fog of incense, under a golden canopy, and ready with book and bell to bless or curse as the programme ordered, brought up the rear.

I do not know for certain what they did with Garibaldi, but I daresay they deposited him as an *ex voto* offering in the church; at all events they did not burn him.

All along this part of the coast, the detestation of the ex-king was intense. No one had a good word for him. I never passed the smallest village without finding tokens of the enthusiasm of the in-

habitants for the new *régime;* and, when my carriage stopped, persons constantly came and inquired if Gaëta was taken, and on hearing it was not, went away muttering maledictions at Francis.

"Why don't you like the King?" I said to a respectably-dressed man who had accosted me among the rest.

"I will tell you, Sir. My father died in prison; my brother and two of his children were crushed by a shell in their own house during the bombardment of Messina in 1849; and my sister was ruined and abandoned by the king's brother, the Count of Syracuse, who threatened when I complained to him to have me flogged for interfering in what did not concern me."

"Well, but none of those things were perpetrated by his present Majesty."

"Very true, Sir; but a man of such a brood would be sure to do the same."

There was no answering such logic as that! I asked the man his name, and he said it was Tommaso Ricci.

Another to whom I put the question, "Why don't you like the King?" replied much more to the point, "Because he put a tax on sulphur and another on corn, and I deal in both."

The immediate cause of the disturbances in Sicily for some years past has been the oppressive police system, but the indirect one, the remembrance that the island once enjoyed freedom, and had lost

it. The Sicilians, however, must thank themselves for many of their sufferings, for they entertained such a profound hatred for everything Neapolitan that they condemned any measure at once, without a trial, no matter what it was; and consequently it became difficult, without considerable severity, to govern a people who were determined not to be governed at all.

The inhabitants of Giardini, a fishing village, whence Garibaldi embarked for Melito to carry the war into Calabria, had hardly yet recovered from their excessive joy at the honour done them. Inside the one small *café*, the eatables were rechristened Garibaldi cakes, Bixio rusks, Medici drops, and bilious green sugar-plums with any military name the proprietor fancied would digest well. All the time I was taking my breakfast, the loungers of the place crowded round the door, and whenever the *restaurateur* (who was feeding me like a Chinese with his own hand) particularly recommended a Cosenz biscuit, or a Türr *bonbon* of more than usually appalling brilliancy, he turned round to the audience looking in, and said, "now is n't it good?" to which a general murmur of assent responded. The fun however was much more appreciated by everybody else than by me, for it is no joke to an Englishman to be crammed with sweetmeats directly he is out of bed, whether he pays for them or not, especially too as I did not understand half the chaff interchanged between the Sicilians

inside the *café* and the Sicilians outside, which I expect was mostly at my expense.

Before driving on to Messina,—by way of recovering myself after such revolutionary diet, I clambered to the villages of Mola and Taörmina, and sat down on the rocky point of the promontory exactly facing the spot in Calabria where Garibaldi made his descent. It appeared to me incredible how he could have escaped the Neapolitan cruisers unless their commanders connived at the expedition. The whole distance from the Faro to Giardini, which the Royal Marine had to guard, is only forty miles, and they must have known very well that ships could only start from one of those places or from Messina. One would think therefore that, instead of sending all their vessels to one end of the strait and keeping them there, they would have divided them and assiduously watched these three points.

The Syndic told me that everybody far and near turned out on the night Garibaldi went, and when they heard the firing on the opposite coast, and knew the Neapolitans must have arrived, a good many began removing their valuables from their houses, in the expectation of being bombarded the next morning for letting the insurgents go, —in other words, because a few fishermen had not stopped several thousand armed men.

En passant I may mention, that the ancient theatre of Taörmina is a glorious place, quite sup-

porting its reputation. From the top seats the spectators had a view of a hundred miles or more of the Sicilian coast. Round the shattered Corinthian columns, the acanthus had twined itself with wonderful luxuriance, which gave me a good opportunity of comparing the real and the conventional form side by side. The Greeks made the foliage on their capitals more delicately and elegantly, but less like the original than the Romans. It is strange that this plant is rarely found anywhere in Sicily except where there are Grecian remains, it seems to have dedicated itself out of gratitude to a perpetual mourning over the relics of the fallen empire that immortalized it. Whenever I see these exquisite leaves drooping over the broken fragments of palaces or temples, I always remember how I once heard Dr Kinkel, after dilating in a lecture on the beautiful story of Callimachus, destroy the impression of all he had said, by the remark, "Aber leider zu schön um die Wahrheit zu seyn."

As I continued my journey along the edge of the strait, a sudden storm came on, and a waterspout, about half a mile off the shore, kept a friendly companionship with me for some distance. It appeared to have one current of water running from the sea to the cloud, and another descending. I watched it for five minutes, with a glass, in the hope of seeing it break, but it ran so much faster than I, that it

soon hid itself behind a headland, and on my arrival there it had vanished.

The coast scenery between Messina and Catania is often mentioned as some of the finest in Europe; to me however that seems an extravagant estimate of its merits. I acknowledge it has beauties, yet it cannot be compared for a moment with the Riviera di Levante or Ponente, or with either side of the Sorrentine promontory. The road goes too nearly in a straight line along the edge of the beach, never mounting much above it; and though the mountains, with their orange-covered valleys, taken singly are picturesque, nevertheless, from their being also parallel with the sea, they are, as a whole, monotonous. The flat ground intervening between them and the water gives a bad foreground, and the broad stony *fiumare*, recurring every few miles, weary the traveller with their ugliness. More breaks in the views are required; more of those delicious surprises, so abundant near Amalfi and on the Cornice, where one never knows what the next turning in the road may produce. In the entire distance, the view only changes completely two or three times, instead of presenting the constant variety a more indented coast affords.

CHAPTER VIII.

MESSINA.

A musical place.—A serenade.—"It 's coming."—The National guard.—The citadel of Messina.—Scylla and Charybdis.—An historic bath.—Stromboli.—Adieu.

MESSINA is a musical place; go where you will, and the dulcet strains will follow you. The noise is worse than London organs.

The first evening after I reached my hotel, a Sicilian gentleman sat by the fire—for there was a fire though the temperature was never lower than 65°—and whistled Garibaldi's Hymn to an accompaniment on the guitar, singing out loudly over and over again the two lines,

> "Va fuori d'Italia! va fuori ch' è l'ora!
> Va fuori d'Italia! va fuori, stranier!—"*

till it occurred to me that the last three words were specially for my benefit, so I took the hint and retired.

In the night, however, I had a double concert, that of a score of mosquitoes, and that of a dozen

* See Appendix No. 4.

boobies in the street, who were giving a serenade to some Aphrodite in the adjoining house, who was to be married to one of them shortly; they played till a bouquet was pitched out to them, and then wound up with a solo from the lady's lover, which was not bad. At last, just before day-break, I doze off; but in about ten minutes a salute from the citadel wakes me, and, directly after, a scoundrel with a sort of banjo settles under my window, and opens his day's work with

"Sul mare luccica
L'astro d'argento, &c."*

of which he inflicts no less than six verses upon me with fully repeated chorus. In despair, I get up, and no sooner am I dressed and enjoying a quiet read at Galignani, than a frantic waiter burst into the room, as if a Bengal tiger were behind him, and shouts out,—

"Oh, sir, it's coming!"

"What's coming?" I cried, jumping up, for a gun fired as he spoke, and I thought he meant the shot.

"The procession." I sat down again, and at the moment a deafening clang of brass instruments bade me look out of the window.

The day was a festival of the Madonna (who wrote the letter †), and 12,000 of the National Guard were going to the Cathedral to celebrate the occasion.

* See Appendix No. 5. † See page 271

Since the retreat of the Royalists to the citadel these volunteers had been the only troops in the town, and the inhabitants took every opportunity of showing them they appreciated the change. For years, the "adored Sovereign" sent nothing but Swiss for the garrison, and when they were disbanded Neapolitans came, who were, if anything, worse; the National Guard therefore enjoyed additional popularity by contrast with their predecessors.

I need not relate the particulars of the *fête;* suffice it to say that I thought the Borbonici shut up in their fortress did a monstrously civil thing in firing salutes for festivities they could not join, and that the rockets and Catherine-wheels which concluded the rejoicings hung fire wofully.

When the papers spoke of the unassailable citadel of Messina, they doubtless conveyed the impression to most of their readers of a stronghold in such a commanding situation that Garibaldi feared to assault it. Nothing, however, can be a more erroneous idea. It occupies a low strip of land running out into the straits, and is entirely intended for defence against an attack from the sea. Two forts,* on separate hills, at the back of the town, and each a thousand feet above it, both of which were in the hands of the Garibaldians, and not more than a mile from the Neapolitan batteries, could annihilate the "Regi" whenever they chose. The reason of their not having done so long before was

* Named Gonzaga and Castellaccio.

principally because the Commander of the citadel threatened to bombard the city whenever he was attacked, and Garibaldi, therefore, with his usual humanity, thought it better to forego a little extra glory in order to avoid entailing so much misery upon non-combatants. Neither was there any necessity for hurrying, since he knew very well that the surrender must only be a question of time, and that the garrison, having lost the command of the sea, could not escape.

The Sardinian government, by taking up all the steamers but those of the Messageries Impériales, kept me at Messina considerably longer than I wished; and when I had been to the Faro, now quite deserted again, and visited both sides of the straits, I found it rather hard to kill time. Scylla is worth a visit, but as for either the upper or the lower Charybdis (that of the ancients, and the modern one called Galofaro), it would be unfair to say one is more like a whirlpool than the other. A number of corks I threw into both floated tranquilly down the stream without deviating from the direct line once.

Walking about the muddy streets—which the late government I am told liked to be rather dirty, because it hid the dilapidated pavement—induced a desire for a bath, and, in one of the back alleys, I one morning discovered an *établissement* possessed of two. After ringing a species of alarm bell, an old woman came out, and told me it would take an

hour to set the machinery going, and that I must come again. At the expiration of that time therefore I returned, performed my ablutions, and offered to pay.

"How much is it?"

"Eight carlini, *Eccellenza.*"

"Nonsense! that's too much."

"*Cosa volete, Signore?* how can I charge the usual price when the last person in that bath was General Garibaldi himself;" and then she spun a long story about everything he said and did, and how much more complaisant he was than me, because she had rubbed his back with a great scrubbing brush, whereas I would not let her do mine.

Garibaldi most likely thought the attendance of a nereid in the form of a copper-coloured hag of sixty would not create much scandal, especially if it was the custom; and I agree with him; but I was quite content with the honour of bathing in the same bath, without desiring to undergo a scrubbing with the same brush. Ultimately she took four carlini, and was contented. When I walked away I felt like Rienzi after washing in Constantine's porphyry vase—clean, but not a whit the better for the historic glory.

I have but few words to add.

I meant to have gone to Stromboli,* had the weather been fine, but after waiting till nearly the

* See Appendix No. 6.

end of December for the storms to subside, I was obliged to content myself with a sight of its flames in passing.

From Messina I returned to Gaëta, where shells were falling fast and thick from the Sardinian batteries. Thence I shaped my course for Lombardy.

As I write these lines already the "Carmel" nears her destination. It is evening—after sunset—and I can catch the faint tinkling of the Ave Maria bells upon the shore. We are steaming through the white latteen-sailed boats towards a circle of dusky mountains, and houses, indistinct in the moonless night, look like a line of breakers on the horizon. In another hour we shall be in Genoa.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

I.

GARIBALDI'S FAREWELL PROCLAMATION. [PAGE 129.]

AI MIEI COMPAGNI D'ARMI.

PENULTIMA tappa del risorgimento nostro, noi dobbiamo considerare il periodo che sta per finire, e prepararci ad ultimare splendidamente lo stupendo concetto degli eletti di venti generazioni, il di cui compimento assegnò la Provvidenza a questa generazione fortunata.

Si, Giovani! L'Italia deve a voi un' impresa che meritò il plauso del mondo. Voi vinceste; e voi vincerete—perchè voi siete ormai fatti alla tattica che decide delle battaglie!

Voi non siete degeneri da coloro che entravano nel fitto profondo delle falangi Macedoniche e squarciavano il petto ai superbi vincitori dell' Asia.

A questa pagina stupenda della storia del nostro

paese ne seguirà una più gloriosa ancora, e lo schiavo mostrerà finalmente al libero fratello un ferro arruotato che appartenne agli anelli delle sue catene. All' armi tutti!—tutti: e gli oppressori—i prepotenti sfumeranno come la polvere.

Voi, Donne, rigettate lontani i codardi—essi non vi daranno che codardi—e voi figlie della terra della bellezza volete prole prode e generosa!

Che i paurosi dottrinari se ne vadino a trascinare altrove il loro servilissimo—le loro miserie.

Questo popolo è padrone di se. Egli vuol essere fratello degli altri popoli, ma guardare i protervi colla fronte alta: non rampicarsi, mendicando la sua libertà —egli non vuol essere a rimorchio d' uomini a cuore di fango. Nò! Nò! Nò!

La provvidenza fece il dono all' Italia di Vittorio Emmanuele. Ogni Italiano deve rannodarsi a Lui—serrarsi intorno a Lui. Accanto al Re Galantuomo ogni rancore dissiparsi! Anche una volta io vi ripeto il mio grido: all' armi, tutti! tutti! Se il marzo del 61 non trovo un milione d'Italiani armati, povera libertà, povera vita Italiana... Oh! nò: lungi da me un pensiero che mi ripugna come un veleno. Il marzo del 61, e se fa bisogno il febbraio, ci troverà tutti al nostro posto.

Italiani di Calatafimi, di Palermo, del Volturno, d'Ancona, di Castelfidardo, d' Isernia, e con noi ogni uomo di questa terra non codardo, non servile; tutti, tutti serrati intorno al glorioso soldato di Palestro, daremo l'ultima scossa, l'ultimo colpo alla crollante tirannide!

Accogliete, giovani volontari, resto onorato di dieci

battaglie, una parola d'Addio! Io ve la mando commosso d'affetto dal profondo della mía anima. Oggi io devo ritirarmi, ma per pochi giorni. L'ora della pugna mi ritroverà con voi ancora—accanto ai soldati della Libertà Italiana.

Che ritornino alle loro case quelli soltanto chiamati da doveri imperiosi di famiglia, e coloro che gloriosamente mutilati hanno meritato la gratitudine della patria. Essi la serviranno ancora nei loro focolari col consiglio e coll' aspetto delle nobili cicatrici che decorano la loro maschia fronte di venti anni. All' infuori di questi, gli altri restino a custodire le gloriose bandiere.

Noi ci ritroveremo fra poco per marciare insieme al riscatto dei nostri fratelli, schiavi ancora dello straniero, noi ci ritroveremo fra poco per marciare insieme a nuovi trionfi.

G. GARIBALDI.

Napoli, 8 Novembre, 1860.

II.

ST JANUARIUS. [PAGE 217.]

THE best works on the life of St Januarius, and history of the miracle, are (1) Putignano's "De Sanguine Redivivo Divi Januarii"; (2) Coppola's "Memorie di S. Gennaro"; (3) "Istoria della vita di S. Gennaro," by F. Girolamo Maria di S. Anna, a Carmelite monk, printed in Naples, by Abate, 1733; and (4) a small work by Monsignor Antonino de Luca, with notes by Luigi Maringola, a Neapolitan priest, which was originally published in the "Dizionario delle scienze ecclesiastiche." I have read these and many more, in fact I have examined every book in the library of the Museo Borbonico bearing on the subject; no one work however is satisfactory,—all are superstitious, and none gives any trustworthy evidence of the marvels it relates.

III.

ÆTNA. [PAGE 316.]

ÆTNA has been much maligned by being called a flat-shaped mountain. The report has arisen principally from the accounts given by travellers passing by water from Malta to Marseilles. The form depends entirely on the position of the observer. At Regalbuto it is the counterpart of the Rigi seen from Lucerne; at Lentini it is a perfect pyramid, and at Taörmina very nearly so: it is only from the sea, opposite Giarre, precisely where the steamboat passengers obtain their sole view, that the volcano appears flat, and that is because the eastern projecting spurs hide all the upper part excepting the tip of the cone much in the same way as the higher portions of Mont Blanc are completely dwarfed, at Chamouni, by the nearer Dôme du Gouté.

According to the latest measurements the height of Ætna is calculated at 10,874 feet; and immediately round the crater snow is rarely absent, except during the month of September, whilst in winter it sometimes lies thick upon the ground as low as Niccolosi. Although very considerably inferior in altitude to many of the Alps, yet the latter have little superiority from

the level whence they are ascended. Mont Blanc, for instance, rises but 12,381 feet above Chamouni, and therefore only 1507 feet more than Ætna above Catania.

Of the eighty eruptions on record, about thirty-five have been on a large scale, few surpassing the last one in 1855. Instead of dying out, the volcanic power has been more active lately than ever.

The eruptions of this century took place in 1811, 1819, 1848, 1852, and 1855.

The best plan to pursue in ascending the mountain is as follows,—

Walk from Catania to Niccolosi by the footpath (a short cut) which branches to the left from the upper end of the Strada Ætnea; starting in time to arrive there 13 hours before sunrise the next day. The walk will occupy 2½ hours, and thus far no guide will be required.

At Niccolosi (best inn, *Locanda Mayyalio*), call upon Dr Gemellaro, who will recommend one of the seven guides he has registered, and who, though ignorant and stupid, have been picked out by him as the best; he will also order as many mules as you may want.

While the animals, and also your dinner—for I presume you have not dined—are being prepared, go up the extinct crater called the Monte Rosso, allowing 35 minutes to reach the summit, half an hour to remain there and examine it, and 25 minutes for returning.

After dinner, set out for Ætna, 9 hours before sunrise; which gives you 7 hours for the actual ascent, and 2 hours to rest and amuse yourself in the

Bosco and at the Casa Inglese. The descent to Catania can be accomplished comfortably in 8 hours, either on foot or otherwise.

On no account attempt to walk up the whole mountain; besides the distance (36 miles there and back) and the time it would require, the scenery on the road would not be an equivalent for the excessive fatigue, since, nearly the entire way from Catania, the path lies either over soft sand or sharp broken pieces of lava, the former most exhausting to the pedestrian, and the latter certain to destroy his boots and injure his feet.

To recapitulate.

Allow	2½	hours	to walk from Catania to Niccolosi.
	4	„	to stay at Niccolosi.
	9	„	to ride from Niccolosi to the summit.
	½	„	to remain at the summit.
	8	„	to ride or walk from the summit to Catania.
Total	24		

or, without stopping longer than is absolutely necessary, and without visiting the Monte Rosso, it might in fine weather be accomplished thus:

Allow	2	hours	20 minutes	from Catania to Niccolosi.
	1	„		at Niccolosi.
	6	„	30 „	from Niccolosi to summit (without resting).
			30 „	at the summit.
	7	„	30 „	from summit to Catania.
Total	17	„	50 „	

but the ascent could not be made in less.

The proper charges are:

Guide for Ætna,	2½ piastres (out of which he pays for his own mule), and he expects 2 carlini *buonamano* if he gives satisfaction.
Each mule for Ætna,	1 piastre.
Guide for other excursions,	No fixed price, but 1 piastre a day is ample. If he rides, you pay for his mule; but he ought to walk.
Mule for „ „	8 carlini a day.
Guide for half a day,	No fixed price; 8 carlini enough.
Mule „ „	6 carlini.
Return fare for guide	No fixed price; 8 carlini a day sufficient.
„ „ mule,	8 carlini a day.

All the fixed charges for guides are much too high, and ought to be reduced. If the men were intelligent, it would be otherwise; whereas, the best of them are only ignorant peasants, mere machines to take the right turnings, and more or less civil as the case may be.

IV.

GARIBALDI'S HYMN. [PAGE 325.]

THE famous "Inno di Garibaldi," which it is said he composed, is as follows:

ALL' ARMI! ALL' ARMI!

Si scopron le tombe, si levano i morti,
I martiri nostri son tutti risorti,
Le spade nel pugno, gli allori alle chiome,
La fiamma ed il nome d'Italia sul cor.
Corriamo! Corriamo! su O giovani schiere,
Su al vento per tutto nostre bandiere,
Su tutti col ferro, su tutti col fuoco,
Su tutti col fuoco d'Italia nel cor.
Va fuori d'Italia! va fuori ch' è l'ora,
Va fuori d'Italia! va fuori, stranier!

La terra dei fiori, dei suoni, dei carmi,
Ritorni qual'era la terra dell' armi;
Di cento catene ci avvinser la mano,
Ma ancor di Legnano sa i ferri brandir.
Bastone Tedesco l'Italia non doma;
Non crescon al gioco le stirpe di Roma:
Più Italia non vuole stranieri e tiranni,
Già troppo son gli anni che dura il servir.
Va fuori, &c.

Le case d'Italia son fatte per noi,
E là sul Danubio le case de' tuoi;
Tu i campi ci guasti; tu il pane c' involi;
I nostri figliuoli per noi li vogliam.
Son l'Alpi e i due mari d'Italia i confini,
Col carro di fuoco rompiam gli Appennini,
Distrutto ogni sogno di vecchia frontiera
La nostra bandiera per tutto innalziam.
Va fuori d'Italia, &c.

Sien mute le lingue, sien pronte le braccia,
Soltanto al nemico volgiamo la faccia,
E tosto oltre i monti n'andrà lo straniero,
Se tutto un pensiero l'Italia sarà.
Non basta il trionfo di barbare spoglie,
Si chiudan ai ladri d'Italia le soglie;
Le genti d'Italia son tutte una sola,
Son tutte una sola le cento Città.
Va fuori d'Italia, &c.

V.

SANTA LUCIA. [PAGE 326.]

THE song of Santa Lucia is the most popular of all the Neapolitan *Barcarolles*, and is constantly being played in the streets at all hours. The words are these :—

Sul mare luccica
L'astro d'argento,
Placida è l'onda,
Prospro è il vento;
Venite all' agile
Barchetta mia,
Santa Lucia!
Santa Lucia!
Venite all' agile
Barchetta mia,
Santa Lucia!
Santa Lucia!

Con questo zeffiro
Così soave
Oh! com' è bello
Star su la nave!
Su passaggieri
Venite via!
&c., &c.

Tu fra le tende
Bandir la cena
In una sera
Così serena
Chi non domanda
Chi non desia?
&c., &c.

Mare si placido,
Vento si caro,
Scordar fa i triboli
Al marinaro,
E va gridando
Con allegria,
&c., &c.

O dolce Napoli!
O suol beato!
Ove sorridere
Volle il creato,
Tu sei l'impero
Dell' armonia.
&c., &c.

Or che tardate?
Bella è la sera,
Spira un auretta
Fresca e leggera,
Venite all' agile
Barchetta mia,
&c., &c.

VI.

STROMBOLI. [PAGE 329.]

For the information of any one going to Stromboli, it may be as well to observe that the easiest way of getting there is to go first to Messina, thence by land to Milazzo, and thence by a rowing-boat or *Speronara.* The volcano is 2834 feet high, 70 miles from Vesuvius, and 120 from Ætna. There is an extinct crater at the summit, but the active one is at the foot of the cone on the northern side, and almost the only night on which this latter omitted to send out flames was when Lord Byron went there expressly to see them, on his way to Greece. Most of the other sixteen islands are, I hear, worth visiting, and fair accommodation is to be had at the principal ones.

THE END.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.